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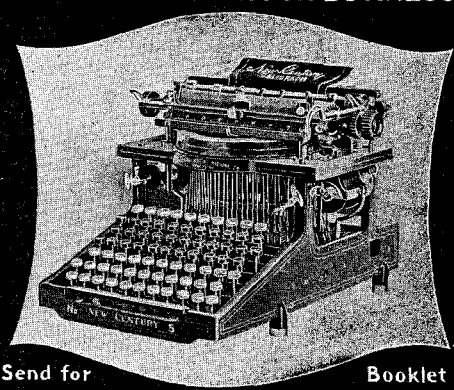

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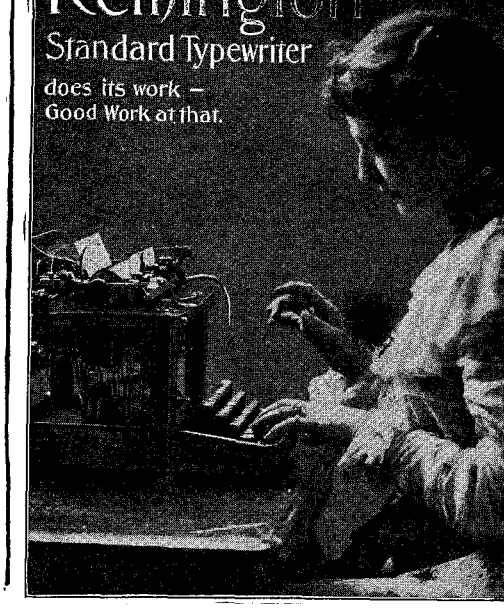

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The Outlook

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Free Cuba After four centuries of misrule in Cuba, Spain relinquished her claim to sovereignty in the island on New Year's Day. There was only as much ceremony as the necessities of the case required. Captain-General Castellanos, at noon, in the hall of the Palace at Havana, in the names of the King and the Queen Regent, formally delivered possession of Cuba to General Wade as the head of the American Evacuation Commission under the terms of the protocol. General Wade in turn delivered the control of the island to General Brooke, lately appointed by the President to become Military Governor of the Division of Cuba. The flag of Spain was lowered from the Palace, Morro Castle, the Cabañas Fortress, and the public buildings, and instantly replaced by the Stars and Stripes. General Castellanos displayed sincere and natural emotion. All the courtesies were scrupulously observed, and no unpleasant incident marred the solemn transfer of sovereignty. On the contrary, an informal incident is to be recorded, pleasant in itself and of hopeful meaning: Three Cuban Generals were present, and on being presented to them at his own request General Castellano said, "I am sorry, gentlemen, that we are enemies, being of the same blood;" General Menocal responded, "We fought only for Cuba, and now that she is free, we are no longer enemies." There was no disturbance in Havana; the crowds in the streets were reasonably orderly although intensely enthusiastic; everywhere floated the flags of Cuba and the United States. General Ludlow's reply to the request of a Patriotic Committee to allow a six days' celebration of the great event was a sensible, friendly exposition of the inexpediency of such a celebration at this time. It was accepted in good part by the Cubans. Later, when order is absolutely secured, General Ludlow declares, the American authorities will be glad to further and participate in such a celebration. General Brooke has issued a proclamation assuring protection to the persons and property of all the inhabitants, and encouraging the resumption of agriculture, traffic, and commerce. The organization of the Havana police and sanitary forces is being pushed rapidly forward, and the military organization is being perfected in detail. The Cuban insurgent delegates to the United States have issued an appeal to the natives urging independence, not annexation, affirming that the separationist party in Cuba constitutes the vast majority of its citizens, and that the Cubans made war to secure this separation and subsequent independence. They resent the charge that the Cuban people are indolent and unable to govern themselves. Neither their resentment at this charge nor their stigmatizing as traitors those who are not in favor of independence carries much weight. The question of independence is one to be settled by the substantial citizens of Cuba after peace is fully restored, law and order are established, and the freedom of every man to express himself on the question of the island's future is absolutely secured.

❀

Insurgents at Iloilo The occupation of the city of Iloilo on the island of Panay by insurgent troops creates a situation requiring wise and careful management rather than one of critical seriousness. No doubt the Spanish officers desired to embarrass the United States by their sudden withdrawal of the Spanish forces from Iloilo to Mindanao when there were no American soldiers near enough to prevent the Filipinos from taking possession. Technically (the Philippines still being under the Spanish flag) the Spanish commandant had a right to act as he did, and we cannot scrutinize too closely the excuse of military necessity. The real object was to precipitate hostilities between the insurgents and Americans, if pos-

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sible; if not, then to create animosity between them, or at the least to force our Government to take immediately a decisive position as regards the insurgents. This last, however, may be in fact a desirable thing. The insurgents are reported to have committed little violence, and attempts at looting were summarily punished. General Miller, in command of two regiments and a battery, and under convoy of the Baltimore, reached the neighborhood of Iloilo two or three days after the insurgents had seized the city. His orders from General Otis to occupy the place did not contemplate the situation found to exist. Wisely and properly, General Miller refrained from aggressive steps and reported to his superior officer. General Otis, it is reported, has now sent an agent to the insurgents requesting them to allow our troops to occupy the city, but earnestly assuring them of the good will and friendly intentions of the United States toward the people of the Philippines. It is hoped that it will not be necessary to use force, and that the reported intention of the Filipinos to yield only after a serious assault will give way. The guns of the Baltimore command Iloilo, and if an attack cannot be avoided there is little doubt that our forces, although much outnumbered by the insurgents, are equal to the emergency. Aguinaldo, the so-called President of the Filipino Republic, has disappeared from the neighborhood of Manila; his absence makes the situation more difficult of adjustment. The insurgent leaders have shown a disposition to refuse to release the Spanish prisoners held by them, as required by General Otis, alleging that hundreds of insurgents are still held as prisoners by Spain, and that the release of prisoners should be mutual. Iloilo is the next largest town to Manila in the Philippines, and is a commercial center for the important group of the Visaza Islands. Why an American expedition was not sent there at an earlier date is not certainly known; probably such a step might have seemed too much like an aggression on Spain while the treaty of peace was still under discussion. The interests of the insurgents are to be represented in Washington by a "junta" headed by Señor Agoncillo, who is already here, and including three commissioners now on their way. Señor Agoncillo's position, as stated to reporters, is that Spain had no rights in the Philippines to cede, that her authority has been practically non-existent for some time, and that the United States could only acquire authority directly from the people of the Philippines. He adds:

> What we ask is independence. What we have fought for and gained is independence by right. The American Government has not yet announced its policy, and until that is done we cannot definitely outline our action, except that in the mean time it will be for independence. What we may seek to do should the American Government decide to extend its authority is an entirely different matter, and does not enter into the question as now presented. It would be unwise for me to speak upon it now.

❀

Railway Postal Rates The hearings which are now going on before the joint session of the Post-Office Committees at Washington relating to the payment of the railroads for carrying the mails have brought out much interesting information, and a good deal of adroit special pleading. Unfortunately, the worst of this special pleading has not come from railway officials, but from men in the Post-Office Department, and has been intended, not to help the Government which pays their salaries, but to help the railroads, from whom they are supposed to receive no pay. For instance, one post-office official, in order to break down evidence that the Government pays the roads several times as high a rate as the express companies, declared that the post-office reports regarding the weight of the mail had for years been utterly misleading, and that the weight of the mails, instead of being about 600,000,000 pounds, as indicated by the receipts of the Department, was nearly 1,200,000,000 pounds. In support of this declaration he cited the fact that the city of Chicago alone furnished 75,000,000 pounds of mail; and argued that as Chicago furnished only one-sixteenth of the receipts, the total weight of the mails must be sixteen times 75,000,000 pounds. This argument ignored the fact, which everybody is familiar with, that a few publishing centers furnish nearly all the "second class" or newspaper mail, which yields scarcely any revenue. Chicago, in fact, furnishes more second-class matter than Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore, and St. Louis combined, and indefinitely more than all the rural districts of the country put together, though these cities and these districts furnish vastly more of the postal revenues. Somewhat similar though entirely honorable attempts were made by the officers of express companies to show that no trust should be placed upon the reports which these com-

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panies made for the census of 1890. The General Manager of the American Express Company, for example, showed that a subordinate official of his company had reported the weight of the express matter to be the total weight for which different railroads were paid, and that, as several railroads often carried the same package before it reached its destination, the weights were often entered several times. The corrections which he made reduced the average weight of packages to a little less than thirty pounds. Yet, even with this correction, inasmuch as the average payment made to the railroads is but sixteen cents for each package, the express companies are paying but six mills per pound, while the Government pays just ten times that sum. Inasmuch, however, as express matter is usually hauled only about one-third as far as mail matter, the advocates of the railroads, reversing their usual position, may claim that the short haul should pay only one-third as much as the long haul. If this be just, then the charge which the railroads make to the Government is only three times as great as they make to the express companies.

❀

The Future of Palestine The visit of the Emperor of Germany has awakened a good deal of discussion in Europe as to the probable future of Palestine. The London "Spectator" indulges in some speculation in regard to the destiny of that very interesting country—a country which presents great difficulties for the simple reason that Jerusalem is sacred, as the "Spectator" says, "to so many creeds and warring faiths." It is the holy place of all the Christian Churches—Protestant, Romanist, and Greek; it is sacred to the Jews, and it is sacred to the Mohammedans. The Turk is now in possession; but it seems highly improbable that he will be able to keep possession. When he goes, who will take his place? Up to this time Russia, France, and England have alone been interested in Syria; now Germany has entered the field. The success of the Zionist movement, which would make the Jews the holders of the Holy Land as the trustees for Europe, is one of the possibilities of the future; but there are very grave difficulties in the way of making it a reality. England does not want Syria; and, if the "Spectator" is to be believed, "would not take it as a gift." French influence in the country has greatly declined; although at one time France was, from the standpoint of the Syrians, the greatest of European Powers. Russia has now taken her place, by the aid of intelligent consuls, monasteries, and schools; and if Russia wants Syria, in the end she will probably get it. The country is filled with Greek monasteries and with Russian pilgrims. That the Emperor of Germany is intent upon extending the sphere of German influence in Syria, and that many steps have been taken in that direction, has been made clear during the past few weeks to all who have studied the situation. The significant fact about all this speculation is the agreement, apparently, that Palestine is not likely to remain indefinitely in Turkish possession.

❀

Persecuting the Jews No public movement of late years has been more odious in spirit or more contemptible in method than the anti-Semite agitation in Europe. The leaders of that movement have shown a lack of humanity and an indifference to the decencies of civilized life which seem like a survival of barbarism. This is especially true of the French anti-Jewish fanatics, led by men who have not hesitated to hint at a new St. Bartholomew's. What the haters of the Jews can do when they have their way has been shown in Algiers. The Mayor of that city, who is a fanatical anti-Semite, for the purpose of ridding the colony of its Jewish residents, has devised a system of irritating and offensive regulations. He compels the cafés frequented by Jews to close early; he limits Jewish cabmen to special stands; he has put Jewish shopkeepers under the most annoying regulations; and he has fitly crowned the device of his small-minded and mean-spirited persecution by a bit of childish malice which would seem incredible if it were not reported from trustworthy sources. He has had photographers sent to the Jewish shops to take snap-shot portraits of the ladies who visit these shops as customers, and these portraits are to be hung in a public place! What has become of the French devotion to women, or of that courtesy with which the French have so long been credited, even by those who have not respected their political character? The world has outgrown the age when one race can entertain itself by sticking pins into another race. Such exhibitions are offensive to all right-minded people.

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A Peace Pilgrimage We have received a letter from Mr. William T. Stead, sent to a number of prominent Americans, accompanying advance sheets of the English edition of the "Review of Reviews," and urging that measures be taken to develop a public sentiment among the nations of the earth in support of the Czar's proposal for peace. In his letter he says:

> I may state that I have seen in my journey round Europe most of our Ambassadors and your Peace Commissioners of Paris. None of them, of course, could speak officially, but personally they one and all expressed to me their hearty sympathy, and assured me that, in their opinion, the occasion was most propitious, and that the movement, if started in America, could not fail to sweep all before it. Circumstances which to many appeared to be detrimental to the success of such a crusade of peace in your country and in mine, in reality will contribute most to its success. The very moderate and statesmanlike proposals of the Emperor in no way conflict with the maintenance of what each nation considers to be its legitimate armament; all that is sought is to slow down the break-neck competition in armaments which has resulted in an international game of Beggar-my-Neighbor on a scale that is a disgrace to Christendom. The need for establishing some kind of international safeguard or barrier against the easily excited passions of the peoples has been demonstrated only too clearly by recent events. I think, therefore, that it will be possible for men of all parties, and of both schools of the expansionists and their opponents, to unite in the support of this crusade of peace.

As a means for creating this public sentiment, he proposes local organizations in every center of population in Britain and America "to express in formal resolution their determination that the Peace Conference shall be made a success, and to appoint a local committee for the furtherance of the objects of the Conference." From these local committees he proposes a national committee of the two English-speaking nations to be organized, under whose authority and appointment a joint deputation should "make a pilgrimage of peace throughout Europe, summoning all the other nations to bestir themselves, and to unite with them in this great manifestation of popular enthusiasm in the cause of peace," eventually reaching the Czar before the Peace Conference opens, and conveying to him the "welcome assurance that he has behind him in his beneficent enterprise the immense force of the English-speaking race." We believe that Mr. Stead is absolutely right in his judgment that an appeal should be made directly to the people of Europe and America in support of the proposal to lessen the present competitive increase of burdensome armies and navies. It is certain that any movement toward reducing military and naval forces will have to come from the people; it is too much to expect that it will come from those who are supported by the immense military establishments. Whether Mr. Stead's plan of a pilgrimage through the States of Europe for the purpose of creating this public sentiment is the best method to secure the end we are not so sure.

❀

In Austria The situation in the Austrian Empire does not improve; on the contrary, the political and religious antagonisms are becoming as violent and as irrational in Hungary as in Austria. The Nationalist Opposition, which had a great opportunity, as readers of The Outlook remember, of putting itself in the position of rendering a great service to the Empire, and so assuming, for the time being at least, a paramount influence in its affairs, continues to oppose every attempt to secure any compromise which will make it possible to carry on the joint business of the two countries. Baron Banffy, the Premier, seems to be in thorough accord with the Emperor, and probably has a majority of the Liberal party at his back. But he is opposed by the Clericals, the Separatists, and the Nationalists, all of whom are engaged in a passionate warfare against him, carrying on the most violent agitation in all parts of the country. What is to be accomplished by this obstruction it is difficult at this distance to discern. It looks very much as if the Opposition were throwing away the greatest opportunity Hungary has had of late years; as if they were driving the Emperor into the last resort of governing without the Constitution.

❀

The Triple Alliance There are signs that the strain on the Triple Alliance has nearly reached the breaking point. The good understanding which has been arrived at between Italy and France has effected a great change of feeling in Italy, and one which must, in the nature of things, cool the Italian ardor for an alliance with Austria and Germany, which is chiefly a defensive alliance against France. The Austrians are very much irritated by the expulsion of Austrian subjects from Silesia in pursuance

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of a very arbitrary policy on the part of the German Government, and by very arbitrary methods. In the Austrian Reichsrath on a recent occasion Count Thun spoke with unmistakable vigor on the subject. There was a note of something very like menace in his attitude; and there is no doubt that his words express a growing feeling in Austria. The German press does not attempt to explain the action of the German Government, but puts in the plea that, while the subjects of the German Empire in Austria and Hungary are probably less than one hundred thousand, many of whom are of great value to the localities in which they live on account of their financial and other resources, the Austrian subjects on German territory amount to nearly two hundred and fifty thousand, the great majority of whom are either Polish or Bohemian workingmen settled chiefly in Silesia and Saxony, but largely represented also in all parts of Germany as peddlers, waiters, musicians, and in the different crafts. During recent years a large number of Austrian Jews have settled in Germany. It must be confessed that this is a very inadequate answer to Count Thun's indictment; and that if the policy of arbitrarily excluding foreigners is to be justified, it must find some stronger ground than a mere difference in numbers between two countries.

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Meantime More Armaments

The German press is already saying with great distinctness that it is very doubtful whether the Triple Alliance is any longer treated with seriousness either in Vienna or Budapest; and that influences are at work which are likely to detach Austria from her place beside Germany. The Government organs are not slow to lay hold of the coolness of Austria as an argument in behalf of the proposed increase of the German army, and to reaffirm the dangerous position in which Germany stands by reason of her geographical situation. The Czar's "Peace Manifesto" is accepted as entirely sincere, and is regarded as a pledge that at present no attack may be expected from any side; but it is pointed out that the process of disarmament has not begun, and that unless there is a radical change of conditions it is not likely to begin in the near future. In both France and Russia, the German journals declare, military organization is being perfected and military material of every sort accumulated with untiring energy. The annual draft of recruits has been greatly increased, the strength of the armies on a peace footing has been augmented, and every form of military organization enlarged in scope and advanced in effectiveness. There is no doubt of the truth of these statements; and there is no reason, apparently, why the process should not go on indefinitely unless some great military leader, like the Czar of Russia, takes the matter in hand—as the Czar proposes to do—and by mutual agreement stops a ruinous process of increasing the drainage both of men and money. In the long run it is probable that disarmament must come about in this way; or else, as a result of hopelessly increasing the burdens, the peoples of Europe will rise in despairing protest.

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The Nicaragua Commission's Report

The preliminary report of the Nicaragua Canal Commission is as clear and compact as a public document should be. The Commission states that its members have personally examined the entire canal region from ocean to ocean; have employed some seventy engineers and helpers for ten months in making surveys and examinations; and have also obtained the observations of experts regarding the climatic and other conditions affecting the feasibility of the canal project. They are unanimous in the belief that the construction of the canal is entirely feasible. Admiral Walker and Mr. Haupt, one of the engineers upon the Commission, estimate the cost at $123,000,000, while the other engineer, Mr. Hains, believes that this estimate should be increased about one-fifth. The Commissioners state that a much less expensive canal could be constructed, but justly urge that when the canal is built it should be adapted to the large ships of modern commerce. The route which they recommend is the one mapped out by Captain Lull in 1872. They do not condemn the Maritime Canal Company's route, but give it as their judgment that the Lull route would be slightly easier of construction, would present no problems not well within good engineering precedents, and would be a safer and more reliable canal when completed. The Nicaragua canal bill reported by Senator Morgan, favoring the Maritime Canal Company, is, therefore, likely to be still further amended, if not defeated.

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Cuban Currency Perplexities

President McKinley has issued an order designed to put an end to the confusion in the Cuban currency system—or rather chaos. Just how chaotic things have been is easily illustrated. As Mr. Clark says in his "Commercial Cuba," one of the first things to impress an American visitor is that when he exchanges his American bills for Cuban gold he gets a slight premium; when he exchanges the Cuban gold for Cuban silver, he gets a still further premium; and if he exchanges his Cuban silver for Cuban paper, he receives a still further nominal enrichment. The premium on the exchange for Cuban gold is the most difficult to understand, as it is naturally assumed that gold has everywhere the same value. In Cuba, however, an artificial value has been given to gold in order to prevent its export. The Government, for example, decreed that the gold piece ("centen") whose bullion value is $4.82 should pass current for $5.30, or ten per cent. more. This projected increase it has not been able to effect in full, but (by refusing the free coinage of gold to private parties) it has increased the market value of its gold coins about six per cent. In attempting to replace this arbitrary and complicated system by a natural and simple one, President McKinley and his adviser, Commissioner Porter, seem to have had in mind some such principle as this: In the future all coins shall be received at their bullion value; but present debts shall be estimated at the present market value of the coins in which they are payable. The order, however, is not so simple as this. The centen is to have its bullion value of $4.82 at Government offices, but be receivable at its old legal value of $5.30 in payment of existing obligations; but the peso or dollar, which is the monetary unit of the country, has an artificial value of 60 cents at the Government offices, though its nominal value is 93 cents and its bullion value about 50 cents. As the value given to the peso at the custom-houses and tax offices is likely to be its market value, it would seem that the burden of debts payable in pesos would be changed. This change will doubtless create some friction.

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Currency Reform

At the annual meeting of the American Economic Association held in New Haven last week, a committee consisting of Professors Taylor, of the University of Michigan, Taussig, of Harvard University, Jenks, of Cornell University, Sherwood, of Johns Hopkins, and Kinley, of the University of Illinois, made a report on the subject of currency reform in the United States. We wish that, for popular effect, they had formulated their conclusions in a brief statement which the ordinary American could understand. In attempting to supply this formulation The Outlook labors under the difficulty of possibly not correctly apprehending all the positions of the committee. We understand its members to hold, however, that two things are wanting and needful in our currency: stability of standard and elasticity of currency. To secure the first they propose definitely to recognize and adopt the gold standard, not on the ground that that is necessarily the best, but on the ground that the only other one which economists favor, that is, international bimetallism, is at present and for a long time will be out of the question. To secure the stability of the gold standard they recommend its explicit adoption by law, and also such legislation as shall make it easy for the Treasury to maintain the convertibility into gold of other forms of currency. As our readers know, The Outlook agrees with this general conclusion of the Committee. The country has decided in favor of international bimetallism, if it can be secured; otherwise the gold standard. An honest and sincere effort has been made to secure bimetallism, and it has failed. Now, those who believe in the result of the last Presidential election should unite on the only alternative offered, the definite adoption of the gold standard. To secure elasticity the recommendations of the committee are not so explicit, nor, it seems to us, quite so clear. All legal-tender notes should be withdrawn from circulation and the currency alone supplied by the banks. The committee is not, apparently, positively agreed. They recommend, however, an increase of bank circulation, and to this end they would allow the banks to issue notes on their assets as well as on Government bonds. They would lower the tax on circulation, "or, better still, levy it on capital and surplus," or they would lower the tax for ordinary circulation and levy a higher tax when the circulation exceeded a certain normal income, so as to make it for the interests of the banks to withdraw their notes except when a high rate of interest was paid. They favor some system of branch banks so constructed as "to supplement but

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not displace the system of independent banks;" or, as a more doubtful remedy for the circulation in the country districts, the exemption of the Federal banks from the ten per cent. tax on circulation. Finally, they urge all friends of reform "to sink individual preferences as to details, and insist that Congress shall enact such legislation as it may be possible to agree upon." We wish that the committee had definitely proposed some specific acts of legislation on which its members believe agreement could be secured. We fear that this report in the form presented is too tentative and too little dogmatic to be of practical effect in securing specific results in legislation.

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Money in New Hampshire Politics

Senator Chandler's continued advocacy of bimetallism against the dominant sentiment of New Hampshire Republicans has developed a serious conflict between himself and the machine of which he was formerly esteemed the chief engineer. Senator Gallinger, the present head of the Republican State Committee, not long ago avowed his general opposition to Senator Chandler; and Senator Chandler has taken up the gauntlet by publishing two letters in the Manchester "Union" upon the money power in New Hampshire politics. In his first paper Mr. Chandler recalled that, in 1852, when Franklin Pierce, a citizen of New Hampshire, was elected President, the fund raised amounted to only a few hundred dollars, and nearly all of it was contributed in five-dollar subscriptions. In 1860, when the Republican Wide-awake Clubs made such a vigorous campaign, every member paid for his own uniform and his own expenses in going from place to place. Practically this state of things continued until 1882, when candidates, and railroads back of candidates, began to make heavy contributions. These contributions, enslaving the parties receiving them, have continued from that time till this, though, as a rule, the amounts raised have not been large unless the Republican party was thought to be in danger. Last year, however, says Senator Chandler, when Senator Gallinger was at the head of the State Committee, a fund was raised amounting to more than one dollar for every voter in the State, though there was no danger whatever of Democratic victory. Nearly all this money, he says, was collected from the Boston and Maine Railroad and from a few rich men, who thereby held a mortgage upon every candidate they helped to elect. The raising of this fund, he says, did not have for its object the preservation of Republican ascendency, since that was not in danger; its only object, he alleges, was to secure the ascendency in the Republican party of the men and the corporations who contributed and handled the funds. Regarding the outcome he speaks as follows:

> In the coming Legislature the Manchester and Milford Railroad Bill is to be defeated; so are all bills for electric railroads; so is the bill to disentangle the Supreme Court from railroad contests; any bill effectually prohibiting free passes; the bill for electing Railroad Commissioners by the people and making them the people's agents instead of the agents of the great railroad; and, moreover, the bill preventing fraud and bribery in party caucuses. To accomplish these objects, the great railroad has already furnished its money and the Chairman has distributed the funds in order to control the Representatives and Senators.

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Senator Morrill's Death

In recording the death of Justin S. Morrill, "the Father of the Senate," it is natural to lay emphasis on the great length of his political service; it is eminently true, however, that this service was noteworthy for its quality and patriotic spirit as well as for its duration. Senator Morrill had served in the Congress of the United States in all for forty-three years; from 1855 to 1867 he sat in the House of Representatives as a member from Vermont, first as a Whig and then as a Republican; in 1867 he was chosen to succeed Senator Poland in the upper branch of Congress, and was from that time on re-elected as each Senatorial term expired, one may say almost without opposition; his latest re-election was in 1896. It cannot be doubted that, in an unusually thorough and complete sense, he represented the State of Vermont during all this period. Senator Morrill's name will perhaps be most closely connected in legislation with the Morrill Tariff Bill of 1861; from his earliest political record until his death Mr. Morrill was a consistent and sincere protectionist of the thoroughgoing and now rather old-fashioned type, caring little for theories of reciprocity or compromise, but standing firmly on the basic idea of encouraging American manufactures by discouraging importation; it is true, however, that the bill which bears his name was not in all points as radical or far-reaching as some other bills which have been passed,

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Apart from his record on the tariff question, Senator Morrill had to do with much important legislation. It is to him that the country owes the National support of agricultural colleges, and the application of part of the proceeds of the sale of public lands for educational purposes. To Mr. Morrill also, largely, was due the construction of the new and splendid Congressional Library; and he had much at heart a somewhat similar plan, namely, that for the erection of a special and worthy building for the use of the United States Supreme Court. It is to be hoped that this latter plan will sooner or later take form; and the building might well be in a way a memorial of the statesman himself. Senator Morrill was a party man in the better sense of the word; but he never allowed his adherence to the Republican party to prevent the forming of an independent judgment on matters of public concern. This was seen most notably in his steadfast opposition to the annexation of Hawaii; and it has been generally understood that he was with equal earnestness, and for the same reasons, opposed to anything like permanent ownership of the Philippines. It is quite superfluous to say that Senator Morrill's character as a private citizen and as a statesman was absolutely without blemish; in a career of public usefulness which has rarely been matched in this country as to length and conscientious effort, not only did no breath of scandal ever for a moment attach itself to his name, but the possibility of such a thing would seem preposterous to any one having the slightest knowledge of the man.

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The Dispensary System Gaining Ground

The official count in South Dakota shows that the constitutional amendment providing for a dispensary system was adopted by a majority of 1,613 votes. The total vote polled upon it was light; and it is possible that its opponents may yet prevent a trial of the new system by petitioning for a referendum vote upon any law passed to carry the amendment into effect. The newly adopted clause reads as follows: "The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors shall be under exclusive State control, and shall be conducted by duly authorized agents of the State, who shall be paid by salary and not by commission." Some of its critics insist that this wording requires the State to manufacture all the liquor which it sells; and if the courts uphold this construction, it will be necessary for the State—which now has prohibition—to build distilleries and breweries before a dispensary can be opened. The construction, however, seems unnatural, as the obvious intent of the amendment was merely to prevent the private manufacture or sale of liquor within the State. This victory in South Dakota, furthermore, according to the New York "Sun," is not the only gain which the dispensary system has recently made. In Georgia, where the plan was first tried in the college town of Athens, it has been adopted in a score of towns and counties. In Alabama also it is gaining a foothold, two counties having a dispensary bill pending in the Legislature.

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The Dispensary System in South Carolina

The greatest gain it has made, however, is in South Carolina. As our readers will recall, the dispensary law first encountered violent resistance from the liquor-dealers and their sympathizers in some of the cities; and when Governor Tillman put down the disorders and reduced the illicit traffic to a minimum unknown in any other State, a Federal judge (Judge Simonton) restored the "blind tigers" by enjoining State officials from preventing the sale of liquor in "original packages" imported from other States. This decision was based upon the astonishing doctrine that the dispensary law was not passed under the police powers of the State. Judge Simonton for months almost nullified the State law by permitting liquor-dealers to import car-loads of loose packages of liquor, some of them containing only a half-pint. His decision did not, however, keep the State officers from watching where these original packages were sold, and arresting dealers who allowed the contents of the packages to be drunk on the premises. In this way the law was kept half alive until last March, when Judge Simonton's decision finally reached the Supreme Court, and his usurped protectorate over the liquor traffic was brought to an end. "At the present time," says the article in the "Sun," "there is not an original-package shop in the State, there are comparatively few blind tigers, the dispensary system has more friends than it ever had before, and all declare that it has come to stay. All efforts against it now look, not to more whisky, but to prohibition." All the

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liquor furnished to the million and more people of the State is bought at one of the ninety-five dispensaries, and even there cannot be drunk on the premises. Citizens can still drink what they want in their own homes, but tippling, treating, and loafing-places are practically things of the past.

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The Rapid Transit Commissioners Lose Heart

The Rapid Transit Commission of New York City seems at last to have given up hope that the powers that be in New York City politics will permit it to execute the order of the people to construct a municipal rapid-transit system. It will be recalled that the work of the Commission was at first blocked by a decision of the courts that the route planned would cost more than $50,000,000 and cause the city to exceed its constitutional debt. When the Commission modified its plan so that the estimated cost came far within the limit set, and the plan received the assent of the court, the work was blocked again by the astonishing estimate of the new Tammany administration that the cost of every public work which the city had contracted to do in the future was already a part of the city's indebtedness. The Commission denied the justice of this estimate, and also called public attention to the fact that New York County had no indebtedness, and might under the Constitution issue bonds sufficient to construct the railway system. But, strong as the Commission's position was in the eyes of the general public, and mandatory as were its orders from the people, it has found that the hostility of the Tammany machine to municipal construction involved perpetual impediments. It will be recalled that in the campaign in which Mr. Van Wyck was elected over Mr. Low and Mr. Tracy, Tammany Hall, with hardly any men of wealth among its avowed supporters, seemed to have the largest campaign fund of all the factions. No sooner was Mr. Van Wyck installed than the hostility of his administration to the work of the Rapid Transit Commission seemed to point pretty definitely to the source of these campaign funds. These indications have simply multiplied as time has gone on. A few weeks ago Mr. Croker announced that the administration would support a rapid-transit system built by private capital. Since then it has been reported that the Metropolitan Street Railway system was willing to construct an underground railway to be run in connection with its surface lines. Everything seems now to be moving toward that outcome. Last week the Rapid Transit Commission appointed Comptroller Coler and one of its old members, Mr. Reeves, a committee to draft a memorial to the Legislature explaining the present situation and outlining the best and quickest way of obtaining the money necessary to build the tunnel. The Comptroller has definitely announced that he will not recede from his opposition to the issuance of public bonds. If, therefore, this committee is to come to an agreement, it must be on the basis that the public, instead of paying three per cent. directly upon the bonds actually required for the construction of the underground system, shall for an indefinite period pay something like five per cent. upon all the bonds and stocks at which a private corporation can capitalize the enterprise. Under the circumstances we can hardly criticise the Commission; but the attitude of the city government, in its flagrant violation of the will of the people in order to promote the interests of a corporation, forces every one to question the supremacy of democracy.

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New York School Report

The most significant point in the first report of the New York Board of Education since the consolidation is that the buying of school sites and the building and enlarging of school-houses do not keep pace with the demands of the children of school age, in spite of the liberal expenditures of the past three years and the far-sighted plans of a most intelligent Board of Education, whose plans have been defeated. This report clearly indicates what could be accomplished in the city of New York by sympathetic co-operation of the Department of Education and the city government in the educational interests of the great metropolis. The report reveals the lack of uniformity in the methods, both business and educational, in the five boroughs. The uniformity lies in the need for more school-houses, more teachers—the eligible supply is not equal to the demand—increase of salaries, more money for the kindergartens, manual training and night schools, and a free use of the buildings and grounds outside of school hours. The report shows progress in every direction, and indirectly reveals an increasing knowledge of the whole depart-

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ment of education on the part of the people. The future is promising because of past progress and the wrenching of the schools from political control—at least enough to arouse public feeling against their connection.

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A Great Railway in Africa

The recent brilliant military successes of the English in Africa are overshadowed by the magnitude and importance of their colonizing and commercial activities. England is not only to have a highway from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope, but she is also to have a great railroad system—one of the most magnificent in its extent and its possibilities yet devised. The success at Omdurman has removed many obstacles which stood in the way of the completion of the northern end of the line, and the work on the Tanganyika division is being pushed with great energy. Within the next decade the completion of the road may be looked for. This road will be only the main line of a great system which will ramify into all parts of the Dark Continent. When it is completed, this road will represent skill and daring on their highest levels of practical achievement; for it is to pierce mountain-ranges and penetrate dense and deadly swamps. Nearly 250 miles of the road have already been built from Mombasa through a desolate country.

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After the Treaty, What?

There is very little doubt that the treaty with Spain will be ratified. It is hardly possible that any amendments will be made, since an amendment would involve reopening negotiations with Spain. It is conceivable that the Cortes may refuse to ratify, but it is not conceivable that Spain should attempt to recover by war what she has reluctantly abandoned by executive act, so that the only practical effect of such a refusal by the Cortes would be to relieve us of the obligation of paying her the $20,000,000 promised. It is probable that the Cortes will be wise enough to see this, and, after some protest, will accept the terms which the Spanish Commissioners have so reluctantly conceded. What next?

This treaty will clearly make us responsible for law and order in the Philippines; and the responsibility for Cuba will be as clear, though not as distinctly avowed. The treaty, when ratified, will be our public and solemn recognition, before all the world, of obligations which we tacitly assumed when we undertook to destroy Spanish authority in Cuba and at Manila. The moment we destroyed the existing government in the islands under Spanish rule, we became morally bound to provide the inhabitants with a government at least as good; by this treaty we recognize this obligation to them and to the world. Whether they add to our trade or not, they add to our duties—duties from which there is no escape except by a faithful and efficient performance of them.

It must be pretty clear, by this time, to all who dare look the facts fairly in the face, that this duty cannot be performed by simply leaving the government to the people of the islands. We cannot call them together in a general election, based on universal suffrage, and ask them to frame their own constitution, organize their own government, elect their own officers, and proceed to administer their own affairs. It would be quite unreasonable to suppose that centuries of Spanish misrule would fit a people for so difficult a task. The experience of the Spanish-American Republics, and our own experience with the negro race, furnish adequate demonstration of the total inadequacy of such a method. Even if the people were both intelligent and homogeneous, the difficulties would be great; but they are neither. They have been without schools, and without that schooling which independence gives. They are divided by race lines into classes bitterly hostile to one another. The riotings in Havana during these last two weeks, while Spanish rule has been weakening and American rule not yet established, indicate what a reign of terror would be initiated if all external authority were at once withdrawn from Cuba. Reports from the Philippines must be received with caution; but it may at least be assumed as true that the Filipinos are divided into factions and are quite unable to agree on any common policy, that the foreign residents in Manila would have no security under any government which the Filipinos are at present able to establish, and that the Spanish prisoners in the camp of the Filipinos are being held as hostages in order to secure either a cash ransom or political concessions. It is clear, under these circumstances, that America, after the treaty with Spain has been signed, cannot, if she would, escape the responsibility for protecting life and property in Manila, preventing, if possible, any peril to the Spanish prisoners in the hands of our late allies,

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and generally securing in both Cuba and the Philippines a substantial government where hitherto the community has had to choose between despotism and anarchy.

It is of the first importance that this point of view of National honor, involved in the manner in which we fulfill our new National obligations, should be recognized by the press and the pulpit and be by them urged upon the people. For in America public men necessarily reflect public opinion; and whether our administration of government in Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines is one of plunder or of justice will depend upon the question whether in the Nation the greed of the few is given a free rein by the indifference of the many, or whether the conscience of the Nation is aroused and takes control of our foreign policy. If it is to be aroused, the press and the pulpit have a serious work before them.

The first thing for this conscience to demand is a pure, capable, and trained civil service for foreign administration. The counsel of Jethro to Moses is the counsel which America should give to its executive department: "Thou shall provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place such to be rulers." America has plenty of men who answer this description. From them President McKinley appears to be making his selections for Cuba and Porto Rico. But the pressure for place will soon become very strong. This pressure will come from the people, and from the people must come the pressure which alone makes resistance to the spoilsmen possible. It is now difficult to get able and honest men in our home civil service. So many of a very different type have been pressed into this service that the term politician, which should be one of honor, has become one of reproach. The financial rewards are not large; promotion for efficient service is rare; instead of honors are dishonors. Young men train themselves for a mercantile, a legal, a medical, a ministerial career, but not for a governmental career, not only because they cannot be sure of permanence of tenure, but because they are sure that their tenure will be dependent on the chances of politics—and there are few games in which chance plays so large a part. The same causes which have produced corruption in our home civil service will produce it in our foreign service, if they are allowed to operate. If once admitted into that service, their subsequent exclusion will be a matter of the greatest difficulty. No person should sign a petition for the appointment of any man to public service unless such person would be willing to assume the responsibility for the appointment if he had the power to make it. Every man should resist in his own locality the attempt to use the government service, by means of such petitions, for the lame, the halt, and the blind.

Nor is it enough to be innocent of office-seeking for one's self or for others. More is demanded. Political indifference is responsible for a larger proportion of America's political sins than is any other culprit. One may argue with some degree of plausibility in New York City that, if he prefers to suffer the evils of a bad government rather than assume the burdens involved in making it a good one, he may do so—the argument is not sound, but it is sufficiently specious, unfortunately, to satisfy, or at least to pacify, a good many sleepy consciences. But no American who has any conscience, or, indeed, any sense of National honor, will argue that it is none of his business how the Nation, of which he is a part, treats a dependent people. Whoever by his lazy indifference contributes to the continuance of Spanish methods in the Spanish colonies, after they have passed under the American flag, will be *particeps criminis*. It was not the Spanish people, it was the Spanish officeholders who robbed the Cubans and the Filipinos. Spain is no richer because her colonies were plundered; but the world holds Spain responsible; and the world is right. To abet a thief and not even share in his plunder is a folly as well as a crime.

We do not believe that government in either Cuba or the Philippines is to be permanently administered by Americans. We do not believe that it is, even in these first few months of occupation, to be exclusively administered by Americans. How the co-operation of the natives can be secured in a joint administration, and how thus gradually a system of true self-government can be developed, are questions we may recur to hereafter. Here we lay stress on the one phase which ever since the forerunners of war sounded the alarm last spring we have been emphasizing in successive issues of The Outlook: our National problem is not, How can we escape National responsibilities?—that is cowardice; nor, How can we use other communities to build up our own?—that is

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selfishness; but, How can we fulfill our obligations to peoples weaker than ourselves and dependent on us for that which is the foundation of community life—law, order, justice, and liberty?

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The South and Pensions

The suggestion made in some quarters that ex-Confederate soldiers should be added to the pension list is grateful as a sign of the final passing of ancient animosities and the final triumph of the feeling of nationality; but the Southern press is showing great wisdom in putting aside, almost without exception, the suggestion as improper. All that remains of the lost cause is a splendid tradition of heroism. That tradition is of priceless value to the South; it enriches the life of the Southern people by the sentiment and poetry which come with it; and to put the Confederate veterans upon the pension list would go a long way toward destroying that sentiment and blurring the memory of heroism which the South now sacredly preserves. The indiscriminate extension of the pension system in the North has cost the country an enormous amount of money; but it has cost the North still more in the sacrifice of a noble sentiment. It has gone far to blur the fair memory of the heroisms of thirty-five years ago.

That there ought to have been a generous provision for those who were in any way disabled in that tremendous struggle may be taken for granted—this country is never otherwise than generous—but the mechanical and unscrupulous way in which the pension business has been handled, the vast commercial element which has entered into it, the condition of semi-pauperism which in too many cases it has introduced, have wounded the country at a very sensitive point. We may be rich enough to pay $145,000,000 a year on the pension account; we are not rich enough to capitalize in money that heroism and sacrifice which are the expression of the spiritual life of a people. We have done a host of men irreparable injury, as those know who know anything about the practical working of the pension system; and we have lacked the courage to deal honestly and frankly with the whole matter. Leading public men have all along said privately about the system what they have not dared to say publicly. When Senator Hawley declared that the pension system would make wars so expensive as to end them, he held out a gleam of hope which, unhappily, has not been realized. The same wholesale business methods which have degraded the idea of the pension and have gone far to vulgarize the position of the pensioner will undoubtedly be applied in the case of the men who have served in Cuba and Manila. It is not too early to raise a voice of protest, and to call for a sound, wise, honorable pension system which shall make, by its discrimination, every bestowal of a pension a badge of honor.

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Character and Fate

There has always been a passionate protest in the heart of the race against that element in life which men call fate; the play upon unprotected natures of those events, accidents, calamities, which are beyond human control. These arbitrary happenings are often tragic in their consequences; they often seem wholly irrational; they have at times a touch of brutal irony. In many cases one is tempted to personify fate as a malignant spirit, studiously and with malicious cunning seeking ways of wounding, stinging, bruising, and poisoning the most sensitive souls. There have been human careers so completely distorted and thwarted that it has seemed as if the gods were jealous of men, and anxious to rob the great rewards of their sweetness and the noblest achievements of their fruit. So often are the prizes snatched from the strong hand that had grasped them that the Greek poets could not withdraw their gaze from that irony which at times appears to make human life the mere sport of the higher powers. The gods seemed to be mocking men by holding out glittering gifts and then suddenly snatching them away. And this play of what appears to be blind force still has its way in the world. The noblest cathedral is at the mercy of the earthquake; the divinest picture or poem may be turned to ashes in a brief quarter of an hour; the misplacing of a switch may wreck the most commanding intellect; a moment's inattention may break the happiest circle and cloud the fairest sky.

The conditions under which men live have remained unchanged except as human foresight and skill have changed them; but in

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that simple statement lies an immense change of point of view. There are still mysteries in the ordering of the world which have not been solved and probably are insoluble in this stage of development; but we have discovered that nature is our friend and teacher in the exact degree in which we learn her ways and co-operate with her. The area of what once appeared to be mere blind interferences with human activity and happiness steadily contracts; the area of beneficent and helpful relationship steadily widens. Men are now safe where they were once in peril; they are now masters where they were once servants. Through what seemed the play of mere physical force there now shines the light of that great movement upward which we call development; that sublime conception which, as one of the most spiritual thinkers of our generation has said, has come to light just in time to save some of the finest and most sensitive spirits from despair. For that conception not only involves a progressive order working in the place of what seemed to be blind force; it involves also a progressive inclusion of all human interests in a system vast as the universe and old as eternity, and yet mindful of each soul's welfare and growth. A vision of order slowly becoming clearer as all things work together for the good of those who obey, throws new light on what appeared to be the waste and sheer brutality of the past; and where we do not understand, we can wait; since we may rest in the assurance that we are not the victims of a merciless physical order nor the sport of those who have power but not righteousness, the willingness to hurt but not the wish to heal.

We are learning, also, that a very large part of the happenings and experiences which once seemed to come to men unsought are really invited, and are only the outward and visible fruits of inward dispositions and tendencies. Human responsibility is very much more inclusive than it appears to be at the first glance; and men are far more completely the masters of their fate than they are prone to believe or confess. In fact, in any searching analysis the power of what we call fate shrinks to very small proportions. It is our habit to relieve ourselves of our own responsibility in small matters by invoking the bogy of bad luck, and in large matters by charging upon fate the ill fortune which we have brought upon ourselves. Many men and women suffer themselves to be comforted and deceived all their lives by these illusive agencies or specters of their own making. The results of their own blindness, carelessness, lack of judgment, neglect of opportunities, misleading egotism, are quietly and persistently put to the charge of luck or fate; and the self-fashioned sufferer takes another step in self-deception by drugging himself with that most enervating of all forms of consolation, self-pity. Hosts of men and women go through their lives without once looking their deeds in the face or seeing themselves with clear eyes. They comfort themselves with lies until they lose the power of sight; they disown the fruits of their own sowing.

No words have pierced this demoralizing illusion with more searching force than Emerson's great phrase, "Character is destiny." When a man perceives that he is living in a world of absolute moral order, witnessed alike in the obediences and disobediences of men; that what he reaps he has sown, and that he can and will reap nothing else; that his career is shaped and framed by his own will; that the great experiences which come to him for good or ill, for misery or blessedness, do not pursue him, but are invited by him; that a man's spirit attracts the things which are congenial to it and rejects those which are alien—when a man perceives these things, he is in the way of honest living and of spiritual growth. Until he does see these facts and accept them, he deludes himself, and his judgment of life is worthless.

Few things are more significant than the slow and often unconscious building of a home for his spirit which every man carries to completion. When the birds build their nests, they have access to the same materials, but what different selections they make and how far apart their methods are! Every one who comes into life has access to substantially the same material; but each selects that which belongs to him. By instinct or by intelligence he builds his home with unerring adaptation to the needs and quality of his nature. To the pure all things are pure; to the impure all things are impure. The unselfish construct a beautiful order of service and helpfulness about them; the selfish make their own places. Honor and confidence and rectitude are in the air when the man of sensitive integrity appears; suspicion, mistrust, and doubt pervade the place where the man with-

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out character abides. Clean and comforting thoughts fly to the pure in heart; debasing fancies gather like foul birds around the man whose imagination is a home of corruption. If we look deeply, a wonderful fitness reveals itself between those we know well and their several fortunes. Calamity may bear heavily upon them, but the moral world they construct for themselves out of the substance of their own natures is indestructible. Life is august and beautiful or squalid and mean as we interpret and use it; the materials are in all men's hands, and the selection and structure inevitably and infallibly disclose the character of the builder. As a beautiful woman furnishes her home until it becomes an externalization of her own ideals and qualities, and then fills it with the charm and sweetness of her own personality until it becomes a material expression of her own nature, so do we all silently, and for the most part unconsciously, form spiritual environments and fashion the world in which we live.

There are few sublimer promises in the Bible than that which the words, "Light is sown for the righteous," convey but cannot contain. This sublime phrase points the way to that complete freedom which the human spirit craves; that final emancipation from the forces which it does not choose and cannot control, which marks the full maturity of spiritual development. It promises the gradual supremacy of the soul over all accidents, happenings, forces, and materials; its final emancipation from all servitude. As life goes on, fate grows less and less, character grows more and more; the fields become more completely our own, and yield nothing which we have not sown; the correspondence between our spirits and our fortunes becomes more complete, until fate is conquered by and merged into character. In the long run a man becomes what he purposes, and gains for himself what he really desires. We not only fashion our own lives, but, in a very true sense, as Omar Khayyám intimates, we make heaven or hell for ourselves. It is idle to talk about luck, fortune, or fate; these words survive from the childhood of the race; they have historical interest, but they have no moral value to-day. No one can hide behind them or bring them into court as competent witnesses on his behalf. It is wise to face the ultimate truth which must sooner or later confront us: we make or mar ourselves, and are the masters of our own fates and fortunes.

An Overrated Virtue

Submission appears to us to be a greatly overrated virtue. To submit is, etymologically, to be sent under; and, by inference, to allow one's self to be sent under, or put under the will or authority of another. When an enemy had been conquered by a Roman army, the conquered foe was compelled to pass under a yoke formed by two spears stuck in the ground, with another fastened transversely over their tops. This passing under the yoke was a submission to the will or power of the Roman Emperor. If one has been fighting against God, and comes reluctantly to the conclusion that it is useless to fight longer, and accedes to the divine will because it cannot be resisted, he submits—that is, he consents to pass under the authority or the power of God; and certainly it is wiser and in every way better to do this cheerfully than grudgingly and whiningly. If one has been all his life fighting God, and late learns of God's love, and yields, not to his power, but to his goodness and his gentleness, this is a better submission.

But surely the Christian, who knows himself God's child, should be able to do something better than submit to a will that he cannot resist, or even to a victorious love. If he trusts his Father's judgment, if he believes in the wisdom of his Father's love, and the love in his Father's wisdom, he will not merely consent to come under his Father, but he will not be willing to live except in subjection to that will. Christ did not submit when in Gethsemane he prayed, Thy will, not mine, be done: it was his will that his Father's will should be done; this was the burden of his prayer; his will was not under his Father's will, it was one with his Father's will. It is a mistake to suppose that Christ was in agony unspeakable because he dreaded the shame and the pains of the morrow. He feared lest, in this critical and culminating hour of his life, he might fail to fulfill the mission with which he deemed himself charged; the cup which he besought might pass from him was the cup of failure; yet even this he was willing to drink, if in his failure his Father's success might be won; and his prayer was not, My will be done—nevertheless, I submit to thine; but, Thy will, not mine, be done. So in the prayer which he has given to the world, its culmination is, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." So Paul, proud and self-reliant and strong of will

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though he was, did not merely submit to tribulation; he gloried in tribulation.

When Hobson wished men to join him in his desperate undertaking, his companions did not submit to the will, authority, or power of the commander. They were but seven chosen out of over three hundred eager to hazard all in a forlorn hope for their country. No one waited to be ordered; there was no room for submission. This should be the spirit of the child of God, and will be if he is truly one with his Father, if he believes in his Father's love and trusts his Father's wisdom. He will never find occasion to submit. He will be eager to do and to endure whatever his Father's wise love appoints. The larger the service, the greater the task, the heavier the burden, the more exhilaration will he feel in the confidence which the Father shows by reposing so great a trust in him.

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George Kennan in Cuba

George Kennan, whose "Story of the War" published during the summer in The Outlook attracted wide attention for its thoroughness of investigation and brilliancy of description, sailed for Santiago recently, having fully recovered from the attack of fever which prostrated him last August. Mr. Kennan is undertaking, as Special Commissioner for The Outlook, a thorough inspection of the island of Cuba, and a study of its present condition and its possibilities, social, political, and industrial. He will be occupied for several months in the work, and the record of his investigations will be published in successive issues of The Outlook, beginning about the first of February.

Readers of Mr. Kennan's "Story of the War" cannot have failed to note that the evidence taken before the Army Investigating Commission has confirmed fully Mr. Kennan's criticisms on the failure to provide suitable transports, adequate means of landing the troops, and sufficient ambulance and medical equipment. In short, the very points upon which our correspondent laid greatest stress in his articles have been shown to be the really vital defects of the campaign.

This first series of articles written for The Outlook, revised and expanded, will before long be issued in book form by the Century Company, under the title "Campaigning in Cuba."

A Poet's Centenary

The three hundredth anniversary of the death of Edmund Spenser will not pass unnoticed here or in England; for, however deeply engaged in practical affairs the English race may be, it is never wholly forgetful of that still small voice of the human spirit which, like the song of the almost invisible lark, is heard far and wide over the fields in which men toil. It gives art its highest significance that its noblest works are born in the travail of great experiences, and that without contact with life the creative imagination is the prey of idle dreams, and misses its splendid vision of the tragedy and beauty of life. It is not surprising, therefore, that the race which has given the world Drake, Frobisher, Nelson, and Wellington has also given it Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, and Tennyson; that the race which, in power of organization and in genius for government, is the successor of the Roman, has also sustained, in the modern world, the Greek tradition of the free imagination, the creative spirit, the passion for beauty. It is this range of spiritual life which gives the English race its vitality; the springs of its immense practical activity are in its latent idealism, and its heroes of action are never without affinity with its poets.

It is significant that the earliest English poet sang because he was commanded to sing by a higher power; it was in response to a vision that Cædmon struck the first resounding note; and from that day English poetry, although sinking at times perilously near mere verse-making, has never wholly lost that vision. If at times the English people have seemed indifferent to it and it has hung like a mirage on the far horizon, it has never wholly vanished, and it has found in their hearts that home which their hands have for the moment seemed to deny it. When the storm of the Civil War was approaching in this country, the voices of the poets were heard above the turmoil in tones as clear and penetrating as the moving convictions which rose to music in them; and when, not long ago, the greatest of modern empires gathered in its ancient capital the representatives of the peoples who acknowledge its authority, in all the splendid pageantry, aside from the spectacle of the aged and lonely Queen, nothing moved the heart of the English people as did Mr. Kipling's lines. The poet as the voice of the spirit was never more

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potential than in the fierce commercialism of an age which has heard the voice of Tennyson freighted with the deepest truth, the ringing tones of Browning affirming the sovereignty of the spirit over fate and evil, and the elegiac notes of Arnold touched with the pathos of ebbing faith. If the time ever comes when life divorces itself from art, the activities of the race will bring neither peace nor joy, and its pleasures will turn to ashes in its hand.

There are no signs of that day, so long predicted by the pessimists; on the contrary, there are many evidences that the English race, on both sides of the sea, becomes more dissatisfied with merely material achievement, and craves more passionately than ever the satisfactions of spiritual achievement. In such a time—the power of the race felt at the ends of the earth and its responsibilities matching its power—the vision of life must grow clearer, and the sovereignty of the spirit over all its activities must be more distinctly affirmed. The "Faerie Queene" was not written amid the lovely surroundings of Penshurst, in the gracious society of a time prodigal of great men; it was written in the ungenial air of Ireland, amid the turbulence of an angry and oppressed people. Its music was like the song of birds heard on the edge of a tempest. Before it was completed the tempest broke and the poet was flying for his life, as a writer in another column reminds us. So out of the stress and strife the most poetic of English poems was born! The fact is significant; and so is the genius of the poet. There is none other in the long history of our literature so remote from the every-day work of the English race, so completely detached from its ordinary occupations, so apparently removed from its sympathies. In the "Faerie Queene" one moves in enchanted forests, in sunny meadows, in fragrant gardens. Since the leaves fell from the trees in the Garden of Hesperides there have been no such gardens as those which have sent their fragrance, these three centuries, from Spenser's imagination. The garden of Proserpina and that of Adonis, the isle of Phædria and Acacia's bower—these are among those homes of the imagination to which the spirit, weary with the strife of the time and the ugliness of so much contemporary materialism, retreats and restores itself. Airs from these sweet and fragrant places are blown across all English poetry, and are breathed again through many a later flute.

It was in a happy moment that Charles Lamb called Spenser the poet's poet. He has not spoken and does not speak directly to the great mass of English readers; he is not a voice for the multitude; he is a voice for those who reach and inspire the multitude. It is safe to say that very few, even among those who are richly endowed with imagination, read the "Faerie Queene" in its entirety. The reading of the poem as a whole belongs to the adolescence of the young imagination. It came to Keats on a memorable afternoon, and was the opening of a door into the fairyland of dreams and beauty and delight; it came to Tennyson also, and the impress of its influence is found again and again in the verse of our latest master of the mighty line. So Spenser serves his race by making a home for the spirits which need a retreat from tumult and turmoil, and by inspiring and enriching the poets who are to stand nearer their time and their fellows. The "Faerie Queene" is overweighted with allegory, but it is rich in the elements of the greatest poetry: a world built by a poet, full of beautiful figures, breathing fragrance and music; a place for our poets when they are learning to sing, and for our own spirits in moments of weariness and loneliness—this is the work which Spenser has done for us.

❀

The Spectator

The Spectator had a most interesting talk, the other day, with two women who have grown gray in the public-school service in this city, and some of whose side-lights on school questions were infinitely diverting. By the way, the Spectator feels moved to observe that talking "shop," which is so reprobated by some high authorities on conversation, is to him, of all kinds of conversation, the most truly valuable. Why should one prefer, for instance, to hear a philosopher talk of affairs, and a man of affairs talk philosophy—with the same muddled effect, usually, in each case—rather than to hear a luminous comment by each upon the things he has mastered? Why, oh, why, should one turn from eager talk, full of the information and insight that a life-work gives, and label it, loftily and scornfully, "shop" conversation? The Spectator has heard more illuminating—and amusing—remarks under this despised head than would fill a book; and he proposes to retail a few of those he heard from the teachers

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the other day, and leave the reader to judge if they are not worth this passing record.

❀

"I have so many tiny children sent to me as children of school age," said the younger teacher (who is the principal of a large school in the crowded tenement part of the city), "and I am often very much perplexed to know whether they are really under five or not. You know those half-fed children often look younger than they are." "Yes, I have been through all that," said the other, sympathetically, "but now I look at their teeth." The Spectator gasped, but she went on in the most matter-of-fact way. "If the teeth are a little loose, or if they have lost one or two, that child is probably five or over. If they are all there, and all firm, the child is only three or four. It is really a very fair test. Sometimes the children are mere babies, evidently. Then I say, 'Go home and play for a whole year, my child, and then come back.' They go off delighted—to play for a year, that is fine! But the mothers are not so pleased, you may imagine." "No, indeed!" said the other. "They are glad to get them off their hands and into school. The Italian mothers are especially anxious. Sometimes the little Italian applicants, evidently not over three, keep reiterating like parrots, 'Me five!' 'Me five!' till I tell them to go home and ask their mothers. If they come back still repeating 'Me five!' then I send for the mothers, and tell them they must make an affidavit of the child's age, and that they will be responsible to the law if they do not tell the truth. That usually settles it; if the child is really five, they are willing to swear to it; but if not, they are afraid of the very idea of the law."

❀

"Do you not have trouble with so many nationalities?" the Spectator asked, hoping to hear something still more interesting. "Oh, we hang the flag over the school platform," was the answer, "and have the regular exercise of saluting it, and the children become very patriotic indeed. They will not own, in most cases, that they are not Americans." "Yes," said the other, "I often ask, 'Will the German children in the room stand up?' The Germans are more wedded to their Fatherland, apparently, than other immigrants, for a few—though not by any means half—of them usually rise to this invitation. 'Now let the Italian children stand' generally brings no response at all, though the school is crowded with them in my district. But when I end up by saying, 'Will the American children stand up?' the whole school rises joyfully."

❀

"Have you many French children?" said the Spectator, knowing the pride of the French in *la patrie*. "No; very few. Still, we have some; indeed, we have children of every nationality under the sun, I think, from the Hungarian and Syrian to the African. It is wonderful how soon the foreign children learn the language of their adopted country. Even when the parents cannot speak a word of English, and have only been a little while in America, the children use their own language as little as possible, and seem to delight in ours. But they are not so bright—not nearly so bright—as American children. Any teacher who has tried her hand on both kinds of public-school material will tell you that." "Yet the American stock, almost everywhere, is a mixed stock," said the Spectator. "Yes," said the elder teacher, thoughtfully, "but a mixture of the best, the hardiest, and the strongest races, up to this last half-century—and the best element from each race, too. The Puritans and the Huguenots and the Covenanters, and the sturdy Germans and Swedes, were really the pick of the world for colonists. Now, my little scholars are from the lower classes of the weaker nations, and most of our immigration for years has been in that line. But still," she added, with courageous patriotism, "they will be better citizens, and better men and women, as Americans than they would have been if they had stayed at home and grown up in Hungary or Italy or Syria; I am sure of that. And I feel quite content to spend my days in teaching them their opportunities—for America is the open door of opportunity to them."

❀

And as the Spectator agreed with her, he quoted softly to himself the fine lines of Emma Lazarus upon our harbor statue of Liberty Enlightening the World:

"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she,
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free;
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore;
Send these—the homeless, tempest-tossed—to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

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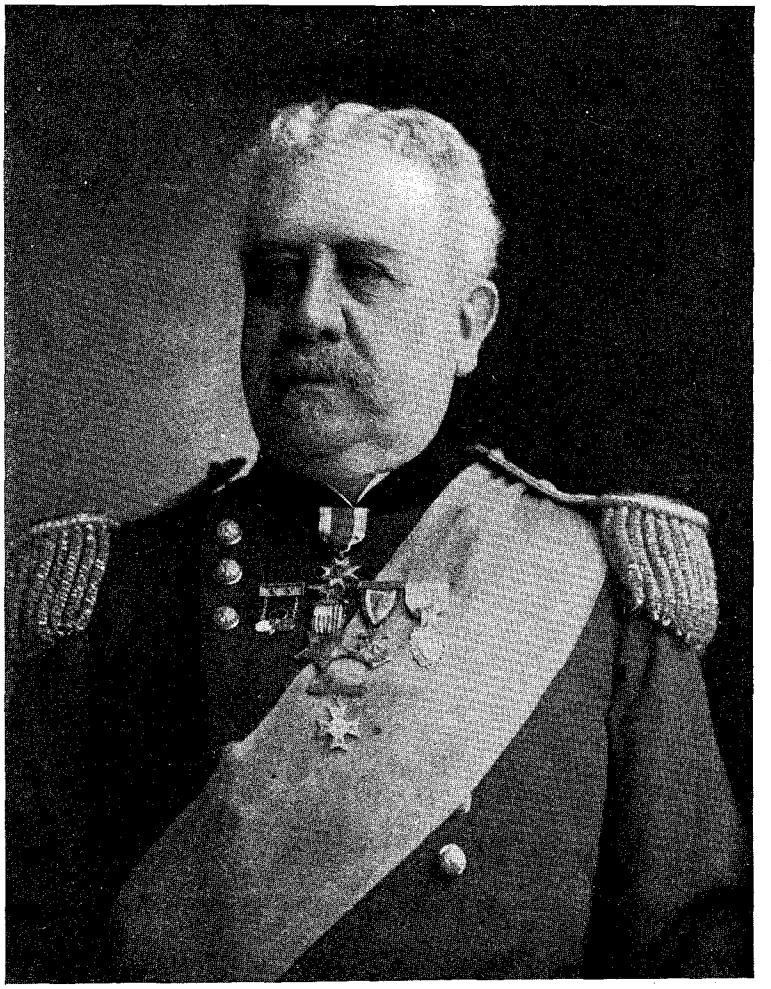

Major-General John R. Brooke

WHILE the formal order for the military government of Cuba only directs General Brooke to exercise the authority of Military Governor of the island, it is pretty well understood that equally important civil functions will be his, and that in effect his powers will not differ greatly from those of a Governor-General. To him will be responsible the Governors of Provinces—for instance, General Wood in Santiago Province and General Lee in Havana Province—while in the case of the city of Havana, its Governor, General Ludlow, will also report directly to General Brooke. Practically the discretion granted to him is almost unlimited under the general instructions for governing Cuba which may be issued by the President and under the legislation of Congress. General Brooke has been a soldier for thirty-seven years. In the Civil War he rose rapidly until at the end of the war he was a Major-General of Volunteers. In the regular army very few officers have seen such varied and constant service in the Far West and South, while his fine management of the Porto Rican campaign under General Miles has added distinctly to his military reputation. The new Governor of Cuba is not quite sixty years old, is of massive build, and over six feet in height. In conduct and courage he is every inch a soldier. He is trusted by his fellow-officers, popular in the army, and has been well described as "a man built for big undertakings."

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General Leonard Wood

A Model American Military Administrator

By Theodore Roosevelt

WHAT I am about to write concerning the great service rendered, not only to Cuba, but to America, by Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, now Military Governor of Santiago, is written very much less as a tribute to him than for the sake of pointing out what an object-lesson he has given the people of the United States in the matter of administering those tropic lands in which we have grown to have so great an interest. The most extreme expansionist will admit that the proper administration of our newly acquired tropical dependencies is absolutely essential if our policy of expansion is not to collapse; on the other hand, at least the most intelligent among the anti-imperialists will admit that we have certain duties which must be performed as long as we stay in the tropic lands.

Of course there are some anti-expansionists whose opposition to expansion takes the form of opposition to American interests; and with these gentry there is no use dealing at all. Whether from cr dulity, from timidity, or from sheer lack of patriotism, their attitude during the war was as profoundly un-American as was that of the "Copperheads" in 1861. Starting from the position of desiring to avoid war even when it had become inevitable if our National honor was to be preserved, they readily passed into a frame of mind which made them really chagrined at every American triumph, while they showed very poorly concealed satisfaction over every American shortcoming; and now they permit their hostility to the principle of expansion to lead them into persistent effort to misrepresent what is being done in the islands and parts of islands which we have actually conquered.

But these men are in a very small minority. I think most Americans realize that facts must be faced, and that for the present, and in the immediate future, we shall have, whether we wish it or not, to provide a working government, not only for Hawaii and Porto Rico, but for Cuba and the Philippines. We may not wish the Philippines, and may regret that circumstances have forced us to take them; but we have taken them, and stay there we must for the time being—whether this temporary stay paves the way for permanent occupation, or whether it is to last only until some more satisfactory arrangement, whether by native rule or otherwise, takes its place. Discussion of theories will not avail much; we have a bit of very practical work to be done, and done it must be, somehow. I am certain that if the Cubans show themselves entirely fit to establish and carry on a free and orderly government, the great mass of my fellow-citizens will gladly permit them to decide themselves as to the destiny of Cuba, and will allow them to be independent if they so desire. I am also certain that Americans would take much this position in regard to the Philippines were the conditions such as to justify it. But I am also certain that our people will neither permit the islands again to fall into the clutches of Spain or of some Power of Continental Europe which would have interfered to our harm in the last war if it had dared to, nor yet permit them to sink into a condition of squalid and savage anarchy.

The policy of shirking our responsibilities cannot be adopted. To refuse to attempt to secure good government in the new territories acquired last summer would simply mean that we were weaklings, not worthy to stand among the great races of the world. Such a policy would itself be a failure; and if we follow any other policy we can do no worse than fail; so it may be taken for granted that we are going to try the experiment. All that remains is to see that we try it under conditions which give us most chances of success; that is, which render it most likely that we shall give good government to the conquered provinces, and therefore add to the honor and renown of the American name no less than to the material well-being of our people at home and abroad.

In these tropical and far-off lands good government has got to be secured mainly, not from Washington, but from the men sent to administer the provinces. It is, of course, essential that Congress should ulti-

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mately provide a good scheme of government for the colonies—or rather for each colony, as there will have to be wide variation in the methods applied—but even this scheme can be worked out only by the aid and advice of the men who have had actual experience in the wholly new work to which Americans are now called; and until we are able to get such advice any scheme must be of the most tentative character. What is really essential is to have first-class men chosen to administer these provinces, and then to give these men the widest possible latitude as to means and methods for solving the exceedingly difficult problems set before them. Most fortunately, we have in General Wood the exact type of man whom we need; and we have in his work for the past four months an exact illustration of how the work should be done.

The great importance of the personal element in this work makes it necessary for me to dwell upon General Wood's qualifications as I should not otherwise do. The successful administrator of a tropic colony must ordinarily be a man of boundless energy and endurance; and there were probably very few men in the army at Santiago, whether among the officers or in the ranks, who could match General Wood in either respect. No soldier could outwalk him, could live with more indifference on hard and scanty fare, could endure hardship better, or do better without sleep; no officer ever showed more ceaseless energy in providing for his soldiers, in reconnoitering, in overseeing personally all the countless details of life in camp, in patrolling the trenches at night, in seeing by personal inspection that the outposts were doing their duty, in attending personally to all the thousand and one things to which a commander should attend, and to which only those commanders of marked and exceptional mental and bodily vigor are able to attend.

General Wood was a Cape Cod boy; and to this day there are few amusements for which he cares more than himself to sail a small boat off the New England coast, especially in rough weather. He went through the Harvard Medical School in 1881–82, and began to practice in Boston; but his was one of those natures which, especially when young, frets for adventure and for those hard and dangerous kinds of work where peril blocks the path to a greater reward than is offered by more peaceful occupations. A year after leaving college he joined the army as a contract surgeon, and almost immediately began his service under General Miles in the Southwestern Territories. These were then harried by the terrible Apaches; and the army was entering on the final campaigns for the overthrow of Geronimo and his fellow-renegades. No one who has not lived in the West can appreciate the incredible, the extraordinary fatigue and hardship attendant upon these campaigns. There was not much fighting, but what there was, was of an exceedingly dangerous type; and the severity of the marches through the waterless mountains of Arizona, New Mexico, and the northern regions of Old Mexico (whither the Apache bands finally retreated) were such that only men of iron could stand them. But the young contract doctor, tall, broad-chested, with his light-yellow hair and blue eyes, soon showed the stuff of which he was made. Hardly any of the whites, whether soldiers or frontiersmen, could last with him; and the friendly Indian trailers themselves could not wear him down. In such campaigns it soon becomes essential to push forward the one actually fitted for command, whatever his accidental position may be; and Wood, although only a contract surgeon, finished his career against the Apaches by serving as commanding officer of certain of the detachments sent out to perform peculiarly arduous and dangerous duty; and he did his work so well and showed such conspicuous gallantry that he won that most coveted of military distinctions, the medal of honor. On expeditions of this kind, where the work is so exhausting as to call for the last ounce of reserve strength and courage in the men, only a very peculiar and high type of officer can succeed. Wood, however, never called upon his men to do anything that he himself did not do. They ran no risk that he did not run; they endured no hardship which he did not endure: intolerable fatigue, intolerable thirst, never-satisfied hunger, and the strain of unending watchfulness against the most cruel and dangerous of foes—through all this Wood led his men until the final hour of signal success. When he ended the campaigns, he had won the high regard of his superior officers, not merely for courage and endurance, but for judgment and entire trustworthiness. A young man who is high of heart, clean of life, incapable of a mean or ungenerous action, and burning with the desire to honorably distinguish himself, needs only the opportunity in order to do good work for his country.

This opportunity came to Wood with the

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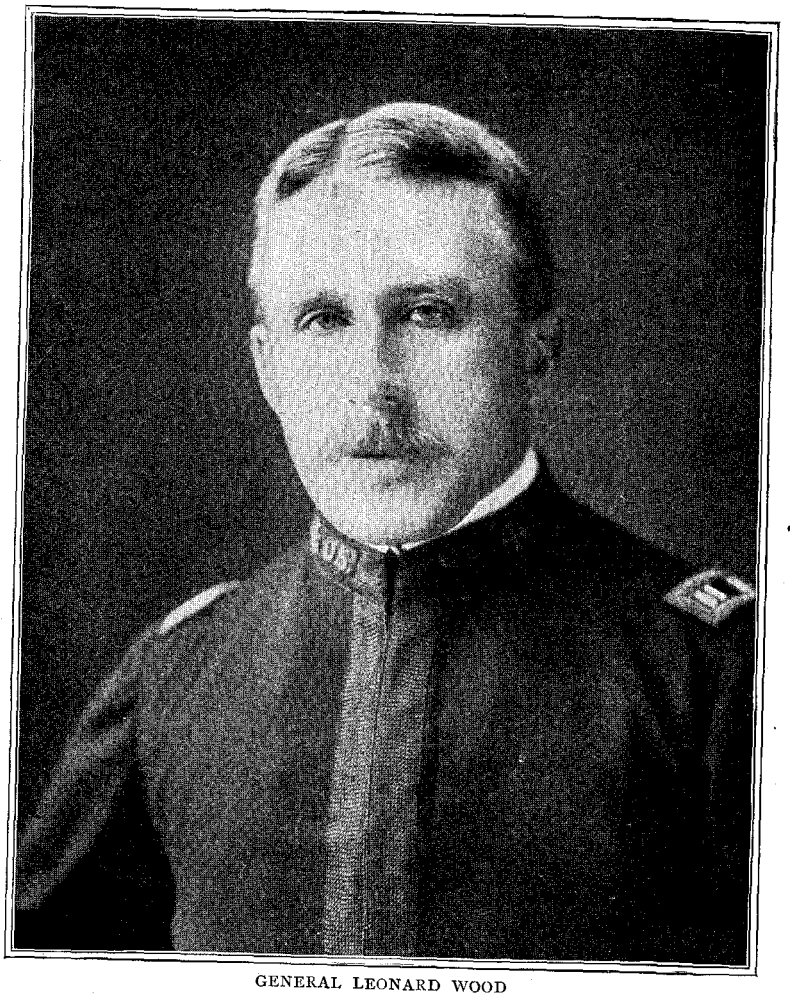
outbreak of the Spanish war. I had seen much of him during the preceding year. Being myself fond of outdoor exercise, I had found a congenial companion in a man who had always done his serious duties with the utmost conscientiousness, but who had found time to keep himself, even at thirty-seven, a first-class foo'ball player. We had the same ideals and the same way of looking at life; we were fond of the same sports; and, last, but not least, being men with families, we liked, where possible, to enjoy these sports in company with our small children. We therefore saw very much of each other; and we had made our plans long in advance as to what we should do if war with Spain broke out; accordingly, he went as Colonel, and I as Lieutenant-Colonel, of the Rough Riders. How well he commanded his regiment is fresh in the minds of every one. Because of his success he was made Brigadier-General, and at the battle of San Juan he commanded one of the two brigades which made up General Joe Wheeler's Cavalry Division. When Santiago surrendered, he was soon put in charge, first of the city, and then of the city and province.

Since then he has worked wonders. Both his medical and his military training stood him in good stead. I was frequently in Santiago after the surrender, and I never saw Wood when he was not engaged on some one of his multitudinous duties. He was personally inspecting the hospitals; he was personally superintending the cleaning of the streets; he was personally hearing the most important of the countless complaints made by Cubans against Spaniards, Spaniards against Cubans, and by both against Americans; he was personally engaged in working



GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

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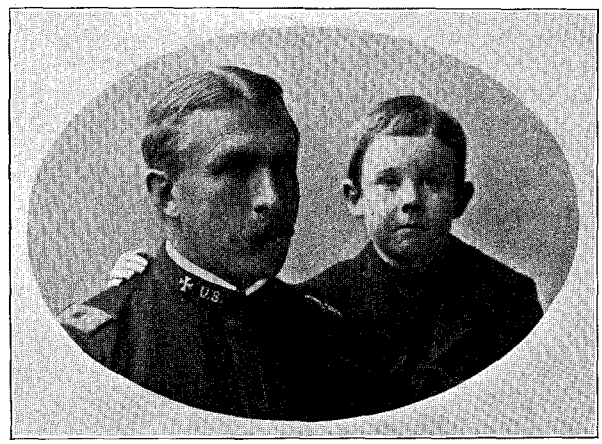
out a better system of sewerage or in striving to secure the return of the land-tillers to the soil. I do not mean that he ever allowed himself to be swamped by mere detail; he is much too good an executive officer not to delegate to others whatever can safely be delegated; but the extraordinary energy of the man himself is such that he can in person oversee and direct much more than is possible with the ordinary man.

To General Wood has fallen the duty of preserving order, of seeing that the best Cubans begin to administer the government, of protecting the lives and properties of the Spaniards from the vengeance of their foes, and of securing the best hygienic conditions possible in the city; of opening the schools, and of endeavoring to re-establish agriculture and commerce in a ruined and desolate land.



GENERAL WOOD AND HIS SON

The sanitary state of the city of Santiago was frightful beyond belief. The Cuban army consisted of undisciplined, unpaid men on the verge of becoming mere bandits. The Cuban chiefs were not only jealous of one another, but, very naturally, bitterly hostile to the Spaniards who remained in the land. On the other hand, the men of property, not only among the Spaniards, but even among the Cubans, greatly feared the revolutionary army. All conditions were ripe for a period of utter anarchy, and under a weak, a foolish, or a violent man this anarchy would certainly have come. General Wood, by his energy, his firmness, his common sense, and his moderation, has succeeded in working as great an improvement as was possible in so short a time. By degrees he has substituted the best Cubans he can find in the places both of the old Spanish officials and of the Americans who were put in temporary control. He permits not the slightest violence either on the part of the American soldiers or of the inhabitants; he does absolute, even justice to all. He shows that he thinks of himself only in so far as he desires to win an honorable reputation for doing his work well—and even this desire for an honorable reputation, it must be remembered, is absolutely secondary in his mind to the desire that the work itself should be thoroughly done, let the credit go where it will.

The importance of all this lies in the fact that what General Wood has done in Santiago other officials must do elsewhere in Cuba, in Porto Rico, and in the Philippines, not to speak of Hawaii, if our rule in these islands is to be honorable to ourselves and advantageous to the natives. There is no need of prattling about the impossibility of governing the island under our Constitution and system of government. The men who so prattle merely show their own weakness; there is not the slightest difficulty in governing the islands if we set about governing them well, and if we choose the General Woods because they are fit for the task and not because they are pressed by selfish interests, whether political or commercial. The inhabitants of the islands are not at the moment fit to govern themselves. In some places they may speedily become fit; in other places the intervening time may be very long indeed. Until the moment does arrive, they have got to be governed; and they have got to be governed by men carefully chosen, who are on the ground, who know what the needs really are, and who have the power given them to meet these needs. Politics should have as little to do with the choice of our colonial administrators as it should have to do with the choice of an admiral or a general. We cannot afford to trifle with our own honor or with the interests of the great alien communities over which we have assumed supervision. There are plenty of men fit to administer these colonies—men like General James H. Wilson and General Fitzhugh Lee; but they cannot do their work if they are not left largely unhampered, and if they are not given cordial assistance by the people at

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home; and the places under them must be given to men chosen because they can do the work and not because politicians recommend them. If political considerations of the baser sort are supreme in the adminisration of New York City, that is New York City's own fault; but in the Philippines or in Cuba it would be the fault of the American people and not of the inhabitants, and would establish a just grievance on behalf of the latter. We cannot afford to let politicians do with our public service in our dependencies what they have done for the consular service; still less can we afford to let doctrinaires, or honest, ignorant people, decide the difficult and delicate questions bound to arise in administering the new provinces. We cannot possibly, at any rate for the present, do better than to take for each province some man like General Wood, give him the largest power possible both as to his methods and his subordinates, and then hold him to a strict accountability for the results; demanding that he preserve untarnished the honor of the American name, by working, not only for the interests of America, but for the interests of the people whose temporary ruler he is.

A Christmas Hymn

By Richard Watson Gilder

[Mr. Gilder's "Christmas Hymn" in its original form is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. In its present form and with an added stanza it now appears for the first time.—THE EDITORS.]

I.

Tell me what is this innumerable throng
Singing in the heavens a loud angelic song?
These are they who come with swift and shining feet
From round about the throne of God the Lord
of Light to greet.

II.

Oh, who are these that hasten beneath the starry sky,
As if with joyful tidings that through the world shall fly?
The faithful shepherds these, who greatly were afeared
When, as they watched their flocks by night,
the heavenly host appeared.

III.

Who are these that follow across the hills of night
A star that westward hurries along the fields of light?
Three wise men from the east, who myrrh and
treasure bring
To lay them at the feet of him their Lord and
Christ and King.

IV.

What babe new-born is this that in a manger cries?
Near on her bed of pain his happy mother lies.
Oh, see the air is shaken with white and
heavenly wings—
This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the
King of kings.

V.

Tell me how shall I partake this holy feast
With all the kneeling world, and I of all the least?
Fear not, O faithful heart, but bring what most is meet—
Bring love alone, true love alone, and lay it
at his feet.

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FATHER COTÉ

Father Coté

By J. Cleveland Cady

"SEE, see! a stone church!"

"Where?"

"On the farthest hill, nearly a mile away; don't you see its steeple against the sky?"

Surely there was no mistaking the Renaissance steeple, and the dignified mass that, crowning a commanding summit, was clearly outlined against the sky; it was certainly a church, and more—a stone church—which in a region of frame buildings gave it great pre-eminence and interest.

This is the land of the "Acadians," the descendants of the peasantry who in 1755 were deported from Grand Pré to the southern colonies, and who, many years after, when the troubles were over, returned, only to find the lovely Grand Pré region fully occupied by newcomers. Sadly they turned their course to the sterile shores of St. Mary's Bay, where they settled, midway between Yarmouth and Digby, Nova Scotia.

Though comprising the bulk of the population of the region, here and there may be found families of New England origin, with their peculiarities of dialect and custom.

Little villages of frame cottages line the road for twenty miles—very small, humble homes, indicating the narrowest margin of living, but neat, often bright with flowering plants which fill windows and doorways, and quite free from an air of poverty. It was, however, a strange neighborhood for a large stone church!

As a long ascent was before us, we dismounted, trundling our cycles. Presently we overtook a farmer riding in his cart, drawn by a small ox between the shafts, which were secured to its head by a rope bound and fastened to the horns, a device which every true Nova Scotian declares to be the only humane and efficient way of attaching beast to cart.

Such incidental acquaintances usually afford opportunities for securing information, and often entertainment; no wise person will miss them. We hastened to the social feast.

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"That seems to be a fine church up on the hill."

"Yis, I guess it's about the best church in Nova Scotia."

"Well, that's surprising; the people don't seem wealthy."

"No, they ain't; I don't suppose the people in any part of the Province have to work so durned hard for a living; but the church, that's all owing to Father Coté."

"And who is Father Coté?"

"Oh, he's our priest; he's a mighty knowing man; he was at college at Quebec, and learned all they could teach in every line; and then I've heerd he studied abroad. He's a great man, anyhow, Father Coté is; why, he planned the church, and built it too!

"Before he came here we were a-going to get up some sort of a cheap church, and raise money for it by picnics and fairs, lots of 'em; but when he came he just put his foot down, Father Coté did, put it down real hard, too, and said: 'We won't dishonor God's cause in that way. We'll work, and we'll beg for it first, and let people everywhere that will, have a chance to give to the Lord's House. You, François, go off to the fishing villages and see what you can get; and you, Alphonse, go over to the mines and get what you can there.' And so he set one and another to work, and worked himself the hardest of any, until nine thousand dollars were raised! Nine thousand dollars! Just think of it—wasn't that a monstrous sum! All the rest was labor and materials that our folks gave.

"Then he just bossed everything all the way through; why, he'd take the commonest sort of a man and in a little while break him in so he could do anything he wanted of him. Yis, sir, and he didn't mind time and agin taking off his coat and working with the rest of us; there wasn't anything stuck-up about him. But wasn't he wise, though!

"In the beginning, when they were set to build of wood, he said: 'I see you've got lots of stone on your land; it's very bad for the farms; you ought to get rid of it.'

"'But what can we do with 'em? Nobody don't want 'em, as far as ever we've heerd.'

"'Haul them all over to the church grounds; they will be out of your way there, and I can dispose of them.'

"So the people cleared up their farms, and great piles of stone rose on the church grounds, until everybody began to be frightened, and were saying, 'What will he do with 'em? What will he do with 'em? Alas! alas! it's ruining the place!'

"Then he began to say, 'What a pity not to build a stone church, now the stone is all here!'

"Before long we all saw how knowin' he was; he'd got our farms cleared of stone so we got bigger crops, and at the same time he'd got all the stone right handy for a new church—and, of all things, a stone church!

"More and more the people were glad to work under such a man; and they did it with a will. And just think—he planned it all, even the great trusses that carry the roof! The carpenters were afraid they wouldn't hold it up, and the whole business would be down on top of their heads; they'd never seen anything like 'em. But he said, 'I'll be responsible; go ahead.' And they stood as solid as a rock! Oh, he's a wonderful man."

"I suppose the people are very proud of their church."

"Yis, they love that church, they've put so much hard work into it."

"Does Father Coté get much time to look after his people, and know them?"

"Tell ye he does; there are seven or eight hundred of us, and he even knows the names of all our children; seems as though he's always looking out in some way for the good of the families, big and little."

We now approached the church, which we were curious to investigate, and, bidding good-by to the enthusiastic and sociable farmer, we made our way to the interesting building.

It was a large structure of the native gray stone, very simple and plain in its exterior appearance, but solid and dignified.

Its front doors being locked, we proceeded to the rear, where we found men and teams preparing the foundations for a considerable annex to the main building.

Presently one who seemed to be directing their efforts—a dignified and very courteous man—stepped forward and invited us into the church. Accepting his guidance, we entered what proved to be a remarkably effective building, capable of accommodating some eight hundred or a thousand people, and possessing in an unusual degree qualities not often found in conjunction—dignity and cheerfulness.

Its walls, built of the rough stone that came from the farms, as well as by very common labor, had required unusual thickness for

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stability, and this gave deep interior jambs (some two or three feet) to the lofty windows. It was surprising how greatly this expression of mass and strength contributed a feeling of grandeur to the whole interior.

A handsome barrel ceiling crowned the nave, its form and lightness contrasting agreeably with the plain, sturdy walls. The style was in the manner of the French Renaissance, simply treated; the coloring was light, relieved sparingly by gilding.

The altar, which rose nearly to the height of the lofty ceiling, was the culminating point of effect, and while no costly materials or rare workmanship entered into its composition, it was very impressive, partly from proportion and mass, and in no small degree from the manner in which it was lighted—in part by concealed windows whose sole purpose was to give emphasis to some portions of the picturesque structure.

As we remained in the church, we felt more and more its charm, and were led to make inquiries of our guide (who proved to be Father Coté himself) as to the history of this building which would in most places have cost thirty or forty thousand dollars.

But nine thousand dollars in money, he informed us, had been raised and expended; beyond that all had been accomplished by the labor of the parish, which had been most freely and generously given. "Why," said he, "each man now gives twenty days' work in the year for the Church and its needs!"

On leaving we accepted his invitation to rest a while in his study—a sunny room in the plain little manse hard by. This gave opportunity for further inquiry regarding the details of the work, especially how it was possible that this least fertile region of Nova Scotia could build the finest church of all the country districts.

"More than anything else," he replied, "I think it is because the people have taken it up as a matter of service to God. That has ennobled the whole thing—has made self-denial sweet, has made the work the great desire of their hearts.

"A very usual way here, if a church is to be built—I do not know if it is so in 'the States'—is to have a succession of fairs and festivals, and so raise the most of the money. I have never believed in it. In many country places where the fairs continue several days there is a great deal of intemperance, and it has seemed as though the evil quite outbalanced the good. But, aside from that, I do not believe it is the right way to raise money for the Lord's service. So I have told my people that they must work for the Lord's House; save for it; give and beg for it; they must do it as an offering to Him, and He would forward the undertaking, own it, and bless the House to them. They have done so, and He has favored them beyond all expectation. More than that, their efforts have made them a very different people; they love and respect their religion more, are more faithful and devoted. Is it not always true that that which we struggle and deny ourselves for, gains imperceptibly a strong hold upon our hearts? It is, I am sure, a great mistake to eliminate self-denial from God's service; we lose the best means of developing Christian character."

We were greatly impressed, not only with the views which had wrought such admirable results in the Salmon River parish, but with the gentle dignity, ability, and noble spirit of the man who would have made his mark in any walk of life, but who had been content to come to the poorest population of the province, cast his lot for life with them, and, elevating their lives, do a great and lasting service.

While the large, substantial church was the conspicuous symbol of what had been accomplished, of infinitely greater value was the change wrought in the community; the training in giving and doing "as unto the Lord."

Bidding good-by to our new friend, we passed around the church to get our bicycles, and in doing so met one of the carpenters who was working out his share of labor on the annex.

"You give very much to the Church," we said.

"Yes, we have all of us given a good deal, right straight along, for the last six or seven years; but one thing I am certain of—and I've thought it over a good deal—we are each one of us to-day every bit as well off in pocket as we should have been if we had not given at all. Not a man, woman, or child is anything poorer for what they have done! I know that's so."

Was it strange that, in our dreams there, and in our waking since, a personality of great dignity and force has been much before us: that of one who, with fine talents and endowments, gladly accepted a lowly lot, buried himself in its duties and interests, and upon high principles wrought a noble work?

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IN THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

BY CONDIT CRANE

E.W. TRAVER

THE Senate Chamber at Washington is shaped like an arc. The galleries outline the segment; in the center of the chord is the marble dais whereon is enthroned the presiding officer. In the area below are first the clerks and the reporters, and then the Senators themselves, with the Democrats on the right and the Republicans on the left, and the Populists sitting wherever they can—the architect evidently not having been aware that there may be three sides to a question.

To the thoughtful, who realize the folly as well as the futility of the cry, sometime popular, that the Senate should be abolished, there is something symbolical in the design of this dignified and beautiful assembly-room; for it seems to denote that the Senate is an important and essential part of the governmental circle, without which there would be an unsightly break—a gap that could not be filled.

The air of the Senate, like that of all high altitudes, is clear and calm. Beneath are the clouds and storms; here prevails the serenity of remoteness and permanence. As an exponent of this peculiar atmosphere, Vice-President Hobart seems the right man in the right place: he can be so somnolent and altogether comfortable. Each Senator, too, in his moments of relaxation, predicates a double-gown and a pair of slippers. He not only has arrived, but he has brought his things with him, and is going to stay a little while. And why not, indeed?—who has a plainer right to fold the hands against political worry? In a half-dozen years one may survive a half-dozen tempests of unpopularity and yet come forth for re-election to find the sun shining never so brightly. Representatives, it is true, can never escape from the eternal "next fall;" that is an old man of the sea that presses its knees and drives in its heels in House, lobby, and committee-room. But if a sword is suspended over any Senator's head, there are six strands that must be parted before damage can be done. Time is an emollient of bitterness. When Rip Van Winkle returned, he was fat and hearty and well liked by his neighbors.

Together with this security of position, a Senator has many high privileges. Like an Ambassador, he has instant access to the President. His name on a card can work all sorts of official wonders at the Departments, being a presto-change for positions not subject to civil service rules. Representatives of his party bow down before him, delighted

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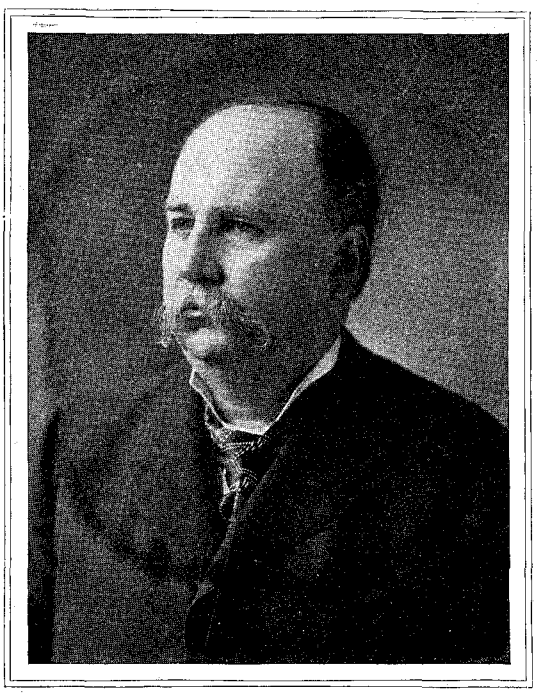
to receive the scraps after he has taken the lion-share of the patronage. The sight of a Congressman talking with his Senator reminds one of a good little boy being sent on an errand—he looks so pleased to do as he is told. A Senator, too, is attended by the most expert of underlings. There is no clerk so full of whispered information, authentic, mark you, as the Senatorial clerk. There is no page so spry as the Senatorial page. When he gets to be too old to be in two places at one time, he is translated to the House, and another little brother of Puck appointed in his stead. The Sergeant-at-Arms is a natural-born coddler; it is said that he supplies mufflers and galoshes in the winter, and lemonade and fans in the summer for his wards-in-arms. As for the Capitol policeman, his hours are reduced when he serves in the Senate wing, the strain of responsibility is so intense. The Senate doorkeeper is a survival of the fittest—an heirloom of deportment from the fathers. Sometimes he quavers of the days before the war, as if they were but yesterday. He means the Mexican war.



VICE-PRESIDENT GARRET A. HOBART

The public seeking information finds a marked contrast for the better in the Senate wing of the Capitol. Officials not only know, but they seem anxious to impart. One gratefully misses that rollicking, transitory indifference so noticeable in the attachés of the House. Take Mr. Amzi Smith, for instance, Superintendent of the Senate Document-Room from time immemorial. Any one who has the pleasure of consulting him meets a veritable index of the rolls, who has not only the title and contents of every bill, but also abundant copies of the same, at his fingers' ends, all at the disposal of every comer.

Senators are much beset by visitors, but there is none of that informal, pertinacious interviewing so prevalent about the entrances of the House. At one side of the Senate Chamber is a large anteroom, where decorum reigns and hats are sternly admonished off if not immediately doffed. At the passageway to the inner apartment sits an elderly man, with several youths in waiting. You hand your card to this Lord Chamberlain in mufti, at the same time breathing the name of the Senator whom you desire to see, which he notes on the back. He then delivers the pasteboard, thus still further stiffened, to one of the esquires, with much of the air of Gunkeeper No. 1 to the King handing the royal musket to Gunkeeper No. 2. Away goes the messenger, speedily or slothfully in direct proportion with his length of service. On his return he stands in the doorway and makes the following announcements to those seeking audience, who again find themselves looking for pumps and knee-breeches:

"Senator Blank is not here at present." "Senator So-and-so will see you, sir. Just step right in to the reception-room." "Senator X? Very sorry, madam, but the Senator makes it a rule not to see ladies at the Capitol."

Other Senators do make it a rule to see ladies at the Capitol, as the lucky seeker after Senator So-and-so discovers as he passes right into the reception-room. For there is an aura of femininity prevalent which seems to say that America is also ruled by a queen. As for the room itself, it might well have been borrowed from a salon of mediæval Paris, or of a Hudson River night-boat, so profuse is it with heavy draperies, puffy furniture, and glittering glass ornamentations. Soon the Senator appears, beaming as to the eye and grasping as to the hand, and all aglow with the consciousness

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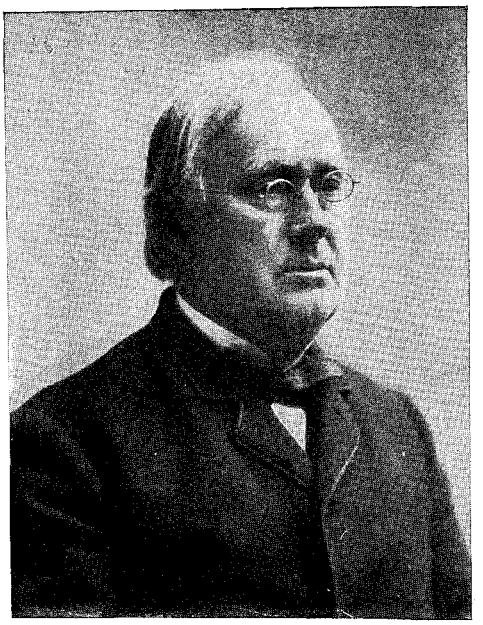
of what a royal good fellow he is, to be sure. He leads to an unoccupied corner, and then the inevitable whispering begins. Suddenly an electric bell rings buzzily. "Executive session," some one cries; and the visitors scurry away, while the Solons, with many a mental wink, leisurely return to talk scandal behind closed doors—or, in other words, to consider the nomination of John Smith as Postmaster at Porkopolis.

Procedure in the Senate differs from procedure in the House as *suaviter in modo* differs from *fortiter in re*. Yet some of the mightiest engines are the most noiseless. Everything is done by your leave instead of in your despite. The majority sits with, instead of on, the minority. "This is a Senate of equals," remarked Webster, although well knowing that he wore the largest hat. There have been occasional wrangles, it is true, but these have been started by new men, recent graduates of the House, not yet thoroughly etiolated, and have been instigated by the aggressive independence of such an elevation. Now, true Senatorial independence is unconscious; you must take it for granted, like all other blessings, without even being duly thankful. That man is most apt to lead in the Senate who has the least design to do so. During the last session several eminent Senators won the censure of their associates, besides a liberal supply of unreliable information, by attempting to canvass regarding certain important measures then pending—a custom meekly acquiesced in by the House. This was an innovation; and a Senatorial innovation, be it understood, is impertinent. The one unpardonable sin in the Senate is to be un-Senatorial.

From a lack of autocracy, it follows that committees in the Senate are less powerful than in the House, where each committee illustrates the anomaly of a part being considerably larger than the whole. Even the way in which Senatorial committee-assignments are made marks this difference; for they are reported from a select committee and ratified by ballot, instead of being dropped from a Speaker's hat. In regard to chairmanships, seniority of service generally controls, but not always. For example, Senator Davis was chosen Chairman of Foreign Relations, although junior in service to Senator Frye. Precedence in a committee is strictly observed. A Senator will say proudly, "I am number two on Claims," and then add modestly, "I am number thirteen



SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR
Of Massachusetts.

on Finance." There are so many committees that the average Senator may serve on five or six; thus his view of the work coming before the Committee of the Whole is comprehensive.

The Floor, on the other hand, is more powerful in the Senate than in the House; for the Senate, despite the trend of modern legislation towards secret engendering, is

SENATOR EDWARD O. WOLCOTT
Of Colorado.

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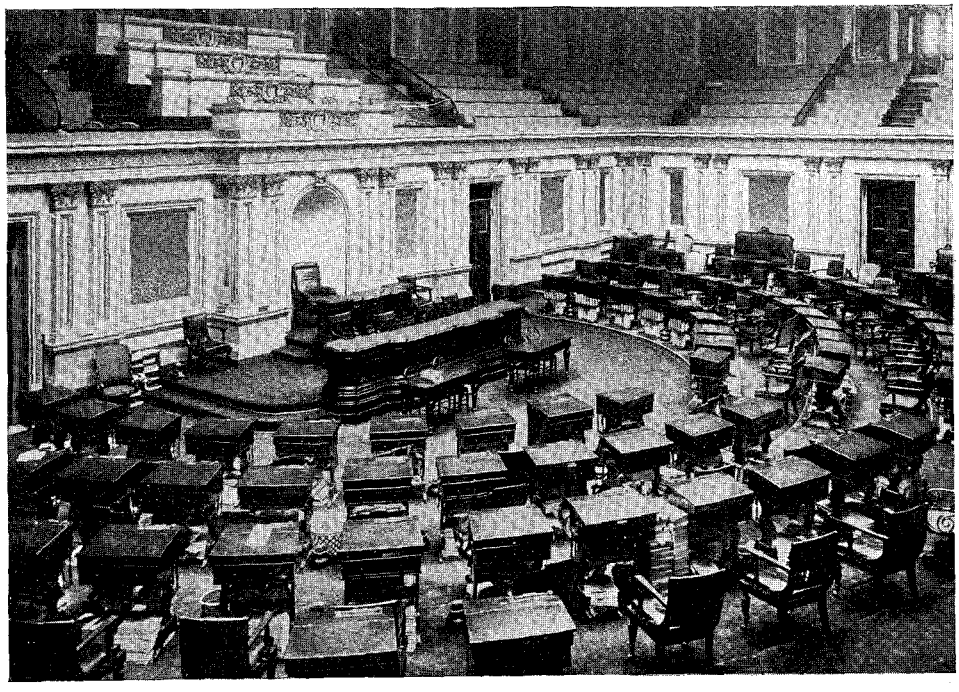
still entitled to be called a deliberative body. Debate is regarded as an agent and not as an interpellator. There is no clôture, although there have been several desperate attempts to establish it, notably once by Henry Clay, and once again, in our own times, during Harrison's administration, in the interest of a new force bill. It may appear significant, except to those whose emblem for the will of the majority is a bludgeon, that in every instance where clôture has been advocated, it has been as the last resort for the passage of some unpopular and undemocratic measure. The Senate rules on the subject of debate merely provide that no Senator shall speak more than twice in any one debate on the same day. Hence, when a Senator gets the floor, he holds it at the will of his verbosity. A Senatorial sense of what is decent and right, however, proves an efficient check. This sense, by the way, like unconscious independence, is a development—something to be acquired by a new Senator, but second nature itself to an old one. As Senator Teller remarked during the rancorous Hawaiian debate last summer, it is assumed that no Senator says more than he has to say, and hence it is the pleasure of the Senate to hear him. In fact, a certain *noblesse* does *oblige*, as Mrs. Malaprop, a not infrequent visitor at the National Capital, might observe.

From this very ease and breadth of procedure, it often happens that the Senate takes the initiative and both leads and controls public opinion. This is contrary to the popular notion that the Senate is nothing if not reactionary; but if all popular notions could be collated and published, the collection would be the most exhaustive epitome of delusions extant. Throughout the course of events leading up to the declaration that Spanish sovereignty must cease on the island of Cuba, it was the will of the Senate that prevailed. The most efficient machine is the simplest, not the most complex. Now, the Senate is a small, homogeneous body; it may almost be said to run itself, were not *to run* too active a verb to be used in such connection.

The Senators, necessarily, know one another well. Hence there is an imaginary line between the two sides, and not a barrier as in the House. It is a very common sight to see members of different parties visiting with each other. It seems as if the Republicans took the lead in this good fellowship, many of their younger Senators being fond of wandering over to the Democratic seats and cracking a joke or arguing a point of law



THE SENATE CHAMBER

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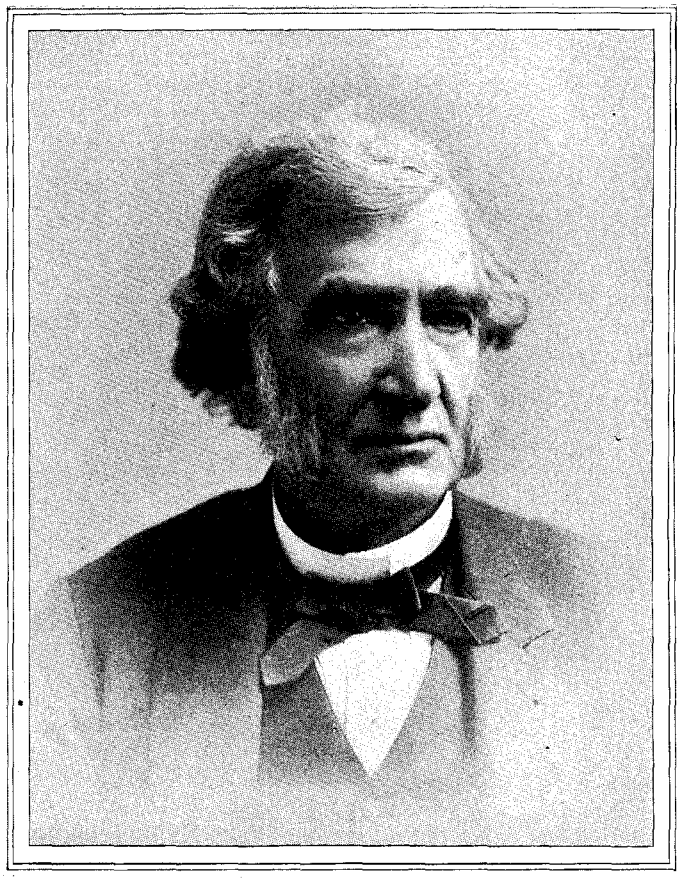

SENATOR JUSTIN S. MORRILL
Of Vermont.
The oldest member of the Senate.

with some fine old Southern Bourbon. The latter, after having once settled in his stock and adjusted the wrinkles of his broadcloth, is more apt to remain statuesquely stationary. Many of the Senators are nomadic in their propensities, folding up their papers and stealing away from one seat to another like peripatetic philosophers in search of a shadier grove. Does a Senator envy the title to a certain seat, he puts his name down in a book kept for such records, and then, when the present occupant retires to private life, if the applicant still survives Senatorially, he succeeds to it.

The average age of the present Senate is about fifty-seven, the oldest Senator, Morrill, of Vermont, being eighty-eight, and the youngest, Butler, of North Carolina, being thirty-five. There is something significant about these two extremes; for the former, in his tendencies and beliefs, is all that is settled and conservative, and the latter all that is new and radical. In general, it may be said that influence in the Senate is proportioned with years. The older Senators seem to come from the East and South; the younger, from the Middle States and the West. All of the Senate are native-born except the following: Pasco, Mantle, Jones of Nevada, and Wetmore, who were born in England; Sewell, who was born in Ireland; Gallinger and McMillan, who were born in Canada; and Nelson, who was born in Norway. The foregoing, therefore, are the only ones ineligible to the Presidency. Not a serious disability, some will say, bearing in mind the old saying that the Senate is the graveyard of political hopes. But is this true? Only to the extent, it would seem, that, where only one can be successful at a time, many must be disappointed; for the Senate, assuredly, is a forcing-bed for Presidential candidates. There has rarely been an election, since Monroe's era of good feeling, when not one of the nominees has ever served in the Senate. The graveyard generalization is probably a sur-

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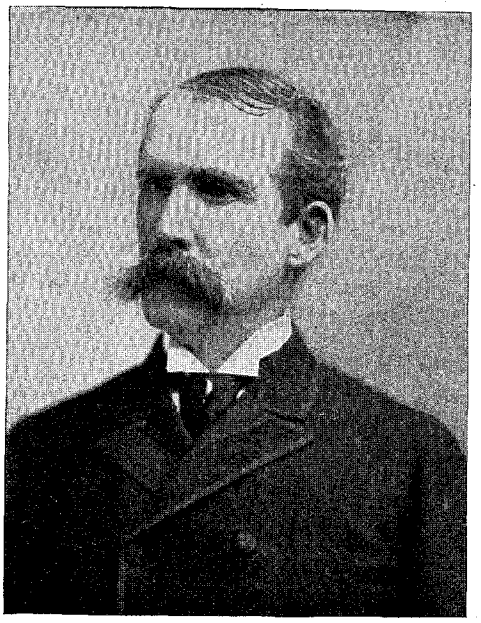


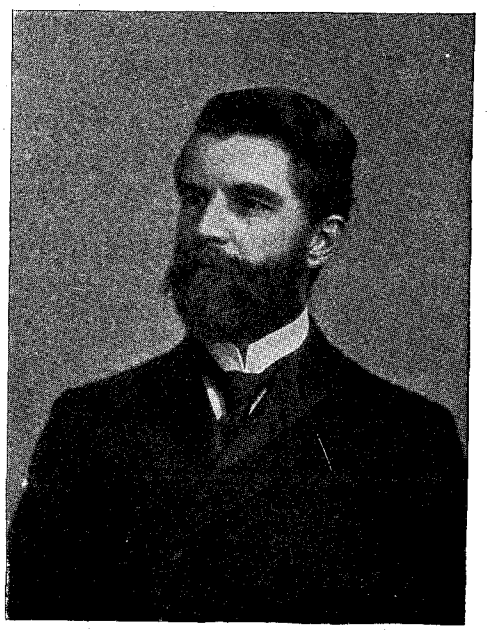
WILLIAM R. COX
Secretary of the Senate.

vival of the impressions made upon the popular imagination by the disappointments of Clay, Webster, and Blaine.

Doubtless Presidential hopes have much to do with the tenacity with which certain Senators cling to office despite the burden of years, the spirit remaining willing long after the flesh has become weak. For the rule may be laid down that the older the Senator the stouter his determination to be just as young as he used to be. There is something pathetic in the sight of these aged men feebly brandishing their intellectual weapons before the statue of Ambition, and piping in shrill treble, "O Cæsar, we, about to die, salute thee!" Yet in general the Senators are well-preserved; for there is a stability of health which comes from the consciousness of an unimpeachable position. Decay is quickly summoned by the wail, "All is vanity." One or two of the members, it is true, may have become somewhat inarticulate of speech. Others may be reluctant in hearing the questions of their adversaries in debate. But what then?—all this is far from the sans everything of the seventh age. One thing is certain: infirmities are not reflected in the Senatorial mirror. A new member, with breath scarcely recovered from his first race, caught a verbal Tartar last session, by referring to the Nestor of the Senate as "superannuated." This term, it must be emphasized, was worse than indecorous; it was unparliamentary; it was antagonistic to the tenets of the Senatorial faith-cure. One might as well speak of the evergreen falling into the sere and yellow leaf.

Despite such occasional and trifling physical detriments, oratory in the Senate is eminently respectable—an adjective, by the way, in no wise indicative of brilliancy. While the almost universal habit of speaking from the written page is incompatible with eloquence of the Webster and Hayne sort, it may be doubted whether the spirit of the age cares much for soaring flights. It is so lonesome up there! At all events, when the leading silver advocate of the Senate, who is picturesque enough with his towering stature, his patriarchal beard and glittering eye, begins to indulge in improvisations, there is an exodus of spectators and associates alike. And he is not the only Senator whose eloquence meets with a scant amount of attention. Yet, now and again, when occasion demands, the air vibrates, the rafters rattle, and auditors draw near and hang upon an orator's lips.

From its very conspicuousness, the Senate has always been a shining mark for public opinion. Before the Civil War it was praised for the most part, and, when censured, never belittled. But of late years there has been much popular disfavor, although there are



SENATOR MARION BUTLER
Of North Carolina.
The youngest member of the Senate.

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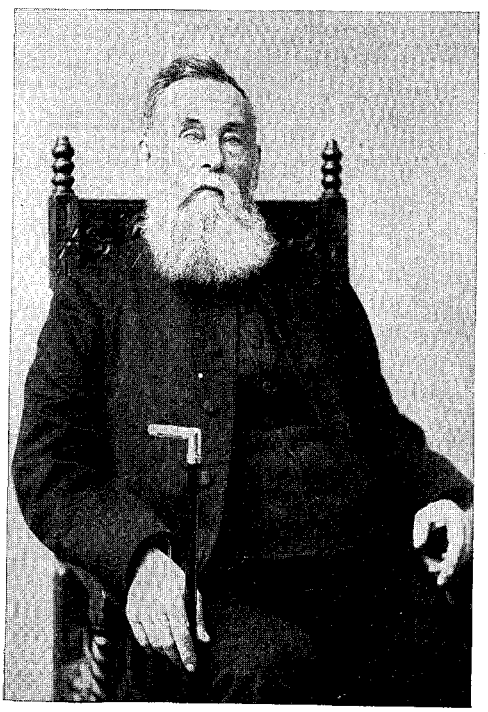
indications that the pendulum is about to swing the other way again. Certainly, at Washington, at least, the House suffers in comparison on such minor details as boldness, sagacity, and patriotism. The most frequent sneer, of course, is that the Senate is nothing but a millionaires' club. In reply to this gibe it may be said that it is doubtful whether the aggregate wealth of the Senate bears anything like the proportion to the aggregate wealth of the country that it did in the early days of the Republic. It is still more doubtful whether its wealth is unduly proportioned to the ability of its members. In other words, would not any ninety men of similar attainments and prominence, chosen from the country at large, show at least equal possessions? Wealth has always been a desirable concomitant to a public career; indeed, the Constitutional Convention gravely considered the advisability of making it one of the essentials to high office. No one can deny that freedom from carking care gives to a statesman broader opportunities for usefulness. Oh, but, it will be said, there are Senators who never would have been chosen except for their great riches. This is true; the entrance to the Senate is far from being a needle's eye; but so long as our material civilization prevails, wealth must continue to be a mighty agent in the procurance of any desirable thing. But that it gives Senatorial standing and influence is not so apparent. The leading Senators, to-day, are men of moderate means. There are, too, not a few poor Senators, who live on their salaries and try to save money. The spectacle of the scrimping they have to do is not edifying. And here a different phase of the money question naturally presents itself. If a Senator is financially pressed and embarrassed, is there not danger that he may use his position to relieve himself? After all, the proper criterion is character; either wealth or poverty is merely a condition, and a man can be a man for a' that.



REV. WILLIAM H. MILBURN
Chaplain of the Senate.

Much of the popular prejudice is derived from the belief that the Senate is so intrenched by time and power that it is disdainful. This is far from the fact; a man may be assured and yet not indifferent. Ambition, if nothing else, stimulates the Senators to keep in touch with the times. Many of them complain bitterly that this is difficult to do; that they feel themselves cut off from the frank and free discussion of public issues which they had found so common in private life. This, however, seems to be a defect inherent in the system. If it is wise to have legislators elected for a term of six years, they can hardly be expected to represent current opinion. But is current opinion always the best? Ought it not to stand the test of at least two years' consideration by the country? If this be reasonable, then the Senate is abreast with popular judgment; for one-third of its membership changes every two years.

Senators also bitterly complain that the Senate has been slandered by its own members, even as the eagle is shot with a feathered shaft. There have been demagogical Senators, as there have been millionaire Senators; and it is hard to say which type is the more dangerous to free institutions. Certain of the former have made more reckless and outrageous charges on the floor of the Senate against their own associates than were ever hatched in the heat of yellow journalism. To these men, largely, must popular scandal be attributed. Why should not the people believe what the Senate itself asserts? Yet it must be remembered that it is an evil bird that fouls its own nest. The Senators who have disparaged the Senate

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have not by their works brought credit upon it, nor raised the standard of Senatorial efficiency. On the contrary, failing of celebrity, they have sought notoriety at the cost of self-respect.

But granted that the Senate has deteriorated, what then is the remedy? Abolish it as a useless fifth wheel, says the fierce and radical reformer. Easy, doesn't that sound, in a half-hour's flowing invective? Yet, if it were once attempted, the Constitution itself could scarcely withstand the shock of the change. The Senate is a fundamental part of our institutions. Its prerogatives and duties permeate and are interwoven with every department. Alone of our great governmental functions, it partakes of the characteristics of the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judicial branches. Not only does it enact laws, but it passes upon nominations and treaties, and may sit as a high court of impeachment. Above all, it is a check, that most felicitous device adopted by the founders of the Republic, to conserve the rational liberty of the individual. What would the House do without the safety-valve of the Senate? What would it not do, rather? The fierce and radical reformer would find foemen worthy of his steel in a reckless oligarchy backed by a subservient majority. Never has the importance of the United States Senate as a part of the governmental machinery been more evident than at the present time, when the final act in a great episode of American history awaits its action. In the ratification of the treaty with Spain, as in the question of a general arbitration treaty with Great Britain, Senators have shown a determination to assert their constitutional powers with great plainness.

A. P. GARDEN
Captain of Capitol Police.

But the politicians suggest another remedy. Let the Senate be chosen by popular vote, they say. Every session some such measure is passed by the House, from purely disinterested motives doubtless. Disregarding the obvious and fatal defect in such a scheme that the Senate would never approve it, what reason is there to suppose that any improvement would result from the change? Is the quality of a State political convention any higher than that of a State Legislature? Should it not be easier to raise the standard of the latter, rather than that of the former, since its members are elected and sworn to perform their duty? No, no; reform should be from within and not from without; new methods are only a confession of governmental weakness. As the people are, so the Senate will be. It is a representative body, and can justly retort, "Physician, heal thyself."

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EDMUND SPENSER
From the Portrait in the possession of Earl Spencer at Althorp, Northampton.

Edmund Spenser: a Tercentenary Survey

By H. C. Shelley

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

EDMUND SPENSER'S footprints are hidden under the detritus of three hundred years. It was an age of national cataclysm in which the bright lamp of his spirit was untimely extinguished; England still felt the afterglow of the Armada, and the pride of conquest infused the country with a strength for which it had no conscious outlet. The life of the nation ran high, "English adventurers were exploring untraveled lands and distant oceans; English citizens were growing in wealth and importance; the farmers made the soil give up thrice its former yield; the nobility, however fierce their private feuds and rivalries might be, gathered around the Queen as their center." In this new haste of life there was no time to carve deeper the footprints of a poet who had been an exile so many years; the men who could have done it, if they would,

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joined their friend in the silent land with that labor left undone. And the life of the nation rushed ever on and on. Years after, when patient eyes sought those footprints, and tried to map out again the earthly pilgrimage of that rare spirit, little was left to aid their pious quest.

Less is known of the parents of Spenser than of those of almost any other great poet of the modern world. Two facts practically exhaust our certain knowledge. His father was related to that family of Spensers from which the victor of Blenheim sprung; "the nobility of the Spensers," wrote Gibbon, "has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the 'Faerie Queene' as the most precious jewel of their coronet." What exactly the relationship was it is impossible to say; that there was such a connection between the poet and the ancestors of the Spenser-Churchill family has never been questioned. To three of the daughters of Sir John Spenser—the head of the family in his time—Spenser dedicated poems, and in those dedications, and elsewhere in his verse, he asserts his kinship with those ladies and their house.

East Smithfield is pointed out as the locality of Spenser's birth; the year 1552 as the date. Few districts in London have altered so utterly out of recognition as the reputed scene of the poet's birth. Its vicinity to Tower Hill, then a focus of court life, is suggestive enough of its importance as a residential district in Elizabethan times. Although careful search has been made among the registers of all the churches in the neighborhood, no entry of Spenser's birth or baptism has been discovered; for the place and for the date tradition is our only authority. It is true that one of Spenser's sonnets is cited as evidence that he was born in 1552, but in offering such a witness two facts have to be taken for granted: *i. e.*, that the sonnet was written in 1593, and that its "fourty" years *were* forty years, rather than a lesser or greater period expressed in even numbers for poetic purposes.

It was in 1561 that the Merchant Taylors bethought themselves of founding a school, intended principally for the children of the citizens of London, and the estate purchased for the purpose included several buildings and a chapel. The statutes framed for the administration of the school are suggestive of its character. Children were not to be admitted unless they could read and write and say the catechism in either English or Latin; the school hours, both summer and winter, were from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M., with an interval between 11 and 1 o'clock; three times each day the pupils, "kneeling on their knees," were to say the prayers appointed "with due tract and pawsing."

How came Spenser to be sent to Cambridge? Some light is thrown upon this question by a further consideration of the history of the Merchant Taylors' School. A few years after that school was founded the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London suggested to the Merchant Taylors the advisability of founding a scholarship at one of the universities. The company replied that, as they had been to so much expense in establishing the school, they could not burden their funds with that further charge, but they were willing to suggest that such scholarship might be founded at the cost of any individual member who might feel so disposed. Until that was done, however, the school did not lack for friends willing to carry out the Lord Mayor's suggestion.

Robert Nowell died early in the year 1569, and in the accounts of his funeral there is a list giving the names of six boys of the Merchant Taylors' School, to whom two yards of cloth were given to make their gowns. The name of Edmund Spenser stands first on that list. Two months later his name appears again in the accounts of Robert Nowell, the entry, under date April 28th, reading: "to Edmond Spensore, scholler of the m'chante tayler scholl, at his gowinge to penbrocke hall in chambridge, Xs." On the 20th of the following month, that is, May, 1569, Spenser entered Pembroke Hall (now Pembroke College), as a sizar, and during his student days there he was several times indebted to the Nowell funds for small gifts of money. He probably needed them all. Poverty and ill health marked his university career. The college records prove the latter; his position as sizar, independent of his description as a "poure scholler" in the Nowell accounts, the former.

Of Spenser as a Cambridge student we have but a shadowy picture. He took his B.A. in 1573, his M.A. in 1576; he made two friends in the persons of Gabriel Harvey and Edward Kirke; he planted, if tradition speaks truly, the mulberry-tree which still survives in the garden of his college. Some biographers would have us believe that his

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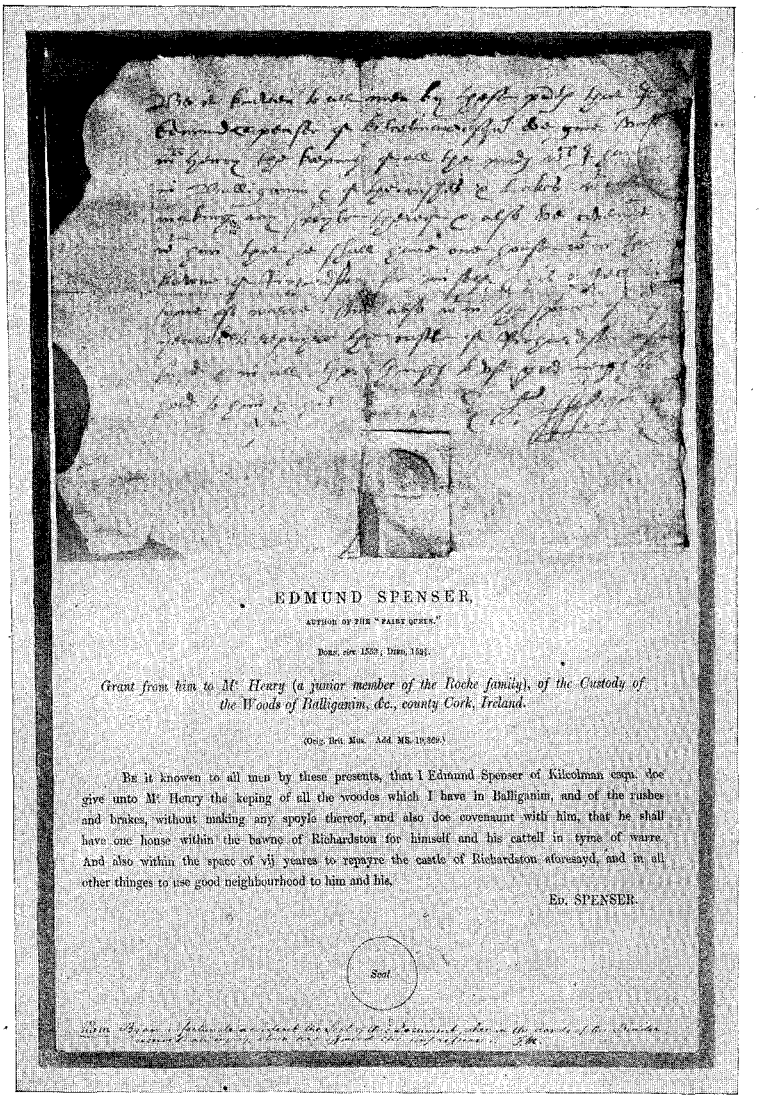
undergraduate days were embittered by conflicts with the authorities, but we have no reliable data for such opinion. John Aubrey, in a statement which must be examined later, asserted that the poet "mis ed the fellowship there which Bishop Andrews got," but throws no further light on the subject. Perhaps the theory that Spenser was unhappy in his student life receives slight support from the fact that, although he refers with affection to his university, he makes no mention of his college.

It is known that Spenser left Cambridge in 1576 on taking his M.A. degree, and it is also established that he was in London by October, 1579. Where did he spend the interval? If Mr. Knowles is correct in thinking the poet's parents were now living at Burnley, it is natural to suppose that a part of the time at least was passed in their company. All authorities are agreed, and on good evidence, that Spenser went into the North of England on leaving Cambridge, but it seems impossible to locate his exact whereabouts. Just here, however, it is right that the statement of John Aubrey, the antiquarian, should be considered. In one of his manuscripts he sets down these particulars of our poet: "Mr. Edmond Spencer was of Pembroke hall, in Cambridge. He missed the fellowship there which Bishop Andrews got. He was an acquaintance and frequenter of Sir Erasmus Dryden: his mistress Rosalinde was a kinswoman of Sir Erasmus's lady. The chamber there at Sir Erasmus's is still called *Spenser's chamber*. Lately in college, taking down the wainscot of his chamber, they found abundance of cards, with stanzas of the Faerie Queene written on them. From John Dryden, poet laureate, Mr. Beeston says, he was a little man, wore short hair, and little band, and little cuffes."



EDMUND SPENSER,

AUTHOR OF THE "FAIRIE QUEEN."

Born, circ 1552; Died, 1591.

Grant from him to Mr Henry (a junior member of the Roche family), of the Custody of the Woods of Balliganim, &c., county Cork, Ireland.

(Orig. Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 19,859.)

Be it knowen to all men by these presents, that I Edmund Spenser of Kilcolman esqu. doe give unto Mr Henry the keping of all the woodes which I have in Balliganim, and of the rushes and brakes, without making any spoyle thereof, and also doe covenaunt with him, that he shall have one house within the bawne of Richardston for himself and his cattell in tyme of warre. And also within the space of vij yeares to repayre the castle of Richardston aforesayd, and in all other thinges to use good neighbourhood to him and his.

Ed. SPENSER.

Seal

A WARRANT OF TITLE BY SPENSER
This relates to the poet's Kilcolman estate.

Amid so much that is nebulous in the history of Spenser it would be a relief to think that the mask has been removed from the fair face of his Rosalind. Of course there have not been lacking theories of her identification; and they have, in the main, been as childish if not as numerous as those which cluster around the person of Dante's Beatrice,

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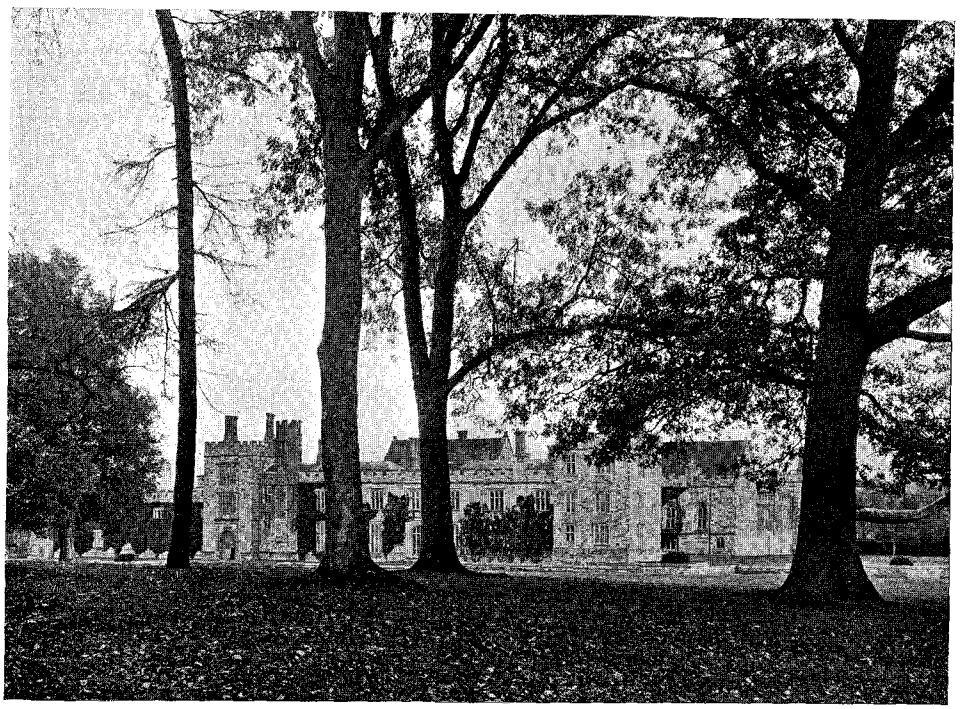
No one, however, has yet arisen to dissolve Rosalind away as a myth; she was so real to the poet that her personality refuses to be translated into a philosophical abstraction. How real she was, and what a sad time Spenser had with her! Meeting her when fresh from college and while full of high hopes as he stood on the threshold of life, her image dominated his life to within a few years of its close.

Although Spenser loved in vain for himself, he did not love in vain for his art—no poet ever does. From the travail of his unrequited passion there were born children of fancy who long ago joined the dwellers of that dream-world which is peopled with the creations of poets. In the words of Dean Church, "Rosalind had given an impulse to the young poet's powers and a color to his thoughts, and had enrolled Spenser in that band and order of poets—with one exception, not the greatest order—to whom the wonderful passion of love, in its heights and its depths, is the element on which their imagination works, and out of which it molds its most beautiful and characteristic creations."

It is certain that Spenser returned to London by October, 1579, and it seems probable that an earlier date may be accepted. One authority declares the poet to have become a member of the household of Leicester House not later than 1578. Gabriel Harvey roundly told his friend that life was too serious a thing to be spent in vain regrets for Rosalind; he had better be off to London and try his fortune there. And Gabriel Harvey gave more than advice; he, it seems, was the means of introducing Spenser to Sir Philip Sidney, and thus opening to him the avenue along which such preferment as was to be his lot eventually came.

So persistent and probable is the tradition which makes Spenser the companion of Sidney at Penshurst that one inclines hopefully to the theory which dates the return of the poet some months, at least, prior to October, 1579. Than Penshurst for a home and Sidney for a companion, there could have been no fitter education for the poet who was to sing the swan-song of English chivalry. Time has dealt tenderly with the gray walls of the fair Kentish home of Sidney; they stand to-day little changed by the summers and winters of more than three centuries. Here, indeed, are environments amid which it is easy to frame a picture of the poet and his courtly friend; it would strike no discord to meet them in earnest talk in this old-world



PENSHURST

Here Spenser was the guest of Sir Philip Sidney.

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baronial hall, or wandering arm in arm amid the glades of this ancestral park. "The generall end of all the booke," wrote Spenser of the "Faerie Queene," "is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline." And who but Sidney was his model? He "impressed his own noble and beautiful character deeply on Spenser's mind. Spenser saw and learned in him what was then the highest type of the finished gentleman."

But the poet had other occupation at Penshurst than that of studying the character of his host. While it is probable that the "Shepheard's Calendar" was begun in the north, internal evidence points clearly to its completion amid the southern dales which surround Sidney's home. Wherever begun and ended, the poem was out of Spenser's hands ere the year closed, for on December 5, 1579, this entry was made on behalf of one "Hugh Singleton" in the register of Stationers' Hall: "Lycenced unto him *the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij ecloges proportionable to the xij monthes.*" Although there are reasons for believing that the "Shepheard's Calendar" was by no means the first-fruits of Spenser's muse, that volume was his first serious bid for the suffrages of Elizabethan England as its chief poet. But the bid was made in a very modest manner. The volume appeared anonymously, under the sheltering wing of a dedication to Sidney, and with a commendatory epistle from the pen of E. K.—the initials, as we now know, of the poet's Cambridge friend. True, the epistle was bold enough; E. K. had no doubts about the quality of the poet for whom he stood sponsor. Spenser's success appears to have been instantaneous. England was waiting for a new poet, and had grace given to recognize him when he appeared. "But now yet at the last," wrote one critic while his mind was filled with thoughts of Virgil, "hath England hatched one poet of this sort, in my conscience comparable with the best in any respect: even Master Sp., author of the 'Shepheard's Calendar,' whose travail in that piece of English poetry I think verily is so commendable, as none of equal judgement can yield him less praise for his excellent skill and skilful excellency showed forth in the same, than they would to either Theocritus or Virgil."

Sidney was the relative of many influential men in those days, and the friend of many more, and he it was, we may be sure, who secured the poet a place in the household of Leicester House. That was a notable river-side mansion in Spenser's time. Once the home of Lord Paget, it was now the abode of the Earl of Leicester, and known by his name. Years after it was bequeathed to his son-in-law, the Earl of Essex, and as Essex House it sheltered Spenser when in London, sixteen years later, on his last quest for "more preferment." It has all vanished now, save the arch and steps at the bottom of Essex Street, which once served as the water-gate of the mansion and saw the "two gentle Knights" of the "Prothalamion" receive those "two faire Brides, their Loves delight." There are probably no other stones standing in all London which can claim to have figured as these archway pillars did in the life of Spenser.

Perhaps those were not happy days he spent in Leicester House; instinctively they recall the sorrow of the solitary Florentine and his

> Thou shalt have proof how savoureth of salt
> The bread of others, and how hard a road
> The going down and up another's stairs.

It may have been otherwise; we cannot tell; but to the high-spirited man there are few trials so galling as waiting for the opportunity to put out to usury the talents of which he is conscious.

At last Spenser's opportunity came, but in a form he probably little expected. It seems clear that his heart was set on some State service which would give him space to approve the reputation he had won; his letters to his friend Harvey bristle with poetic projects and schemes for high achievement in the realm of letters. That he fulfilled his mission, but independent of the aid he had anticipated, is not the least jewel in his crown.

While Spenser was still waiting, the Ministers of Elizabeth were struggling with the problem which has been the nightmare of English statesmen for countless generations—the problem of what to do with Ireland. Deputy after Deputy, many of them men of clear vision and high purpose, had returned home foiled in the task of giving that country a stable government. Sidney's father, Sir Henry Sidney, had been the last to resign the hopeless labor, and for two years the Queen had no personal representative among her Irish subjects. But circumstances had arisen which made the appointment of a new Deputy an urgent necessity, and in the

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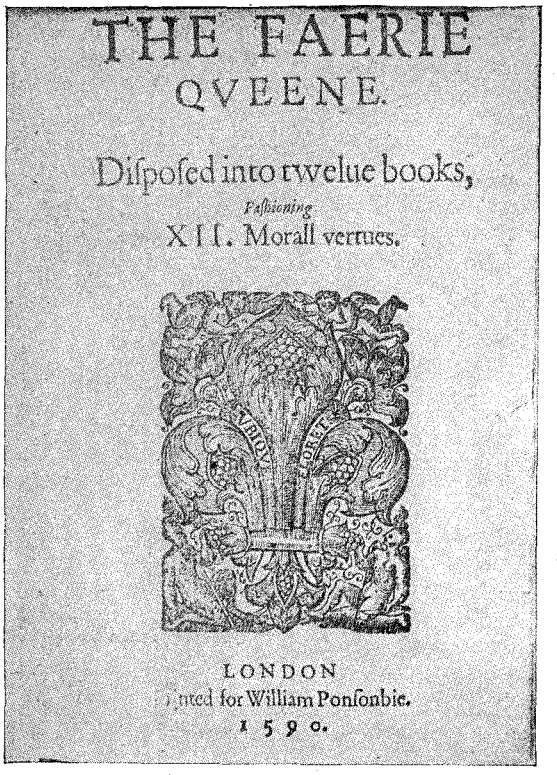
THE FAERIE
QVEENE.

Diſpoſed into twelue books,
Fashioning
XII. Morall vertues.

LONDON
Printed for William Ponſonbie.
1590.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF "THE FAERIE QUEENE"

summer of 1580 Lord Grey of Wilton was appointed to fill that "great place which had wrecked the reputation and broken the hearts of a succession of able and high-spirited servants of the English Crown." This appointment was of great moment to Spenser, for, probably at the advice of Philip Sidney, Lord Grey made choice of the "new Poet" as his secretary.

For the remainder of Spenser's life we have to think of him as an exile. There were, it is true, as will be seen, several visits home, each undertaken apparently in the hope of "more preferment" on English soil, but those visits are the only relief in the picture. Probably it is quite reasonable to suppose that the poet distilled some enjoyment out of his life in Ireland, but it is impossible to ignore the fact that his absence from London in those days of intense life in literature and politics robbed him of much keen pleasure. He was in the golden era of English letters, and yet not of it; it was his fate to "live in the Elizabethan age, and to be severed from those brilliant spirits to which the fame of that age is due."

Socially, too, his new life presented a sad contrast to the environment he had left behind: instead of the settled comfort of Elizabethan England, the perturbed life of rebellious Ireland. His verse reflects the change in many passages, some of which are charged with that pensive feeling which even to-day besets the traveler in some parts of Ireland.

Our conception of what exactly were Spenser's official occupations in Ireland is by no means so clear as might be wished. He went thither as the new Deputy's secretary, and when that office took end he seems to have passed from one clerkship to another until his days were numbered. Various grants were made to him from time to time. Now he receives a lease of the Abbey of Enniscorthy, and a year later a six years' lease of a house in Dublin. When Munster was settled, he shared with many others in the grants of land then made, his portion being the Castle of Kilcolman and an estate of three thousand acres. This was the most considerable prize that ever fell to his lot, and Kilcolman, as it became his home, is the one definite mark on the map of Ireland which Spenser's name suggests.

When Spenser went to Ireland, he carried the scheme of the "Faerie Queene" with him. He may have shaped it into some form during his college or North of England days; there can be little doubt that he talked it over with Sidney at Penshurst. But, admitting that the idea of the poem took early root in his mind, the fashioning of it into its final form was accomplished almost wholly on Irish soil. In a curious and very scarce pamphlet, bearing the title of "A Discourse of Civil Life," there is given a description of a meeting of literary men which took place in a cottage near Dublin somewhere between the years 1584 and 1588. The author, Ludowick Bryskett, explains that a debate on ethics took place at that meeting, and he describes himself as asking one member of the company, "very well read in Philosophy, both moral and natural," to favor the rest with his conclusions on the matter. The one so appealed to was Edmund Spenser. His answer, as reported by Bryskett, inasmuch as it is practically our only Boswellian glimpse of the poet, is worth transcribing: "Though it may seem hard for me to refuse the request

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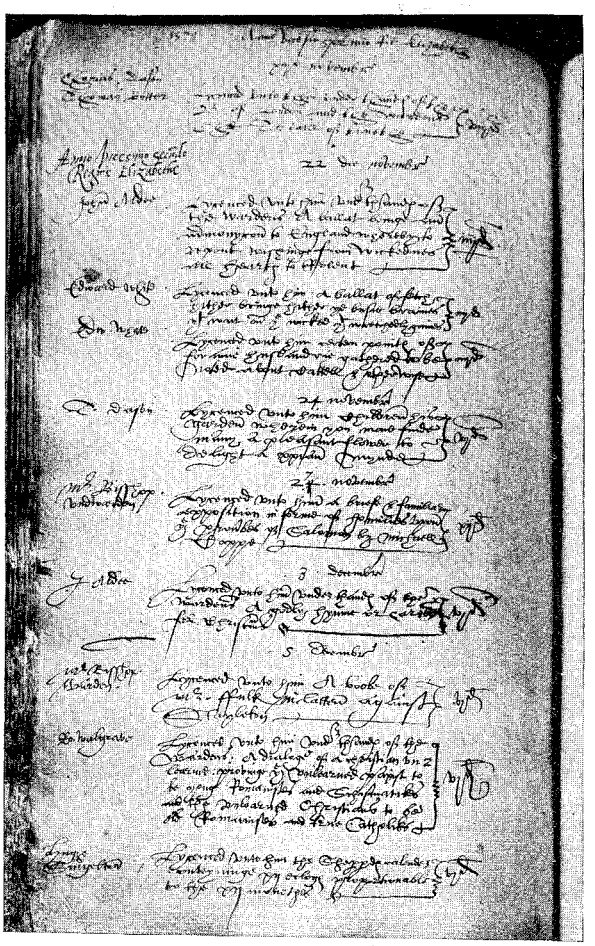
made by you all, whom every one alone I should for many respects be willing to gratify; yet, as the case standeth, I doubt not but with the consent of the most part of you I shall be excused at this time of this task which would be laid upon me; for sure I am that it is not unknown unto you that I have already undertaken a work tending to the same effect, which is in heroical verse, under the title of a 'Faerie Queene,' to represent all the moral virtues, assigning to every virtue a Knight to be the patron and defender of the same, in whose actions and feats of arms and chivalry the operations of that vertue whereof he is the protector are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, to be beaten down and overcome. Which work, as I have already well entered into, if God shall please to spare me life that I may finish it according to my mind, your wish will be in some sort accomplished, though perhaps not so effectually as you could desire."

One of the principal sharers in the planting of Munster was Sir Walter Raleigh, and a large bay window in his house at Youghal is still pointed out as the spot where Spenser wrote many stanzas of his great poem. Certainly Raleigh and Spenser renewed their friendship in Ireland, and there is nothing improbable in the legend which makes the poet a guest at Youghal. Raleigh was quick to measure the value of the work Spenser had done, and forthwith urged him to return to London with him and give it to the world. It is impossible to resist a suspicion that Raleigh was thinking of his own advantage as well as Spenser's. He had left England under the frown of Elizabeth; to return as sponsor to a poet who would reflect luster on her person and her reign might be a cheap method of changing the frown to a smile. In any case, Spenser can hardly have wanted much persuasion. He had tasted exile for ten years; he had finished enough of his great task to make a considerable volume; it might be that, as the "Shepheard's Calendar" started the sequence of events which took him across the Irish Channel, the "Faerie Queene" would be the means of ending his banishment. Raleigh's plan was approved, and Spenser returned to London in his company, bearing with him the first three books of the "Faerie Queene."

Arriving in England, probably some time in November, 1589, Spenser lost no time in arranging for the publication of his first installment of the "Faerie Queene." The "Shepheard's Calendar" had been published by one Hugh Singleton, "at the signe of the gylden Tunne;" the "Faerie Queene" was intrusted to the hands of William Ponsonby, who did business at the sign of the Bishop's Head in St. Paul's Churchyard. When the "Faerie Queene" proved to be such a success, and had set the tongues of men wagging with Spenser's praise, Ponsonby, on his own initiative, raked together such of the poet's minor



ENTRY IN STATIONERS' HALL
Registry of "The Shepheard's Calendar," December 5, 1589.

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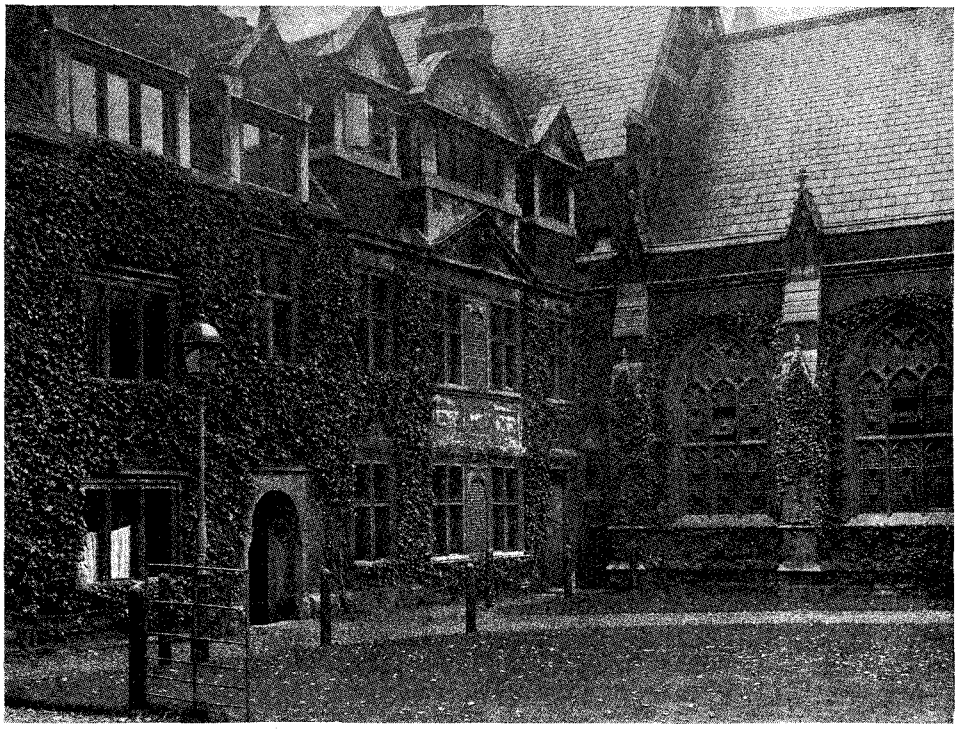

A CORNER AT PEMBROKE
Spenser's College at Oxford.

verses as were circulating in manuscript and published them in a small volume, protesting to the "gentle reader" that his object in so doing was "the better increase and accomplishment of your delights."

Spenser sent his "Shepheard's Calendar" into the world anonymously, but he claimed the parentage of the "Faerie Queene" from the day of publication. His earlier work had been attributed to various writers; there should be no mystery about this child of his fancy. Not only does he avow his ownership of the poem in his famous explanatory letter to Raleigh, but he sets his name boldly to the dedication addressed to the Queen. That dedication was amplified in a later edition, its original reading being: "To the most mightie and magnificent Empresse Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queene of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc. Her most humble Servant: Ed. Spenser." It would be unjust to attribute this dedication, and the laudation of Elizabeth in the poem itself, to base motives; Spenser was but writing in harmony with the manner of his day. It is true, as Dean Church remarked, that there is nothing in history which can be compared to the "gross, shameless, lying flattery paid to the Queen," but the poet did not set that fashion; his is only the negative blame of not rising above it.

There was no hesitation or diffidence about the welcome given to Spenser's new work. Spenser's cup was once more overflowing with praise, as it had done ten years before, when he had approved himself England's new poet. But was praise to be all? Not quite. Elizabeth, close-fisted as she was, evidently thought she must do something for the poet who had done so much for her; and it was like Spenser's luck that his Queen was persuaded to make her bounty less than she had intended. Tradition affirms that Elizabeth ordered a goodly sum to be given to the poet, but that on Lord Burghley murmuring, "What! all this for a song?" the order was changed into, "Well, let him have what is reason." In the end, Spenser was awarded a pension of £50 a year, which he began to enjoy in February, 1591.

A pension of £50 a year was better than nothing, but that Spenser was bitterly disappointed in not being offered some State employment in his native England is beyond doubt. But there was to be no success for him at court; and when he reached his lonely home in Ireland again, and had time to think calmly over the experiences through which

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he had passed, he was enabled to reach the sane conclusion that things were best as they were.

Early in the year 1591 Spenser returned to his Irish home at Kilcolman, and before the year was out he had, in "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe," found sufficient reasons for thinking that he ought to be at least moderately contented with his lot. It is pleasant to suppose that he was not altogether lonely in his exile. There are reasons for believing that a sister kept house for him; and probably congenial friends, such as Gabriel Harvey and Ludowick Bryskett, visited him now and then. But for such ameliorations as these, and his delight in verse, his lot would have been almost unendurable. The fact that he was an Englishman would be sufficient to embitter the natives of the district against him, and that feeling must have been intensified a thousand-fold by his occupancy of Kilcolman, a castle which had once belonged to the Earls of Desmond. The poet's name, like that of Cromwell, is still a word of scorn in Ireland, and such living records as we have of his Kilcolman days are tinged with hatred. One inveterate enemy he had in the person of Lord Roche, who forbade his people to have any trade or conference with Spenser or his tenants, and, in true Irish fashion, killed an animal belonging to a man who had dared to give the poet a night's lodging when returning from the Limerick sessions.

Rosalind has been lost sight of during these years of exile, but not forgotten by Spenser. The closing passages of "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe" describe, as has been seen, the anger of Colin's fellow-shepherds for Rosalind's cruel treatment of their friend, and his defense of his mistress. More, in almost his last words he bids his comrades

> Unto the world for ever witness bee
> That hers I die.

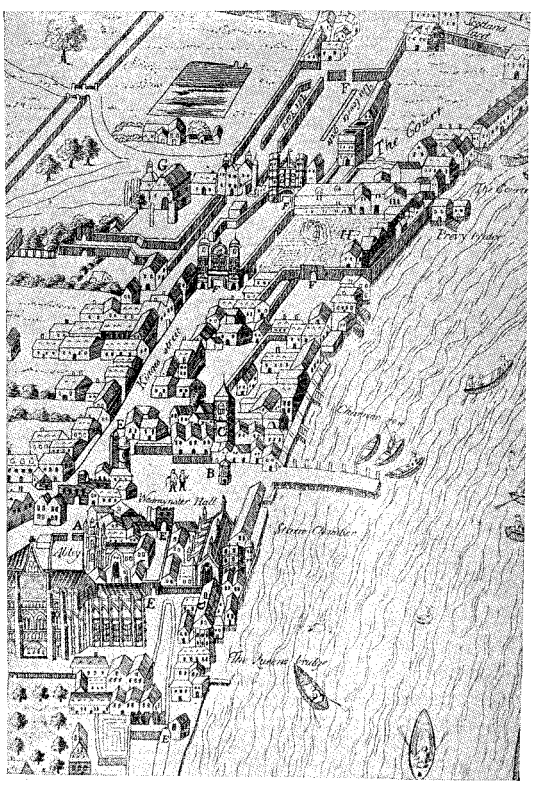
Alas for the inconstancy of man! Spenser was not destined to remain faithful to his ideal. Not long after he wrote those words there crossed his path a lady whose name recalled his mother and his Queen, an Elizabeth who was to supplant Rosalind in his life and verse. There is no record of his courtship save that darkly hinted at in his sonnets, but that record is sufficient to prove that he had no easy conquest. At first he appears to have had as little hope of success as with Rosalind, and his verse is overclouded with the somber hues of anticipated rejection.

In June, 1594, he gladly assumed the bonds of wedlock. For wedding present he gave his wife that bridal ode, his "Epithalamion," which has no rival in any language, to be

> Unto her a goodly ornament,
> And for short time an endlesse moniment.

For such a gift surely high-born ladies would be content to forego the choicest coronet or the costliest crown. Sonnets and ode were sent across to Ponsonby the publisher, and Spenser had not been a married man six months before the rich fruit of his love passion had been garnered in the store of English literature.

Almost as soon as the "Amoretti and Epithalamion" volume had been entered at Stationers' Hall, the poet himself was in London again. Perhaps the increased responsibilities of wedded life made him long once again for "more preferment," or perhaps the cause for his visit must be sought in the fact that he had finished the other three



KING STREET, WESTMINSTER, WHERE SPENSER DIED
From a Contemporary Print

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books of the "Faerie Queene," and was anxious to see them through the press himself.

We have only one picture of Spenser during this second visit home, and that was drawn by himself. Towards the end of 1596 he wrote a "spousal verse" in honor of the marriage, at Essex House, of the two daughters of the Earl of Worcester, and in that poem he refers to himself when

> Sullein care,
> Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
> In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
> Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
> Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne.

Although Leicester had not done much for him, he generously implies, now he is dead, that he had been a helpful friend, and thinks of him as one "whose want too well now feeles my freendles case." An undercurrent of sadness runs through this "spousal verse;" the poet is conscious of the incongruous effect; he tries to subdue the discord with a higher note of melody; but the feeling left when the music ceases is more akin to pathos than joy. For this, had he known it, was really Spenser's swan-song. There was to be no life of leisured ease for him, nor any home in his smiling native land. He must return to that half-ruined castle on the wild plain at the foot of the Galtee hills, must face the ill-omened scowls of aliens again, and live on as best he might amid sights and sounds of wretchedness made all the more painful by the remembered contrasts of his beloved England.

In one matter Spenser may have thought himself fortunate. With that inaptitude which was ingrained in his character, King James of Scotland actually asked that the poet should be arrested and punished for the picture he had drawn of his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, in the character of Duessa. The passage which had so moved the Scots King is that in Canto IX., Book IV., of the "Faerie Queene;" he thought little, apparently, of the earlier sketch in the eighth canto of the first book! Having so many friends, and probably some enemies, at court, Spenser no doubt heard of his danger, and in those uncertain times he must have fully appreciated the narrow escape he had had. But was not Kilcolman prison enough for such a spirit?

Back, then, to Kilcolman again, and now for the last time. The date is uncertain, but it was probably early in 1597. He lived quietly through that year, and as the next year was waning to its close there came the welcome news that he had been appointed Sheriff of the County of Cork. Lord Burghley was dead, and now, perchance, he was on the highroad to that "more preferment" he had sought so long. In this year of new hope he had prepared, for the Queen's special guidance, a brief paper on the state of Ireland, and its proem is the last sigh we catch from his lips: "Out of the ashes of desolation of wasteness of this your wretched Realm of Ireland, vouchsafe, most mighty Empress, our dread sovereign, to receive the voices of a few most unhappy ghosts (of whom is nothing but the ghost now left), which lie buried in the bottom of oblivion, far from the light of your gracious sunshine." That deep-shadowed picture is suddenly illumined by the promise of brighter days for the poet. But it is only such a rift in the clouds as heralds the denser darkness before the storm.

That autumn of 1598, which seemed so full of hope for Spenser, saw the culmination of another of those wild rebellions which swept over Ireland so frequently in the reign of Elizabeth. Spenser was "living amid ruins. An English home in Ireland, however fair, was a home on the sides of Ætna or Vesuvius; it stood where the lava flood had once passed, and upon no distant fires." The poet was not blind to the dangers amid which he lived. His report to Elizabeth, and his prose work giving a "View of the Present State of Ireland," witness to his clear knowledge of the political unrest by which he was surrounded. Still, he can hardly have thought that danger was so near, for the wild onrush of the rebels in October found him utterly unprepared to resist their attack on Kilcolman Castle. That attack was only too succes ful. The poet, with his wife and children, had to fly for their lives, and the building was given to the flames. Ben Jonson told that a new-born child of Spenser's perished in the burning castle, but, happily, there are no valid reasons for crediting that assertion; the picture is dark enough without that added touch.

It is a mistake to think that the Munster rebellion drove Spenser from Ireland. He and his family made their way to Cork, and there they were secure from further attack. The fact that his wife and children did not leave the country is proof that the rebels had done their worst by burning Kilcolman, and that there was no more to fear from them. Also, it is to be remembered that Sir Thomas Norreys, the President of Munster, sought

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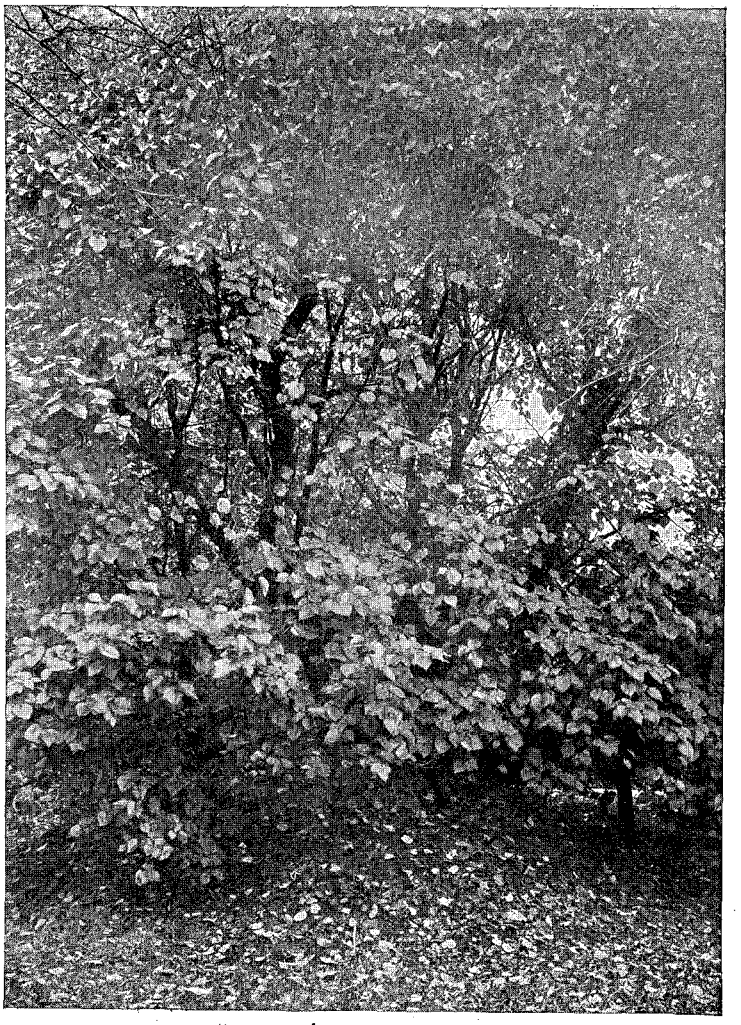
safety in Cork, thereby bringing upon himself a severe rebuke from the Government for his cowardice. If Cork had not been a secure retreat, there would have been no sting in the rebuke. No, it was not the rebellion which sent bitter experiences of the previous months, this may have set the seal on his fate. He was but forty-six years old; some explanation seems necessary for his being suddenly cut down in the prime of life. He was able,



"SPENSER'S MULBERRY-TREE"
In the Gardens of Pembroke College, Oxford.

Spenser across the Irish Channel again; he went as the bearer of a dispatch from Sir Thomas Norreys, being chosen for that errand, probably, because his personal knowledge might be useful to the authorities in London. Norreys wrote his dispatch on December 9, and committed it to Spenser's care. The poet was going home for the last time.

Between the writing of the dispatch and its delivery at Whitehall, fifteen days elapsed. Perchance the poet had a stormy passage, and, with nerves and body shattered by the it seems, to deliver his dispatch on December 24, and then we lose sight of him until the 16th of the following month. On that day he died.

Tradition, in the person of Ben Jonson, has invested the death-bed of Spenser with uncalled-for and unbelievable pathos. "He died," *Jonson told Drummond*, "for want of bread, in King Street; he refused twenty pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them." This legend of starvation was repeated by other

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writers, but no evidence has been adduced in its support. No student of Spenser's life could so far forget his facts as to affirm that the poet had attained a state of affluence at his death; on the other hand, it is impossible for him to believe that death ensued from actual want of bread. Spenser was now Sheriff of the County of Cork, and he had come to London as messenger of the President of Munster to the English court. If he had been in extreme monetary need on his arrival in London, there were many in the capital who would at once have relieved his wants. The scene of his death, a tavern in King Street, Westminster, also tells against the starvation legend. King Street, then the only highway between the Royal Palace of Whitehall and the Parliament House, was a street of considerable importance, and Spenser's presence there is explained by Stow's remark that "for the accommodation of such as come to town in the terms, here are some good inns for their reception, and not a few taverns for entertainment, as is not unusual in places of great confluence." There are ample proofs, too, that King Street was the usual resort of those who were messengers to the Court, such as Spenser then was. Happily, then, there are no grounds for believing that the poet died for want of bread; it was tragedy enough that such a life should have gone out at so early an age.

There was but one burial-place for Spenser—that Abbey in which the dust of Chaucer had already consecrated Poets' Corner to be the sepulture of England's sweet singers. It is said that Spenser asked a resting-place near that sacred dust, and such a wish was natural in one who knew that he was Chaucer's lineal successor. Lord Essex defrayed the charges of the funeral, and poets bore the pall and cast upon the coffin their elegies and the pens with which they were written. Spenser did not lack for a monument, although it was more than twenty years after his death before such a memorial was supplied, through the generosity of Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset. A hundred and fifty years after, that monument had fallen into decay, but its appearance is faithfully reproduced by the existing marble, which was erected by subscription in 1778, at the instigation of the poet Mason. The inscription differs in two particulars from the accepted dates of Spenser's life, giving 1553 instead of 1552 as the date of his birth, and 1598 instead of 1599 as the year of his death.

Several portraits (in oils) of Spenser are in existence, and at least one miniature. The latter may be dismissed at once as wholly unsatisfactory. There is nothing of the Elizabethan atmosphere about it, and its subject is a nondescript character wholly out of keeping with the pronounced personality of the author of the "Faerie Queene." The other portraits may be divided into two classes, represented respectively by the canvas at Duplin Castle and that which was formerly in the possession of Lord Chesterfield. It is impossible to reconcile these portraits; they are of men utterly dissimilar; they have absolutely nothing in common. All who have compared them must regard it as little short of a misfortune that the Lord Chesterfield painting is that which has generally been followed in the engraved portraits of the poet; it is hardly more satisfactory than the miniature. On the other hand, the Duplin portrait seems to prove its own authenticity. There is an excellent replica of this portrait, from the brush of Sir Henry Raeburn, in the possession of Earl Spencer at Althorp, and the accompanying reproduction of a photograph taken recently from that canvas may be confidently left to create its own justification as the most reliable likeness of the poet. There is a note on the back of the portrait, which, taken in conjunction with the fact that Raeburn made the copy in 1820, appears to offer inferential evidence in favor of this likeness. The note is to the following effect: "Another original portrait of this great poet was known to have been at Castle Saffron in the county of Cork, Ireland, situated in the neighborhood of Kilcolman Castle, the residence of Spenser, which was destroyed by fire before his death. This picture, in consequence of the roof of Castle Saffron falling in from neglect, was utterly destroyed, a fact ascertained by Admiral Sir Benjamin Halliwell during the period of his command-in-chief of the port of Cork in 1818, at the request of George John, Earl Spencer, K.G."

Perhaps the chief evidence for the authenticity of the portrait accompanying this article is the surprising manner in which it harmonizes with the character of Spenser. This, at any rate, is a man of whom the "Faerie Queene" might be expected. There is an aloofness in the expression which may well have mirrored to the outward world the spirit of one who dwelt apart in a "happy land of Faerie."

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A STREET IN FALAISE

Glimpses of Life in France

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations by the Author

AFTER a long day's railroad journey from Holland I arrived late one June night at Calais, and looked about the big, dim-lit station questioning how I should find a lodging-place. A clock whose pointers indicated that it was past midnight was the only intelligible thing in sight, for all the signs I saw were in French and only French words greeted my ears. As I knew almost nothing of the language, and still less of its proper pronunciation, it could about as well have been Chinese.

While I was hesitating, in doubt as to what to do next, a group of clamorous coachmen assailed me, each man intent on rushing me off to his particular hotel. My responses in English only served to increase their ardor without contributing a single iota of the information I desired. In the end I would have been compelled to trust my fate to one of them and take the chances of getting accommodations to my liking, had not a railroad porter come up who said he knew English. From him I learned that a large hotel was run in connection with the station. I knew from experience in England that railroad hotels were generally excellent, and I was rejoiced that there was no need to go further that night. I extricated myself from amid the disappointed coachmen, who must now return to their various hostelries empty-handed, and followed the guidance of my new friend. He did not leave me till he had seen me to a room in the hotel.

On the following day I met this English-speaking porter again. He was off duty at the time, and offered to show me about the town. We lingered longest in the older parts. Their gray antiquity was very delightful, and I was especially interested in a tall, weather-worn lighthouse that rises above all the other town buildings on the borders of the market-place. It has outlived its usefulness as a lighthouse, and now serves as a watch-tower. Each night, from eleven o'clock on, a lone sentinel looks out on the town from the glass windows at the summit of the old lighthouse. Every quarter of an hour he blows a blast on a horn to let the citizens know that all is well, while the end of each

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hour is marked by four blasts, one blown toward each quarter of the compass. If the watchman sees a fire or anything else wrong, he sounds the alarm by ringing a bell.

While the porter and I walked we talked, and I found him intelligent and entertaining. In his broken English he spoke with great frankness of his fellow-countrymen, and his comments on national characteristics seemed to me very suggestive.

For one thing, he said that the relations of the men and women were marked by mutual distrust. It is the Frenchman's belief that all women are deceitful and unstable. The women have the same ill opinion of the men, as is shown by the fact that no respectable girl goes about without a mature companion. The porter agreed with the justice of what he said was the general verdict on the character of the French women, though he palliated their faultiness by observing that it might be the result of the men's "leading on." Still, he said the men would not lead on if they were not encouraged to do so by the women themselves. A Frenchman likes sentiment, the porter explained, but responsibility sits lightly on him, and he forgets the most ardent professions and skips from one love to another as fancy dictates.

The people were unfailingly polite—the peasantry no less than the upper classes. Even the accent, yes, and the look of their printed words, have an air of suavity that attracts and pleases. In the country districts the people bow to you when you meet them, and say, "B'jou', M'sieu'." It is a greeting that is given as a matter of course, and you receive it just as surely from the little children and the women as you do from the men, who add a touch of the hat. It makes a very agreeable impression on the stranger to be accorded such courtesy and friendliness.

But whether this politeness was more than surface deep may be a question. I sometimes had my doubts of it when I noted how little hesitation the people showed in loading me with their bad money. Belgian, Swiss, Turkish, and other coins are in common circulation in France. In size and look they are much like French money, and some are good and some are not. Often, when I was buying a railway ticket, I would see the agent poke over his drawer in a search for what I believed was bad money. No one else would take these foreign coins, and the more the agent could inveigle into my change the better he was pleased. I always felt helpless and at his mercy, for I was usually in a hurry, and did not know enough of French to make an intelligent protest. I gradually gathered a pocketful of this poor currency, and knew not what to do with it till I returned to London, where I sold it at a money exchange.

I usually traveled on the railroads third-class. This was partly for economy, partly because my fellow-passengers were sure to disclose their impulses with much greater freedom than the wealthier folks who travel in the more aristocratic apartments. In England the third-class carriages are, as a rule, fairly comfortable, but on the Continent they were so rude that it was something of a hardship to travel in them. They were not much better than one of our freight-cars would be with some cushionless benches run across the interior. The occupants indulge freely in smoking, spitting, and loud talking, and the only alleviation within reach is to sit near the front of the coach and keep a window open.

ON THE WAY TO MARKET

French nature as seen traveling third-class is characterized by a very grasshoppery liveliness. The people are extremely sociable; they chat together vociferously, and their talk is full of joking and laughter. Sometimes their animation runs into boisterousness, and they sing, shout, and gesture. If three or four of them come to a station

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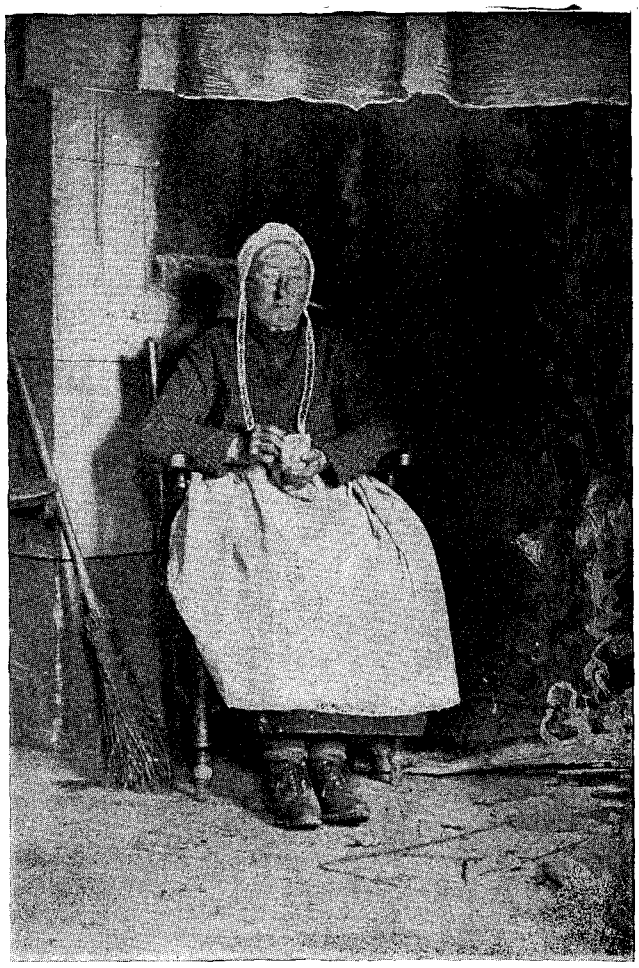
to see friends off, there is almost a riot of affectionate parting. This is not confined to lively repartee, for every one has to be kissed, and French custom allows two kisses to a person, one on each cheek. Kissing and embracing are indulged in on all sorts of occasions, with more publicity than I have ever seen elsewhere. Indeed, I thought privacy of any sort seemed to be foreign to the genius of the people.

In my railway journeys I found every one I met friendly, and I never asked a question or made a request that did not call forth the most earnest effort to understand me and put me right. Once in a while some one would try to carry on a general conversation with me, but as our chief dependence had to be sign language, the results were rather discouraging. There was one occasion when a young Frenchman spent half a day in the attempt to tell me about himself and learn who and what I was. I suppose time hung heavy on his hands, for we were on a narrow-gauge railroad and our train was so leisurely that we might about as well have gone on foot. Our talk seemed to have the most absorbing interest for my companion, and the interest was shared by the other occupants of the car, who gathered about us and looked on with fascinated attention.



A COTTAGER IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER

My new acquaintance knew a few words of English, and I knew a few words of French; but as he gave his English words a French pronunciation and I gave my French words an English pronunciation, this knowledge was well-nigh useless. It took so long to make connections that my friend finally got out a pencil and a piece of paper and we tried writing. Our progress by this method was a trifle smoother. Still, it was nothing to boast of, and I wondered at the pleasure my companion seemed to find in our halting interchange of thought. He would write, and then, to see if I understood, would look up at me as raptly as if I had been his sweetheart. Toward the end of our journey he wanted to know if I would correspond with him. Judging from the experience we had already had, I thought it would prove too vast a task, and I tried to tell him, "No," but could not manage the language to say so gently, and was forced to acquiesce and give him my address.

The views that I had from the car window in my various journeyings seemed to me peculiarly attractive. Along the coast there were sand dunes looming constantly against the western sky, yet with gaps now and then that gave me a glimpse of the hazy sea, with perhaps a fleet of fishing-boats drifting in toward a town. Sometimes the railroad passed through a region of peat bogs, where frequent groups of men were at work digging out the black bricks of earth and laying them in the sunshine to dry. But these

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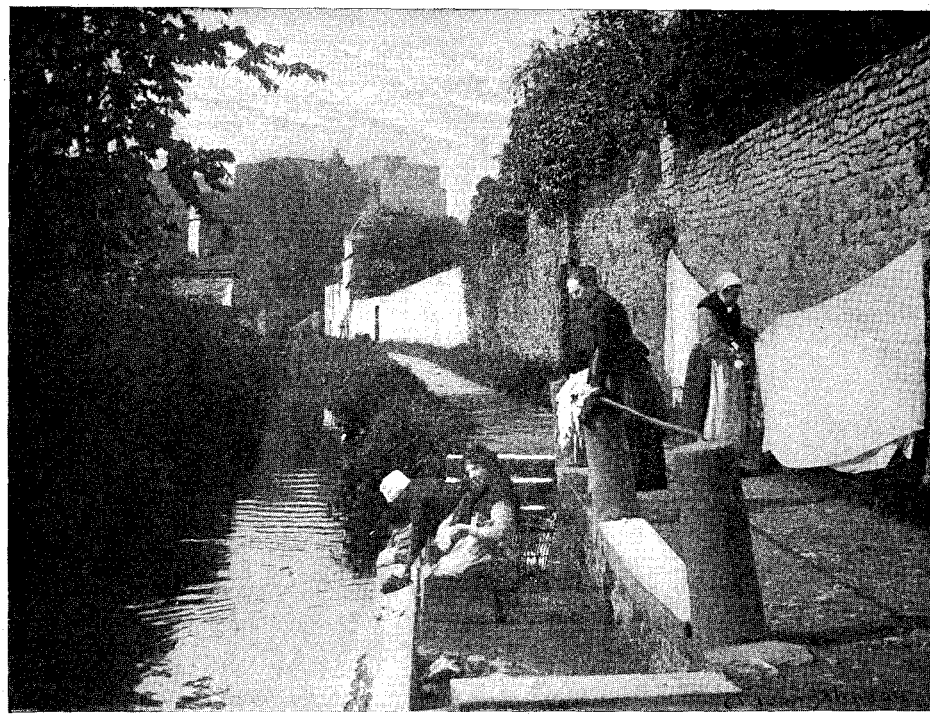

WASHING BY THE STREAMSIDE

phases were incidental. In the main I saw a land highly cultivated and marked by a quiet pastoral beauty, akin to that of southern England, and yet different. Apparently the ways of the people have imparted to the country an individuality not due to either climate or soil. For one thing, the English and the French differ in their taste as to trees. The former like the sturdy oaks and elms; the latter seem to prefer the slender poplars, and the prevalence of these trees gives the French landscape a delicacy and a lightness that are very charming.

I noticed that every grade crossing on the railways was guarded by gates, and that when our train swept past there was always a woman standing just inside the gates, with a brass horn in one hand and in the other a stick with a red flag wound about it, which she held rigidly erect. This woman is the crossing guard. She and her family live close by in a small cottage that proclaims itself railroad property by having a mammoth number painted on it. Just before the passing of each train the woman closes the gates, blows a warning on her horn for the benefit of any traveler who may be approaching on the highway, and then gets herself into that petrified attitude of military attention that one observes from the car window as the train flies by her.

At first the French method of guarding crossings seemed perfunctory and ludicrous; but it makes them safe. In our own land our country roads, as a rule, go over the tracks at grade perfectly unobstructed, and when the view is limited by buildings or trees or hills you cannot drive across a railroad without feeling that there are frightful possibilities in so doing.

Of the towns I visited, the most interesting was Falaise in Normandy, in whose ancient castle the cruel King John of England at one time held prisoner his little nephew, Prince Arthur. It was thence the youthful prince was taken to meet his mysterious death—no one knows where or how.

I reached Falaise in the late evening. Several 'buses were waiting at the station entrance, and I picked out a driver who gave me to understand that at his hotel the folk talked English. With this assurance, I gladly stepped inside his vehicle, and he drove away over the stony streets, far back into the town. I suppose I misunderstood my driver as to the linguistic abilities of the hotel people. He probably only meant to intimate in a general way that at his hotel everything was perfect, for when we arrived

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not a word could I get out of any of them but French. However, I *parlevou'd* lamely to a well-meaning, middle-aged maid till she caught the idea that I wanted a room, whereupon she conducted me to an apartment with alacrity, and my trials were over for that day at least.

The first thing in the morning, when I came down stairs, I met, in the hallway, the maid with whom I had talked the evening before, and she, very agreeably, motioned me to the kitchen. I expected to get something to eat, but, instead, the woman produced some blacking-brushes, set a low chair out in the middle of the floor, and motioned at my shoes. She wanted to remove the dust and give them a polishing, and I put a foot on the chair and let her work. I had the feeling that I ought to be doing the job myself, but the language presented too great difficulties, and I was helpless in her hands.

I spent most of the day in walking about the village. It seemed to me the strangest old place I had ever seen. The crooked lanes and highways ran up-hill and down-hill at random, and street-walks, dwellings, and public buildings were all of a gray stone, much worn and stained, and indicating great age. The aspect of the village was curiously stony and crowded and venerable, and I felt as if it had just been exhumed from the mediæval past. Th people in thei quaint costumes and with their antiquated modes of living only served to make this impression more emphatic.

A good deal of sewing, knitting, and weaving was going on in the homes, and I saw many heaps of cloth and newly made garments. There were women spinning on the old-time wheels and men knitting with machines that they ran by hand. The town had known prosperity, but now it was decayed and poverty-stricken; and no wonder, for how was it possible for these out-of-date hand methods to compete with modern machinery!

Falaise, like all the French towns I saw, was very dirty. This seemed in part due to the uncleanly habits of the people themselves, in part to the entire lack of any sewer system worthy the name. Sluggish rivulets coursed along the street gutters, and these, clogged with kitchen refuse and street garbage, were equally offensive to the sense of smell and sight.

It was market day in Falaise, and all the roads from the outer world were enlivened with teams driving in from the country, and by women on foot carrying big baskets on their arms full of butter and eggs. The market square was crowded with booths and strewn with heaps of vegetables and other merchandise; and the throng of buyers and sellers bargaining there with a gray old church looking down on them made a scene full of movement and picturesqueness. The townsmen of the lower classes and nearly all the men from the farms wore loose blue smocks, and the women of the same rank wore white caps that were sometimes of plain

A RURAL BARBER

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cloth and very like nightcaps, and at other times were of lace and elaborately frilled. Boys frequently wore blue frocks the same as the men, and about half the youngsters wandered around without hats. These costumes were not peculiar to Falaise, but were found, with some local variations, everywhere in France that I went.

Right through the center of the town ran a small millstream, and here and there along it, among the homes of the poorer people, were washing-places and women at work scrubbing dirty clothing. Each washing-place had a broad, heavy slab of stone on the borders of the stream, that shelved down into the water. On this stone the workers kneeled in wooden trays that had a high front and sides to protect them from splashings. The soiled garments were laid on the stone, rubbed with soap and a brush, and then pounded with wide-bladed wooden paddles. After a final rinsing and wringing out the clothes were hung on lines or fences, or, perhaps oftenest, on trees and hedgerows, to dry.

By following the stream back to the borders of the town I came to the ruin of the old castle. It crowns a precipice, and overlooks on one side the gray walls of the town and on the other a juicy meadow inclosed by wooded hillsides. King John's murder of the little prince, the story of which is interwoven with that of the castle, was one of the most somber of old-time tragedies, and I had the fancy that it might have cast some sort of blight on the vicinity that would still be perceptible; but it has left no trace behind. Life flows on unruffled in the town, and nature roundabout is as sweet and peaceful as if the scenes it has witnessed had been gentle and good always.

What was true of the country about Falaise was true of rural France everywhere. Its attractiveness was unfailing. The slender trees, the mellow atmosphere, the simple ways and primitive dress of its people, all combine to render a country walk a succession of pictures; while to make the acquaintance of a country village for the first time is to have an experience full of delight and pleasure. My first village was one in the neighborhood of Calais. I was following a roadway across several miles of open plain when I saw, far away to my left, a grove of tall trees. Looking down, I noted twinklings of white walls amid the foliage, indicating that the trees concealed houses. This piqued my curiosity, and I went to investigate. Presently I entered the cool shadows of the grove, and there I found reposed the most

IN THE MARKET-PLACE

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charmingly picturesque hamlet imaginable. I would have thought it the only one of its kind in the world, but I learned later that in its wooded seclusion, with the wide, treeless fields surrounding, it was a typical French village.

A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE

Several narrow lanes checkered the wood with their irregular lines and linked house with house. The only place where the homes gathered in a close group was in the center of the grove, where stood a little church so hidden by trees that you would never suspect its existence from a dozen rods' distance.

Both the barns and the houses, as a rule, had wattled walls of straw and mud, with roofs of tile or thatch. Except for a tarred strip a couple of feet wide around the base, the mud walls were whitewashed. When in good repair the walls looked very neat, but they are so thin that rents are easily made in them. Where the breaks are not repaired promptly, the mud keeps dropping away from the straw, the straw decays, and a neglected building soon falls entirely to pieces.

The houses were set at haphazard along the crooked village lanes, usually snug to the wheel-tracks. If a yard intervened, it was pretty sure to be of hummocked and hard-trodden earth, with straw and other litter lying about. The space before the house door looked more like a barnyard than anything else. Often it contained a filthy pool where the green scum gathered. The hens made the yard their scratching-place, and the pigs took it for their wallowing-ground. Hog-pens and chicken-roosts and stables were right by the door, or even under the same roof as the living-rooms.

The smells were anything but sweet, yet there was so much that was delightful to the eye in the surroundings of these human sties that one was ready to forget the odors and the filth. The village ways were lined by high hedges, and everywhere were rows of tall trees, many of them without a sign of a branch until you came to a little tuft at the tip-top. It is the custom in France to let the shoots grow out thickly along the tree-trunks, and as often as they get to be eight or ten feet long they are clipped off and used for firewood. In Holland tree-shoots are utilized in the same way, only there the trees are cut short off about a dozen feet from the ground, and the sprouts grow out at the top in a great bushy head. In England, too, material of the same grade is an article of commerce, but the English have still another method of producing it. They let a field grow to brush, and when the brush reaches the required height it is cut, made into bundles, and sold for kindling-wood. In America we count all such stuff rubbish and burn it as worthless. The effect of the French treatment of their trees is to make each individual tree, in the near view, remind one of a worn-out broom set wrong end up; but in the aggregate it gives the landscape a very peculiar grace and interest.

In the heart of the grove around the little house of worship was a small churchyard, where the graves were nearly lost in rank weeds and tall grasses. Most of the graves were unmarked, but a few had headstones or iron crosses, and on these there hung many strange artificial wreaths of beadwork. Some of the wreaths were two feet across and very elaborate. A large share of them had been exposed to the weather so long that they were getting shabby and the beads were dropping on the graves. Funeral decorations are often curious and lacking in taste, but I never saw anything quite so grotesque as these bead wreaths.

The village was so quiet and quaint and sheltered that it seemed as though it had

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fallen into a drowsy sleep that had perhaps lasted hundreds of years, in which time it had forgotten to make any progress. The people did not seem very busy—at least, they had plenty of time to visit with each other and to watch me. But I was most impressed with their leisureliness by a hair-cutting scene I witnessed. It employed the energies of a whole family, either as actors or onlookers. There was a small boy who was being shorn, his father who did the clipping, his mother who held him, and his sister, uncle, and grandfather who watched proceedings. It seemed a large force for the work in hand, but I think they all enjoyed it, with the possible exception of the boy.

House doors were open, and I glanced into several of the cottage kitchens. There was little to see—a few scanty furnishings, a great fireplace, and sometimes a colony of chickens picking familiarly about the apartment. Frequently there was no other floor than one of rough, hard-trodden earth, very well suited to the chickens, I thought, but not to the human inhabitants, if they had any aspirations toward cleanliness. The only ambitions of this sort that I discovered, however, were concentrated on the outer walls of the cottages, which were often models of neatness—as white above as whitewash could make them, and as black along the base as applications of tar would permit. It was springtime and apparently the height of the house-furbishing season, for in my wanderings about the village I saw women patching rents in the walls with mud; women whitewashing; and one woman who had finished her work with the brush was wiping off the spatters that had fallen on the tarred strip below.

When I left the village, I went out of the grove at the opposite side from the one by which I entered, and I found on that side that it was only slightly removed from a broad highway that ran in a straight line across the plain. Where the lane from the village joined this highway stood a house built of stone that looked as if it might be an inn. A good many people were gathered in the vicinity, and as I drew nearer I saw that a funeral was in progress. The wide front doorway was framed about with white cloth trimmed with green vines and leaves. This gave entrance, not to the room within, but to a little section of it that had been walled off into a white, grotto-like space in which the coffin rested, adorned with many of the queer artificial wreaths of glass beadwork.

In front of the house, in the roadway, stood a group of black-gowned, white-capped women, and beyond them, in a group distinctly separate, were a number of men. Presently a priest with a crucifix and a sexton with a long staff appeared, both in robes and bareheaded, and a short service in the open air was begun at the white doorway.

Just then a heavy cart came lumbering along the highway, but it stopped at a respectful distance, and the driver took off his hat and waited with bowed head till the procession formed to go to the grave. The priest, chanting as he walked, led, with the sexton close behind. Then came the coffin, with four women bearers; then several women carrying bead wreaths. These were followed by the other women, and the men brought up the rear.

The heavy cart now resumed its rumble along the highway, but I stayed to watch the procession wend through the green lane and enter the cool depths of the village grove. They were lost to sight at length, the chant of the priest died away, and I heard only a skylark soaring and singing in the sunset light far up toward the clouds.

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TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON
Showing the recently completed Porch.

Memorials of Phillips Brooks

By Herbert Sherman Houston

UNLIKE that sixteenth-century bishop who laid such stress on the material and the coloring in ordering his tomb for Saint Praxed's Church, it is easy to believe that Phillips Brooks, could he have chosen his memorials, would have deemed their meaning of far more importance than their form. To the great preacher the life of the spirit was always a dominating reality, and things measured their value to him by their relation to soul. Finer than bronze or tablet, in his view, was the good influence that perpetuated itself in men's lives. To have known that the "Candle of the Lord" or any other of his sermons had been a light on some dark way—and thousands know personally that it has been, because the dark way was their own—would doubtless have seemed to him a far more radiant light than any that could stream through memorial window.

But this is not saying that Phillips Brooks lightly esteemed the beautiful or underestimated the material. Trinity Church, rising before his loving gaze, showed how fully he believed that no gift of money or of talent was too great to be used in rearing a temple to the glory and for the worship of God. If the result should be, as it was, the most beautiful building in all Boston, what could be more fitting? "Is the aim of any other higher?" he would have asked. So, when

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preaching, it seemed sometimes that the memorial bust of Dean Stanley, to the left of his pulpit, quickening anew the inspiration that had come to him from Stanley's friendship and teaching, gave added power to his words. The spirit behind the form, the meaning in the memorial, were ever of most importance; but form and memorial were also important, because they "bodied forth" to the eye and preserved in enduring matter both the spirit and the meaning.

It is after this formula in the spiritual philosophy of Phillips Brooks that the memorials of him, both here and abroad, have been and are being expressed; and in nothing are they more truly a memorial than in this fact. The means with which they have been secured have been spontaneous and generous tributes of love. There have been no dragooning subscription appeals. Offerings have come as unreservedly as did the expressions of grief in January six years ago when Phillips Brooks died. Then Trinity overflowed, and Copley Square was crowded with mourners from high and low, who seemed to reach out instinctively through their grief toward some expression of their love for the man whose life had been so much to them. The sense of personal loss was not dulled before funds began to grow, along various lines, for memorials. In a leading editorial the Boston "Herald" declared that Phillips Brooks deserved a place with Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips among Boston's great sons, and that both his contemporaries and posterity would assign it to him. This was merely expressing what was a common thought among all classes. Because it was a common thought, the contributions to a fund for a fitting memorial were not only quick and generous, but they were very many, coming alike from poor and rich. They came not only from Boston but from all the world, till the aggregate reached nearly a hundred thousand dollars. But Phillips Brooks was not only a son of Boston; he was also a son of Harvard, and from alumni and undergraduates over fifty thousand dollars were gathered for a memorial in the University. Alumni of the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School at Harvard raised money for a memorial in their chapel. So did members of Trinity Parish for some permanent expression of the loving memory in which they held their great rector and leader. In England Archdeacon Farrar received most willing offerings, from friends of Phillips Brooks across the sea, for a memorial in London. At the same time a fund was quietly growing for a memorial in New York. It can doubtless be truly said that for no other American, excepting Lincoln, have memorial funds been gathered in so many places simultaneously and with such generous spontaneity as for Phillips Brooks. They show in a striking way into what a wide brotherhood of loving influence and sympathy this great preacher of brotherhood had come. Every fund has been a free-will offering of love, thus being in its very essence a true memorial.

In the northwest corner of the college yard at Cambridge there has just been completed a home for the religious work in Harvard, and it bears the name of Phillips Brooks House. Before his death Bishop Brooks had promised to aid the religious societies of the University in securing money for a suitable building, so the erection of such a building at once suggested itself as the most appropriate form for the Harvard memorial. In speaking of it the "Harvard Graduates' Magazine" said: "This memorial to Bishop Brooks is the spontaneous outcome of veneration and affection which was felt for the man, and of the desire to perpetuate that influence which he exerted in the college world. Its purpose and design are almost the expression of his own definite thought. The funds which have been given for it have been offered without solicitation and received from a large number of persons scattered widely on three continents. What Phillips Brooks himself tried to do in Harvard was to develop a religious spirit which should result in action, in active positive forms of benefit in human lives, rather than simply to increase intelligence and the store of the world's knowledge. The pressing need which has existed for the accommodation of these activities will be satisfied in Phillips Brooks House."

The architect, Mr. A. W. Longfellow, Jr., Harvard, '76, has sought in his design fully to adapt the building to its special work, and to harmonize it with its surroundings. It is agreed that he has succeeded admirably. A colonial treatment and use of red brick with light stone trimmings have resulted in a building that can hold architectural fellowship with its neighbors, Harvard Hall, Holworthy, Stoughton, and Holden Chapel, and that, taken with these, gives a generally symmetrical appearance to that portion of the yard. On the first floor are a large meeting-room and other rooms to be devoted to the

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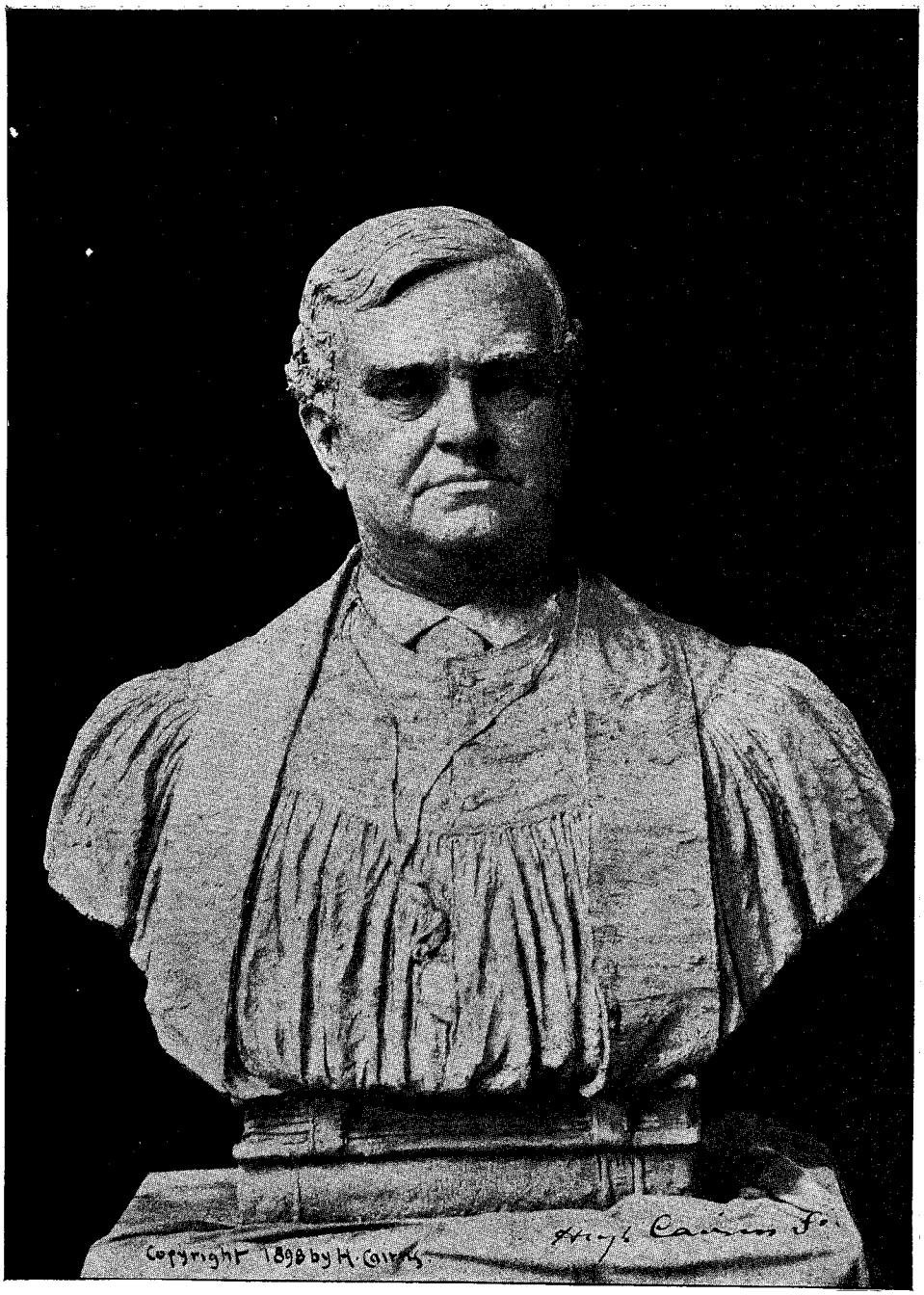

MEMORIAL BUST BY HUGH CAIRNS, THE SCULPTOR OF THE TRINITY PORCH

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Student Volunteer work of the College. On the second floor are the general committee-room, two society rooms, and a library, while on the top floor is the assembly-hall. An oak-paneled finish and deep window-seats carry out the chaste colonial treatment and give a comfortable look to the interior of Harvard's religious workshop, reared in memory of Harvard's great religious worker, in order that the broad activities of which he was the inspiring leader might be the better carried forward. To this good end, it should be stated, considerable money has already been made available in two memorial bequests, one, a sum of $20,000, being a portion of the John and Belinda Randall legacy, and the other, a fund of $5,000, given in connection with the name of Ralph Hamilton Shepard.

MEMORIAL IN THE CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION, NEW YORK

But the Phillips Brooks House and these funds to carry on its work are not the only memorials at Harvard. In St. John's Chapel of the Episcopal Divinity School is a memorial bust by William Ordway Partridge, bearing this inscriptional tribute: "To the memory of Phillips Brooks, by the Alumni. 'Did not our hearts burn within us when he talked with us by the way?'" Although himself a graduate of the Theological School at Alexandria, Va., Bishop Brooks always took the deepest interest in the School at Cambridge, and so strongly impressed his views on its students and its teaching that both have stood for the broadest churchmanship, and the School's head, Dean Lawrence, became his natural successor as Bishop of Massachusetts.

From St. John's, Cambridge, to St. Margaret's, London, may be as far as the ship sails, but it is not so far as to take one beyond the metes within which the work and life of Phillips Brooks have been given lasting commemoration. Archdeacon Farrar, when a canon at Westminster, in charge of St. Margaret's Church, became acquainted with Phillips Brooks, then rector of Trinity, Boston, and during all the years till the latter's death they were fast friends. When abroad Phillips Brooks often preached in St. Margaret's and in the Abbey, and Archdeacon Farrar, in his recent book, "Some Men I Have Known," tells of these luminous sermons and of his own deep attachment to their author. When his American friend died, the Archdeacon gathered funds, among English admirers of the Bishop, for a memorial window in St. Margaret's, and The Outlook is enabled to reproduce it through a picture kindly loaned by Bishop Brooks's brother, the Rev. John Cotton Brooks, rector of Christ Church, Springfield, Mass.

The window has three large panels; the central one represents Jesus with a shepherd's crook in the act of speaking to Peter, and below is the inscription, "Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep;" to the right of our Lord are Paul and Timothy; and to the left is David as a shepherd-boy.

In his book Archdeacon Farrar reproduces the lines Phillips Brooks wrote, while his election as Bishop of Massachusetts was pending, on seeing a caricature of himself in a certain journal. In the light of the fulfillment the promise hidden below their humor has had, they are in themselves a memorial:

And is this, then, the way he looks,
This tiresome creature, Phillips Brooks?

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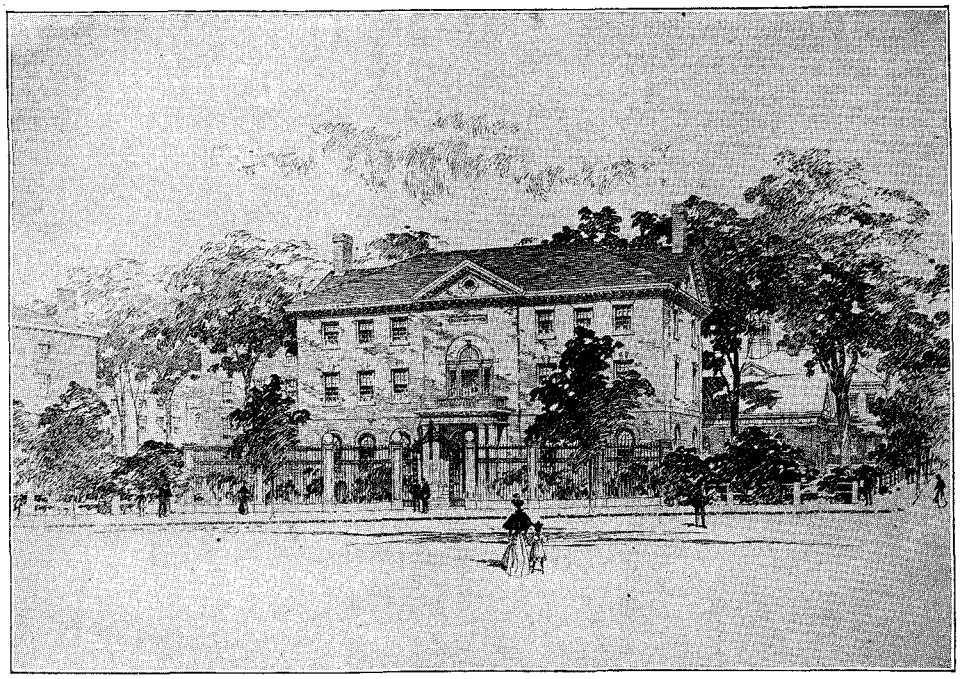

THE PHILLIPS BROOKS HOUSE AT HARVARD

By special permission, from the design of the architect, Mr. A. W. Longfellow, Jr.

No wonder, if 'tis thus he looks,
The Church has doubts of Phillips Brooks!
Well, if he knows himself, he'll try
To give these doubtful looks the lie.
He dares not promise, but will seek
Even as a bishop to be meek;
To walk the way he shall be shown,
To trust a strength that's not his own,
To fill the years with honest work,
To serve his day and not to shirk;
To quite forget what folks have said,
To keep his heart and keep his head,
Until men, laying him to rest,
Shall say, "At least he did his best." Amen.

And so indeed men have said, even those who hurled the sharpest philippics in the stress of that memorable contest over his election as Bishop. In the early days of that contest the writer of this article had a newspaper interview with the late Bishop Perry, of Iowa, in which the statement was made that, even though the Diocesan Convention of Massachusetts should choose Phillips Brooks, the House of Bishops would not confirm the choice, if Bishop Perry and others who agreed with him could prevent it, as they believed they could. The threat in this interview, which was at once sent broadcast over the wires to many influential daily papers, proved a firebrand. It had something to do, doubtless, in bringing the ardor of Phillips Brooks's supporters to a white heat, and in the Diocesan Convention they elected the rector of Trinity by a large majority, even with the opposition centering on so strong a man as Bishop Hare, of South Dakota. Both before and after the Convention there was an impressive demonstration of the power of public opinion. It gathered inside and out the Church that was most in interest. Bishop Perry issued a circular-letter to the public confirming his interview and seeking to justify his opposition. But the voice of the people who believed, in truth, that they uttered the voice of God, there was no withstanding, and the election of Phillips Brooks was ratified.

From this personal memorial from a trans-Mississippi Bishop, who was a theological opponent, it is interesting to turn to a fine bronze, expressive of intimate and loving regard, which was placed in the Church of the Incarnation, New York, by friends, under the eye of a devoted brother, Arthur Brooks. This bronze shows a full-length portrait of Phillips Brooks in relief, and was executed by the sculptor, W. Clark Noble. It is set in a side wall of the church's interior, surrounded by an architectural framework of stone. The money for this memorial was contributed largely by warm personal friends, many of them Boston people living in New

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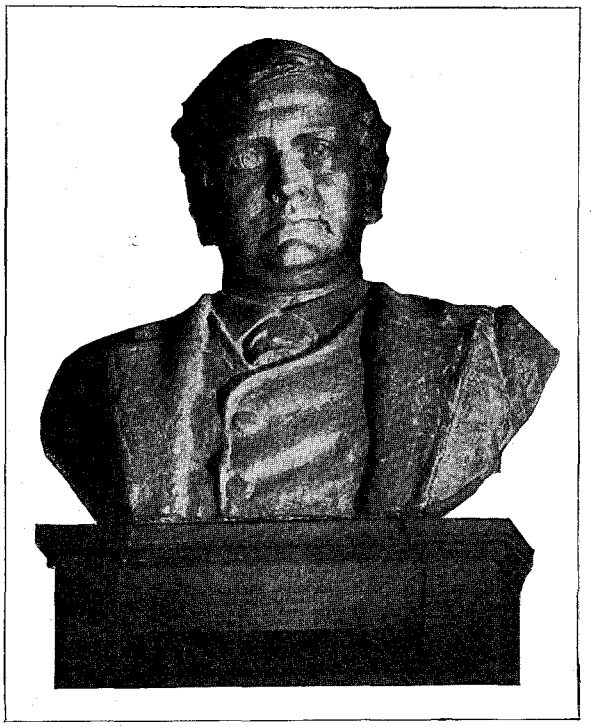
PART OF THE MEMORIAL WINDOW IN ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, LONDON

York, and it was very fittingly placed in the church that, through the long rectorship of Arthur Brooks and the oft-repeated visits of Phillips Brooks, had felt, more fully than any other in New York, the uplifting influence of these two great preachers.

As a companion memorial to the one of Phillips Brooks there has recently been unveiled in this same Church of the Incarnation one of Arthur Brooks. It is of interest to mention it in connection with this article, for the sculptor, Daniel Chester French, has the commission for the memorial of Phillips Brooks that is to be placed in Trinity Church, Boston. In speaking of the form this Trinity memorial would take, Mr. French told the writer it would be a bust in marble, of heroic size, to be placed on a pedestal. For some time there was not a little difference of opinion in Trinity, all of it sincere and friendly, as to the most appropriate memorial in which to express the love and devotion of the parish. Some said a pulpit would be best, pointing to Phillips Brooks's known desire to have a pulpit that would be in harmony with the splendid interior, and to his gathering pictures of famous pulpits, during his travels, from all over the world. But, protested others, that would mean the replacing of the pulpit from which Phillips Brooks had preached for so many years, and which, because of its associations, ought ever to remain a most sacred memorial. So it has happened that, with the money available for it during several years, the Trinity memorial has been waiting on agreement as to its form.

While the Trinity porch, recently finished, is not strictly a memorial, save in that large sense in which the whole church will always be associated with its great rector, the money for it—over $80,000—was contributed after his death, and it completed the church in accordance with the design Phillips Brooks had wished to see carried out. The young Scotch sculptor, Hugh Cairns, who executed the figures on the porch, has done a bust in plaster and will show it at the Paris Exposition in 1900. It has been suggested for various memorial uses, but its final disposition has not as yet been determined.

As a memorial of a most devoted friendship, and because the likeness of Phillips



MEMORIAL BUST IN THE EPISCOPAL DIVINITY SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE

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BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS AND DR. M'VICKAR, NOW BISHOP COADJUTOR OF RHODE ISLAND

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Brooks is satisfying to an unusual degree among many unsatisfying pictures, the accompanying photograph is reproduced of the Bishop and Dr. McVickar, now Bishop Coadjutor of Rhode Island, who succeeded Phillips Brooks in the rectorship of Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, and who embodies to a striking extent the broad spirit of his friend.

There is yet another memorial, the first for which the funds came rolling in, the last to assume definite shape, and, in the hope and expectation of Phillips Brooks's friends, it will be the best, in its impressiveness, its appropriateness, and its artistic beauty. The money to provide it has grown to the large total of nearly a hundred thousand dollars. The commission for its execution has been given to Augustus Saint Gaudens, while the architectural part of the memorial will be designed by Stanford White, of McKim, Mead & White. The site chosen is close to Trinity, in Copley Square. Only in a very general way is Saint Gaudens's conception for the work known, even to the committee having the erection of the memorial in charge, and as his present conception may be modified, there is no intention of handicapping the sculptor's freedom by premature announcements. But there is a consensus of belief that, in the execution of this most important of all the memorials of Phillips Brooks, a great sculptor has been given a great subject, and that he will make the most of it. To those who have watched the growth of Saint Gaudens's marvelous power in giving to his figures the very breath of life, the dominating vital spirit—to his Farragut the masterful reserve controlling the alertness, to his Deacon Chapin the unbending and militant force of the Puritan, to Logan the dash and swing of martial valor, to the Shaw memorial the high spirit of complete consecration to duty—to those who have followed the unfolding of this many-sided artist-soul the belief is general that Saint Gaudens's memorial of Phillips Brooks will be his *chef-d'œuvre*.

"But isn't this memorial long in being completed?" I asked of Mr. Robert Treat Paine, of the committee in charge of its execution.

"Ah," he replied, "you should remember what President Eliot said of Saint Gaudens in conferring upon him the master's degree at Harvard, 'He counts not the lapse of mortal years in creating an immortal work.'"

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Naval Wives and Daughters

By Annie Paulding Meade[1]

WHILE public interest is at present more or less engaged with the doings of our naval officers, there is a private contingent whose interest in the officers themselves is nothing less than vital, because of the fact that these same servants of Uncle Sam stand to them in relationship of fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers, and represent to them not only the Nation's safeguard, but also the guardians and protectors of their hearts and homes.

The home life of an officer of the Government constantly under orders to "move on" may appear to the casual observer to be analogous to the Irishman's "road that led to nowhere;" but a little closer observation of the naval life itself, presenting, as it does, possibilities of a novelty and variety quite unique among the professions of the Government, will show that, in spite of the vicissitudes of its ever-varying interest and changing scene, there is the same strong and steady undercurrent of love for the "home" that caused Howard Payne to immortalize himself in song.

On the subject of this home life in relation to the wives and daughters of naval officers, the most enjoyable chapters would doubtless be those concerning the woman who follows the ship. Here we have a topic remarkably fruitful of argument, and one on which all shades of opinion have been expressed, from that of ex-Secretary of the Navy Chandler—who while in office positively forbade the members of a man's family to follow the ship from port to port—to the opinion as expressed by the conduct of a very few women (be it said for the credit of the majority), who, on well-authenticated occasions, when in port with the ship, have actually gone to this length, that the woman whose husband was caterer at the time actually ran the ward-room mess for him. These instances show the antipodean limits to which ship-following has been carried, and, it must be remembered, are extreme cases. As a rule, the woman who follows the ship makes little trouble for the "powers that be" to cavil at, and, for her part, enjoys unusual facilities for seeing the world. Where trouble has been made, it has invariably been the fault of the individual and not of the habit, the strongest argument in extenuation of which is the "home" argument. By this I mean that I see no impropriety, if a man is ordered for a term of years to a foreign station, in his wife or family making their residence in such a place that he may be enabled to spend his leave at home, which he certainly could not do were they in the United States and he, for instance, attached to the Asiatic squadron. The habit of some women of having no settled abiding-place on a foreign station, but of following the ship from port to port, is the habit from which most of the abuses of the system have arisen; nevertheless, there is not the slightest reason, if regulations be strictly observed, why such a system should not exist in all propriety and no offense be given.

The "bon camaraderie" established among the wanderers from home on a foreign station can seldom be entered into by those who have not had the same experience. The wife keeps in touch with her husband's interests, knows his friends, their tastes and his, and, if she has a settled home, keeps open house for all those brother officers to whom it may please her husband to offer hospitality; and so grows up that thoroughgoing, unconventional friendship that makes the clan feeling so strong among us. Also, she can generally make herself agreeable in several languages—this oftentimes being the result of necessity—while the woman who has stayed at home will, in competitive conversation, find that she is handicapped and outdone by comparison with her more traveled sister. I have in mind an introduction I once witnessed: A lady who had followed her husband was calling on one of those wives who had stayed at home. During the call another visitor came in, an officer whose ship had just arrived in port. The hostess was about to introduce her guests, but found it unnecessary to do so. "Oh," explained the officer, "Mrs. L—— and I are old shipmates and friends; we met in Montevideo." and, the conversation turning to the South Atlantic station, the hostess

[1] Miss Annie Paulding Meade, the author of this article, is the daughter of the late Admiral Meade, and granddaughter of Commodore Richard Worsam Meade and Admiral Hiram Paulding, United States Navy.—THE EDITORS.

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naturally felt herself more or less outside its pale, except where her woman's wit or interlocutory gift came to her aid.

Although I am strongly in favor, under certain conditions, of—shall we call it?—naval globe-trotting, yet I should be the very last one to so much as breathe an unfavorable comment upon those wives who, for reasons best known to themselves, say the bravest good-by they are able to the husband whose cruise is in prospect, and then settle themselves patiently to wait for his return. The skeleton in the closet in many of these cases is that "mossy old veteran"—expense; and this brings us to another question—that of salary. "Can a naval officer with a family live comfortably on his salary?" is a question that has been asked and discussed till it is threadbare, and it cannot be answered in unison even yet. When he is at sea, that salary, of course, is divided, and, though larger than his shore pay, there are no quarters for his family, consequently his expenses are almost doubled. Here comes in the wife's chance to show the soldier in her; and it warms my heart to have the opportunity to pay even the smallest tribute to some of those whose unflinching courage, in the face of privations perfectly unknown to the world because of the masking smile worn, has challenged my admiration time and again, and has proved the woman to be in very truth, as in design, "a help meet for man."

An example of one of our old-time naval heroines may fittingly be quoted here. Somewhere about the year 1830 two young people were married; he was a naval officer, who had learned his profession under the direct eye of such men as McDonough, Decatur, and Bainbridge, and, though young, had seen much service. She was a quiet, brown-eyed girl of twenty at the time. The service life then differed considerably from that which we know now. Cruises were longer, quarters were rare, and the pay was smaller. These young people had a little capital, which they invested in a farm on the north shore of Long Island. It was far in the country in those days, being eighteen miles beyond Hicksville, then the nearest railway station. The remainder of the journey was performed by stage-coach. It may sound incredible that a woman could accomplish so much, but the record, nevertheless, is true that the woman in question ran that farm of one hundred acres and made it pay well, brought up six children—three of whom have since seen much of service life—and, with all the disadvantages of distance and poor communication, managed to keep in touch with the news of the times and to keep her husband (who, while in the junior grades of his profession, was kept constantly at sea) informed on all matters of interest connected with the home stations and department. It goes without saying that she who accomplished all this filled well her place in the larger world when, in after years, her husband at different times commanded three of our most important home stations. This note made from the life of a woman of two generations ago bears very little resemblance to the life of to-day, but the contrast I think in no way detracts from either picture.

Though the topic of the home station offers less of change and excitement than does that of the foreign station, it yet is not lacking either in interest or variety, and, to my mind, is one of the most satisfactory phases of our naval life. In particular, the life in one of our navy-yards contains possibilities of pleasure and comfort in proportion to our capacity for enjoyment and our willingness to make the best of such matters as may prove uncongenial to us. Certainly our naval home life has greatly the advantage over that of most army posts (particularly those of the frontier) in that we are never thrust out of the world in entire dependence upon those stationed with us for friendship, society, and enjoyment, though, like them, we form a small village or a large family according to the amount of congeniality existing among us. But we have fewer quarrels in our communities than occur in army posts, because our outside interests are greater. Oftentimes we of the same station—when the "family" feeling exists—if we meet in the great world, pass each other with a hand-clasp, but never a word, so great is that mutual confidence in one another's comprehension of existing conditions; and then, too, we know that we shall have ample opportunity to discuss the particular occasion later. This feeling of clan in the naval service is undoubtedly strong, but we are saved from the narrower view of life to which our cousins in the army are so frequently subjected. The naval kaleidoscope in the hands of the Bureau of Navigation is kept well and constantly shaken. Often we have hardly come into touch with our neighbors and surroundings before the whole scene is shifted. This constant change of scene has its value

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from an educational standpoint, but it is the later education of life to which that value belongs; for the children it is disastrous, and makes boarding-school or the English method of employing a governess almost the only alternatives.

The vista of possibilities for enjoyment through which we look opens up a broad and varied scene, the diversity of which ought surely to be sufficient to satisfy all temperaments. For the woman interested in public matters and who enjoys the social side of life, there are presented endless opportunities for coming in contact with those men and women who "make history," and of seeing for herself what to other women, though of the same social standing yet in private life, would often be denied. She has every opportunity, if her fancy lie in that direction, to know the diplomatic circles well; she may even dabble in politics should that same fancy carry her so far. In this connection I have to admit the truth of the assertion that a large part of our Government wire-pulling is done by the women, and though this sort of thing is not strictly "en règle," yet it is permitted, and it must be said that some of the feats performed in this direction are as pretty as they are difficult. Also in the matter of obtaining house allowances feminine diplomacy figures largely; and I shall never forget the comically pathetic look of an expert in this line when, in speaking to another officer of her husband's retirement, she mournfully shook her head, saying, "There are no more 'pickings' for us now, Admiral, no more 'pickings.'" It was her own expression, and, to vary an old saw, she "suited her words to her former actions."

If one has the disposition to make use of such gifts as the gods see fit to send us, we shall find that the possibilities for pleasure and comfort in our home life are very great. I have practically learned that one can live very much better on the same sum in one of our navy-yards than in private life. This I know from having tried both; for when the sea duty comes, we women who stay at home become civilians, and it is then we are made aware how much further the salary will go in our navy-yards than in outside life. Why is this? To begin with, the salary alone is not the only emolument we have; there are also "quarters;" and most of these, having been built in a more generous age than at present, are larger than the ordinary house of to-day and extremely comfortable. In some cases, as for instance those of the commanding officers, they are often palatial. They are warmed by steam and kept in order for us at the Government's expense. The Commandant's house at the Boston yard is probably—in the interior especially—the handsomest in the gift of the Government, though not so homelike as the Commandant's house at Washington, with its low, wide piazzas and old-fashioned rose garden. I am reminded by the name "Commandant's house" of an amusing mistake in orthography it once led to. We had been shopping, and ordered our purchases to be sent home. "Where to?" demanded the saleswoman. "Navy-Yard is all the address necessary," we replied. "That is not definite enough," she declared; "is there no number on your house?' "You may add 'Commandant's House' if you want to," we replied; and the package came home marked "Common Dance House"!

Most of our Government houses have gardens attached; and these, according to size, infer a certain amount of pleasure or comfort. There is also a man, whom the Government enlists and pays, detailed to look after them. The commanding officer has also an allowance for servants, and a horse, carriage, and stable outfit complete. These allowances are necessary to him, as he is expected to be always ready to entertain any guest of honor who may visit the station. Every officer may keep a cow if he has permission from the Commandant to do so, and it is not an unfrequent sight to see a number of these animals tethered in our gun parks or grazing upon the uncultivated spots in our navy-yards. We have also a great deal of service free that we should have to pay roundly for in outside life. For instance (I confine myself to trifles), there is a spare corner where I want a cupboard made or some book-shelves built, and I ask, "May I have a carpenter?" The carpenter comes and does the work, the painter finishes it, and I have the credit of having put an improvement on the house. These are some of the homely points of interest connected with our navy-yard life.

From the social standpoint the advantages for entertaining are very great, though the Commandant is the only one required by Government to keep open house. The junior officers are very apt to do so too, however, for their own pleasure or satisfaction.

A navy-yard dance is almost a synonym for a good time to the younger fraternity,

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and though it necessarily entails a certain amount of work and expense to those on whose shoulders the responsibility rests, yet this same work, if the executive head be clear, can be accomplished more easily, at less cost, and with far more brilliant effect than the same thing could be done in private life.

It is often amusing to women of our life (I had almost written "profession") to note the way in which we are regarded by those unacquainted with its circumstances and conditions. A young lady once remarked to me that I did not at all tally with her ideas of what I should naturally be. "In what am I lacking?" I asked. "You are so quiet," she said, almost peevishly, "and you have none of that slam! bang! dash or rollicking air that I thought all navy people had;" and *I* thanked Heaven *à la* Pharisee. In fact, those who are looking for a type by which to recognize the navy woman will fail in the majority of cases, though there are those among our numbers who I have no doubt would fully justify my young friend's sense of the fitness of things.

"And are there no drawbacks to naval life?" some will ask. "You have pictured it all advantage and pleasure thus far!" So I have, because I believe in putting my best foot foremost; but stop and think a moment. What, for instance, do the women of the world in general know of the anxiety that was ours during the recent crisis of National affairs? Yet it is the profession of our men to fight, and when the call to arms comes we have no right to say a word but such as will give encouragement and comfort to them. The wife or daughter who makes it hard for a man to do his duty is far from performing her own. Yet what does it cost us, do you think, to keep back the words—aye, and the tears—when the heart is full?

During the last few months some of our navy-yards presented a curious feature of the effect of the war. The wives and families of those sent to the front were allowed to remain in their quarters; consequently our navy-yards were mainly peopled by women and children. A very few officers were left—in some of the less important yards not more than three or four. Of the enlisted men there was hardly a corporal's guard left. We hardly knew ourselves in this unusual state. But, thank Heaven! this condition of affairs was an exception and not the rule. Our ordinary troubles and drawbacks are of a less vital nature, however, and can generally be traced either to some such source as, for instance, the monetary supply being not equal to the demand, or to an uncongenial person among us—one crooked stick, so to speak, that absolutely refuses to fit in with the others or to allow them to fit together. Or sometimes the people on a station will get into cliques that will entirely prevent any such thing as unity of action, and in consequence debar us from many pleasures that a little tact and forbearance with one another might give us. Under such circumstances navy-yard life leaves much to be desired, but I am thankful to say such cases have been rare in my experience. I have heard it roundly asserted that navy-yards are proverbial for the amount of gossip they circulate; but all the world gossips at times, and I do not believe we are any worse than our neighbors. All I can say in defense against such a charge is that my sisters of the service have certainly never gossiped to me, and, if not to me, then why to one another? As a class we have imbibed from our fathers, husbands, and brothers enough of that *esprit de corps* to bind us together in feelings of fellowship and a common cause. To return to the case of supply and demand, I would add that it is one of the big social problems that every individual has to work out for him or her self. We know exactly what the salaries are, what we have and what we may look forward to having, and if we fail to live within our means it is either the result of real misfortune or mismanagement.

One phase of our naval life that I have not yet touched upon is that of the retired list. The limit of age for active service is sixty-three years, but there is also a voluntary retired list for those who, not having reached the age-limit yet, have completed forty years of active service; also for those—and this frequently includes younger men—who have been incapacitated for duty by illness or accident. The reflections suggested by this array of men grown gray in the line of duty and resting after the years spent in their country's service would seem naturally to be those of the graver, quieter, if not somber, type. Thoughts of the eventide of life on the shores of the great unknown sea yet to be crossed, of purple shadows and soft opalescent tints that have succeeded to the glare of the noonday of activity, fill our minds; but, though such reflections may appeal to us, let us not mention them to any retired

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man or the members of his family, unless we are sure of our listeners.

Thus far I have said nothing of the Marine Corps, "the soldier and sailor too," as Rudyard Kipling says, and "the finest corps in the service," its officers always claim. They are generally selected from among the graduates of the Naval Academy, and are claimed as members of the naval profession. The men are enlisted and drilled as soldiers, and act as the police force of the navy. If any especially hard work is to be done, the marines are generally the men detailed to do that work; and well and bravely have they done it on many well-known occasions. The marine quarters are usually within navy-yard limits, as at Washington and Boston, though occasionally, as in the case of the New York barracks, they are separated from the line officers' quarters by at least a quarter of a mile. With the exception of the commanding officer, who has his own house, the officers and their families live in barracks somewhat on the apartment-house order, each having his flat or suite of rooms, which is generally very comfortable. The only real drawback I ever heard of, and which I think by this time has been remedied, was that in several instances two families were obliged to use the same kitchen; and on this point I am sure every housekeeper will offer ready sympathy. The stories incident to this condition of things that some of my marine sisters can tell on that ever-fruitful topic, the servant-girl question, are as remarkable as the situation was unique. Except for the difference in regard to the marine quarters, the home conditions are the same that we enjoy. When the marine officers go to sea, their families are subject to the same conditions as if they belonged to the navy; and when they go to war, the wives and daughters have even greater cause for anxiety than we, for the marines are generally chosen—as in our recent crisis at Santiago—to effect the first landing on the foreign soil and make a place for the army to follow; and then the work of the infantry could not be harder or more dangerous. "Soldiers and sailors too," indeed! Well said, Rudyard Kipling!

The usual term for sea or shore duty for officers of the navy and marine corps varies so according to rank and occasion that it is impossible to make an exact statement, though from two to four years suggests a fair average detail. The one thing absolutely sure is that the orders *will come;* and when they do, each in turn is obliged to pull up stakes and report for new duty; and when that duty is a term of years at sea, it is then that those families who have means, or those women who have no children, in the majority of cases follow the ships. The others, the "Nancy Lees" I call them, possess their souls in patience, and for the most part have their time fully occupied with the care of growing children, which care the absence of the "better half" has caused to devolve for the time being entirely on their shoulders. But women are born to endure, and our shoulders are oftentimes broader than they look, and experience in naval matters has taught us to make the best of our bargain, like the "soldiers of fortune" that we certainly are in our smaller way, looking forward to the date when our goodman is due at home again, and we can cry, with the night watchman, "All's well!"

The Lights of Twin Reef

By Winthrop Packard

TWIN REEF forms a small, irregular crescent. The two horns of bold basaltic rock are surmounted each by a squat light-tower, and two fixed lights warn mariners from its dangerous shores. Within the curve of the crescent is a little sandy bay, reached by a tortuous channel among the breakers if you know the way. If not, it is useless to attempt it. The swirling currents are death to any one who lacks knowledge of their every freak; and to avoid the teeth of the rocks you must know them as the light-keeper's children knew their playground.

It was a sheltered playground. Hardly the winds reached it, and the breakers which roared outside swished gently on its sand. When the sun shone brightly into the angle of cliff, it was warm there even in winter. And the children of the light-keeper had known no other. They had a fine house in the sand there the day before Christmas,

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with sand mountains, country roads, and other wonders of geography all around it.

"What we want," said Karl, "is people to live in it."

"Dolls," sighed Annette; "oh, if we only had some dolls for it!"

"We can make some out of driftwood, same as we have, Annette."

The girl sighed again wistfully. "Oh, but I mean truly dolls with long yellow hair and eyes that open and shut, same as mamma used to read about in the book. Some little boys and girls have them for Christmas."

"The sea will bring them," said the boy, stoutly; "it brings us everything. I heard papa say so."

"God gives us everything," said the girl; "mamma used to say that."

A voice called—a man's voice. It was the light-keeper.

"Come, children," he said; "you must come in now. The fog is coming, and it will be cold."

A hundred miles to the southwest the little coasting schooner Edith had entered this fog at dawn, and was still sailing sluggishly through it. Summer fogs are windless, but those of winter often carry the beginning of a gale folded in their clinging white. The Edith had been a fisherman; then she was too old for that, and became a coaster. She was old for a coaster now, but she was well insured. Her owner, the captain, had seen to that. He had owned her but a year, but Romney, the mate, had sailed in her since she was launched, and she was like an old friend to him. She had sailed the morning before, in ballast, and leaking. The captain and Romney were all the crew. The captain said he would take on two foremast hands at Halifax. It made the work of this trip hard for Romney, but he was anxious to get home to his wife and children, and he did not complain. The boat seemed to leak faster now, and the captain, who had been down in the fore peak for some time, came up.

"Romney," he said, "I'm afraid we are going to lose the old girl. The water's making fast, and it's no use for just you and me to try and keep her pumped out. We can probably make Boone Island before she sinks. I'll take the wheel, and you go below and pack up your things."

Romney understood, but he had a lump in his throat. "The old girl" had been his home for so long; he bent his head and went below. He heard the water swashing along the keelson with every roll of the vessel, and he packed his scant kit with a heavy heart.

An ordinary sailor's bag held most of it; but there was a brown-paper parcel, evidently just from some store, of which he took especial care. This he placed in an oiled canvas bag and carefully tied the neck so that no water could enter. This was going to his children for Christmas. On deck again Romney put his belongings in the big dory amidships; then he took the wheel while the captain looked after his own effects. They still sailed in a nebulous world of fog, out of which black swells lifted, shouldered them sullenly along, and vanished. By and by the captain came up and took the wheel again. He did not like this fog, for he knew well that the uncertain currents of the coast might take him far out of his reckoning. But hour after hour there was no change. The Edith rolled a little lower and lifted a little more sluggishly to the sweep of the long black swells, that was all.

Afternoon came, but there was no thought of dinner. The captain was gloomy and anxious. There was no change in the wind and no break in the fog, which sailed by like a fleet of ghost ships, but gave no glimpse of sun or sky. The Edith went swirling along like a strong swimmer, low in the water but struggling bravely to keep afloat.

"Do you suppose she will stand it till night?" asked the captain, as Romney paced uneasily toward him. "I'm not sure where we are in this fog, and I'd hate to be dropped in the middle of the bay at this time of year."

"You shouldn't have sailed with her leaking," said Romney, hotly. "She's been a good boat to us, and now you are letting her go to the bottom without lifting a hand, and everything with her."

The captain looked at him steadily. "The insurance won't go to the bottom," he said, "and we'll have a better boat under us in a month. We'll make Boone Island in the dory all right, and an easy landing if this cursed fog will only lift."

Romney looked at him fiercely, and then turned away, sick at heart. It was easy to see now why they had come out of port leaking, and with neither cargo nor crew. He felt like one who stands by at the deliberately planned murder of an old friend.

The dusk of a midwinter afternoon found the Edith still headed northeast and steered by an anxious captain, who had seen no sign

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of Boone Island nor any other land. The schooner's decks were almost awash now, and though she held her course and struggled bravely on, there were signs that the end was near. Finally, as the dusk grew, the captain gave a gesture of impatience and took a turn of rope about the wheel, lashing it firmly.

"Help me with that boat," he said to Romney. "We've got to get out; she's going soon."

The captain's chest and other belongings were already in the dory, as were Romney's bag and the package done up in oiled canvas. The two took a heave at the dory tackle, swung the boat to the rail, and dropped it overboard. Oars and a jug of water were placed in it, and then the two men got in, dropping astern, towed at a long end of the main sheet fastened at the dory's bow.

"We can't risk it aboard there any longer," said the captain; "and I reckon Boone Island isn't far off. She might as well tow us till she goes under. It won't be long now. I wish this cursed fog would lift."

As if in answer to the words, a single pencil of bright light shot through the gloom on the port side.

"Look at that," cried the captain, jubilantly; "there's Boone Island light now. They've just lighted it."

The two men looked intently at the light. "Are you sure?" said Romney. "The fog may have gotten us off our reckoning."

"Watch it," replied the captain. "Boone Island is a steady white light. If it is Nigger Head, it will show a flash of red once in two minutes; but we can hardly be as far west as Nigger Head. Then there's Twin Reef. God help us if it was that! But Twin Reef is two lights, and it is twenty miles to the east of this. We must be pretty near to see it through this fog. Watch and see if it flashes."

A minute passed, two, three, but the light shone steadily, though dimly, through the fog, which seemed lifting a little.

"It's Boone Island," said the captain, exultingly. "We're all right. My God, the schooner!"

Romney turned at the cry and stared wildly at what had been the fast-settling Edith, but was now only a whirling huge dimple in the black water, into which they sagged, dragged down by the tightening rope. The schooner was taking them with it.

The captain clawed at the fastening, but the knot bound, and the dory's head plunged till the water curled over his hands. Then he plucked from his belt the sheath-knife which most sailors carry, and with one frantic blow severed the rope.

"Get out your oars," he yelled to Romney. "Back her out of this." But there was no need to tell Romney; he already had them out, and, with the captain's help, the dory backed away from the huge, dangerous dimple.

"Further!" cried the captain. "Further away! She'll come up and blow, and if she hits us—"

Even as he spoke the bowsprit of the Edith shot again above the surface, and the whole forward part of her hull followed. Then, with a rush of imprisoned air which burst her hatches and forward planking, she half turned and sank forever.

She was so near that when she went down Romney saw near her fore foot two augur-holes with fresh splinters. He sprang up, towering with rage and holding an oar.

"You cowardly sculpin!" he roared. "You scuttled her!"

The captain sprang at him, sheath-knife in hand. "Curse you!" he cried. "You know too much."

A blow from Romney's oar sent the knife flying, and in another moment the two were rolling in the bottom of the dory, which swept toward the momentary gulf left by the sinking schooner and was tossed by the commotion of the incoming waves, yet by some fatality did not sink. Romney was the stronger, and after a little he felt the captain's grasp relax. Then he unclasped his hand from the other's throat and laid him unresisting in the stern of the dory.

The light shone quite clear now, for the fog was lifting and being torn in shreds by a keen northwest wind. This same wind was drifting the dory rapidly, and as Romney picked up the oars and glanced at the light he stared like one turned to stone.

The captain slowly pulled himself together and followed Romney's glance. Below the light they had at first seen, and a little to the right of it, was a similar light, gradually widening its distance from the first with the drift of the dory.

"You don't need to kill me," the captain said, hoarsely. "The sea will do that, and you too. That's Twin Reef. We had the bluffs in line at first."

Romney turned the dory's head northwest. "We'll make the land," he said, doggedly. "It's only ten miles."

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"You'll make nothing in the face of this northwester," said the captain. "It'll be blowing us to bally-hack in half an hour. There's just about one chance in a thousand that we can land on the reef, but we've got to take it. Give me a pair of oars. I'll sit aft here, and you need not be afraid of me."

Half an hour later the dory, unseen in the twilight, drifted by the rising northwester and tossed by conflicting currents, entered the tortuous channel through which alone lay safety. Then, with the lift of a great ground-swell, it vanished in the woolly smother of foam which tosses continually over the sunken rocks.

Christmas morning broke clear and bright. The sun shone into the sheltered angle of the cliffs, and a package carefully tied in oiled canvas lay on the sand. This the children found and opened. Annette gave a little cry of delight.

"Dolls!" she cried. "Big dolls, with long yellow hair, and eyes that open and shut. Two of them! It's what we wanted for our play-house."

"Yes," said Karl; "the sea brought them. I knew it would. The sea brings us everything."

Annette looked at him admiringly. "God sent them," she said. "Mamma told us that He sent everything. He's good to everybody. Come, let's put them in the play-house."

Sheltered in their peaceful, sunny corner of the black cliffs, the children played happily, and knew that God was good. The captain, swaying five fathom deep among the kelp and rockweed of the foam-covered reef, knew that God was just; but honest Romney, the mate, swaying five fathom deep by the captain's side—what was he to know?

The Educational Situation in the West

By James H. Canfield
President of Ohio University

WAR is not always an unmitigated evil. The results of a great conflict are more than public debt and private bereavement. Men cannot be cast into that fiery crucible and come out unchanged. Strife begets strength. The clash of steel may be the opening strains of the overture of a new drama more lofty in purpose and more perfect in setting than any that has preceded it. All this and more is especially true if the contest touches the field of morals. When it clearly possesses the power to warm the hearts of men, and stirs them to new and higher spiritual life, the contest becomes an epoch.

Such, unquestionably, was our Civil War. We are just beginning to realize how much we are indebted to that contest for the large and generous life, the magnificent enthusiasm, and the superb organization of the last years of the nineteenth century.

The war brought us a sense of equality which we had hardly known before; or which, if we had known it in a much earlier day, had begun to fade away. There is no such leveler as military discipline; and nothing makes more surely or rapidly for the true democratic spirit than community of life in the ranks of volunteers. When in the heat of strife one touches elbow with his brother and feels the thrill of satisfaction that comes from a knowledge of the presence of a fellow-man facing with him danger and death, all social distinctions and caste of birth or wealth disappear like the dew before the morning sun. The signal gun brought tens and hundreds of thousands from every rank and grade of society, and welded them all together in the white heat of a common purpose, a common hope, a common loyalty. Lawyers, carpenters, teachers, blacksmiths, artists, masons; the clerks from the stores, the more trusted employees from the counting-room, the workmen from the shops—all these were inevitably thrown together upon precisely the same footing, with no exemption from arduous toil or dangerous exposure because of any previous conditions in rank or station; all enlisting under the same banner, following the same leaders, and looking forward with the same high hope and lofty expectation to the same great end. It was the old, old story: "He who fights with me this day becomes my brother." In the midst of this equality men were taught again and again, by undaunted courage, by heroic effort, by

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the most unexpected manifestations of power, that the likeliest in America is still to be found in the unlikeliest spots.

Soon there came to the entire people of this country, both North and South, a new sense of unity of purpose. Whatever may have been our condition in this respect prior to this conflict, or however we may have seemed at times to depart from this since the close of the war, during the stress and strain of those terrible days there was a sudden overleaping of the bounds of municipal life, a sudden breaking down of all dividing walls, a sudden and complete forgetfulness of that which lay within the narrow circle of individual existence; and a broad and complete and hearty acceptance of one great thought, one great moral purpose, one mighty determination. The Union party which played such a powerful part in the political events of those stirring times was born of this new condition. The ease with which men who had been political enemies or commercial antagonists now worked together, tugging mightily at the great load of responsibility and anxiety and care that weighed upon the Nation, showed clearly enough the amalgamating power of this great conflict.

Almost for the first time in the history of this country came also an awakening to the power of combination, the value of co-operation. The beginnings of all modern economics and sociology are to be found in the period of our civil strife. Prior to that time we had taken for granted that the only power that would ever bring the world out of barbarism into civilization was competition—the tendency of every man to fly at the throat of his neighbor. The thought of service as being fundamental to real and lasting success in either the business or the professional world was almost unknown. The better thought of to-day, which makes competition mean a larger and more intelligent service to the community, in some given line, was not known. But the war quickened within us a clear understanding of the marvelous power of a people who will heartily unite in any given undertaking. The vast enterprises which must necessarily accompany a conflict like that were in themselves an education and an inspiration to all who touched them even remotely. We came to feel, finally, that a great and free people, intelligent in their choice of ends and means, could accomplish practically anything to which they gave their hearts, their time, and their strength.

And with this came a recognition of the helpfulness of the Government. Up to 1861 we had not been troubled with paternalism. In spite of the strongest of the old Federal doctrines, there was apparently very little sense of dependence upon the central government. We had much to say about individualism, about the power of the States as well as the rights of the States. We were rather proud, and perhaps rightly proud, of the fact that each community had very largely gone its own way and had very generally worked out its own salvation. But suddenly there was forced home upon us the conclusion that the General Government could be, not only a great power, but a very helpful contributor to the success of any great movement. That in the natural swing of the pendulum we may have gone too far is perhaps true. Yet it was worth much to us to secure a clear understanding of the forces that could be rallied around a central standard, and of the value of authority commensurate with responsibility. It is not too much to say that our whole thought of the place and value of the General Government radically changed from 1861 to 1865. National existence, in the true sense of the words, certainly dates from the Civil War.

The Civil War also bred within us a desire for great enterprises, and an appreciation of all that these enterprises demand, and all that they promise to ambitious men. There had been no movement since the Revolutionary conflict that could really be called great. In war or in peace, in commerce, in trade, even in the field of invention, we had shown ourselves tc be more than ordinarily brilliant. But suddenly we found stirred within us a new sense of power and a new and strong desire to take hold of large things in a large way. When the revenues and expenditures of a single month far outran those of a year in prior administrations; when manufacturing and the production of all that was needed for our maintenance during this great strife were pushed to the front under the spur of immediate and pressing demand; when it became necessary to master time and space and make the powers of earth and air subservient to the will of man—the awakening was simply marvelous. Men who in charge of brigades and divisions had moved great forces of men with enormous expenditures of money, or who in the administrative or commercial world, under the largest scheming, were spurred by necessity into a broader field of human effort

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than they had ever dreamed of entering before—these men could not go back quietly to the petty affairs of a petty life.

Well, it all came to an end so suddenly that we hardly knew when the day of peace dawned. It was more like the sudden flashing of the sun at noonday from the midst of clouds that had lain unbroken for four years. Up from the South came the regiments of those who had escaped sickness and death; those who had served their country and their age so gloriously were mustered out; and with mingled tears and laughter the Nation was at peace. What was to become of these men? In what direction were to set these mighty currents of new thought and new impulses? What was to gratify this new sense of new power? On the platform, from the pulpit, in the press, were words of wisdom and warning. Some anticipated tumult and lawlessness. The bravest and most philosophical could only say that they believed that the heart of the American people was sound and true, but could not venture the slightest hazard of prophecy as to what the result would be. These had been away from their home, away from their usual vocations, out of their accustomed places, for four long years. Others had stepped in and filled the decimated ranks of the local communities. There seemed no room for the million men who were to exchange the blue of the army for the homespun; who were to drop the sword and take up the hammer; who were to put pick on shoulder in place of rifle; who were to exchange for the direness of war all the arts and ways of peace. But the great West was open to these men. Crowded out at home or oppressed with a strange sense of the limitations of the old circles, the narrowness of the old paths, they turned toward the new country in which there was room for development and growth, for magnificent scheming and the grandest enthusiasm, in which there were still worlds to conquer, and in which the mightiest might find tasks that would call for all possible strength and power. Tempted by the cheapness of lands, by the Government grants, by the freedom of that life upon the quasi-frontier, rejoicing in the friendships which had been formed with Western men who poured into the armies from Western States as from no other section of the country (it will be remembered that, in proportion to the population, Kansas sent the largest number into the field, and Illinois stood second), the men of the Grand Army turned westward in a mighty current which spread out over the entire country beyond the Alleghanies. Consciously or unconsciously, they have played their part—not always wisely, perhaps, but always with spirit, with power, with enthusiasm, with self-sacrifice hitherto unknown in the history of any people.

These people felt, rather than clearly understood, that the one great factor in maintaining the equality, the community of purpose, the successful co-operation, the supremacy of law, and the success of all great enterprises was public intelligence. They could not be made to accept any basis of public prosperity less narrow, less sound, less durable, than the interest and effective co-operation of the people and of all the people. They were willing to follow wise leaders, but they were unwilling to accept dictation, and still more unwilling to be ignored or treated with indifference. They came to accept completely the truth of the statement that, in proportion as power is relegated to the people, and is to be held and administered by the people, popular intelligence must be advanced and strengthened. It was only natural, therefore, that in the West there should come to be a remarkable recognition of the part which had been played and the part that was to be played in all this by education. It was only natural that such a people, looking at life in such a way, should not be willing to accept anything less than public and free education—education as large and generous and inclusive as the State itself.

The West, in common with the entire country, had always known something of public schools. In the days of a sparse population, of restricted commerce, of small markets, of limited means of communication with the outside world, the district school seemed enough. In this new era of royal endeavor, these people felt that the district school would never make kingly citizens nor citizens kings. So there sprang up in all the Western States a system of public education which, while imperfect and as yet far from accomplishing all that has been desired or expected, is in its general outline one of the most typical of American movements. The general scheme of State education in the West recognizes sixteen years or grades. Of these, eight grades are in what are known as the primary schools—including the rural district schools and the primary grades of city schools; four are in the secondary schools, including the city, township, and county high schools,

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and the older free academies; and four are in the university—the years of which are nothing more than the last four grades of this public system. States that do not include within the university some form of normal and technical training have separate institutions covering these phases of education. All these schools are bound together under the general direction and supervision of State commissioners of education, and each grade is made to feel its dependence upon every other. Thus there is incentive and opportunity for every child of the State to pass by easy stages, in schools under popular control, from the lowest seat in a district or primary school to graduation from a university of high standing. This is Huxley's educational ladder—more effectually and completely reproduced in the Western States than in any other portion of this country.

It has taken nearly a generation to bring out both the defects and excellencies of this system, and to give to the system the impulse and incentive and support which can come only from the grateful hearts of those who have gone out to their places in the world from under such instruction. It has taken nearly a generation also to satisfy the people of the entire wisdom of this system; but there can be no further question as to the interest of the people and their enthusiasm in these educational provisions. This system is not something that has been thrust upon the Western public by a few designing men. It is not a hobby upon which some small segment of the public may successfully ride—it is the magnificent result of steady growth under steady and intelligent demand. It is no longer an experiment, for it stands upon the same ground as that occupied by all other institutions which are not in existence merely by express statute, but have arisen out of conditions and circumstances, and have arisen to serve these conditions and circumstances. The school work of the West has reached its present status by a gradual process of natural development.

And it has come to stay. No one claims that it is perfect. It will always be subject to modification and changes. It will grow with our growth. But as a public system, as contradistinguished from any and every form of private instruction; as a system organized by the State, maintained by the State, supervised by the State, and the wisest and surest means of self-preservation possessed by the State, it will remain. All its forms have such a thorough hold upon our people, all are so well understood in all their details, they have become such a part in our public life, they have been supported so long and so liberally by taxation, they have been sustained so triumphantly by all legal proceedings, and in their results they have proved in every respect such a good investment, that they have passed unchallenged to a place in our public policy. Whatever else may befall us in the uncertainties of our social and political life, and whatever else may come up for reconsideration, amendment, or repeal, there will never be a resubmission of the public-school question in the West.

The American people are peculiarly a practical people—a pocketbook people. They are not apt to continue from year to year expenditures which are not satisfactory to them. Very generally they ask, very shrewdly, regarding every public movement, "Does it pay?" There must be, then, intense satisfaction in this public-school work when the people of the West are willing to tax themselves for this work nearly as much, if not quite as much, as for all other purposes combined. The increase of the interest in public-school work, measured in this way, has been simply unparalleled. So, too, has their confidence been shown by their willingness to give their children these larger and better opportunities at great expense and with unusual sacrifice in the homes. The attendance upon public schools has increased much more rapidly than population; and the most noticeable fact is that the greatest proportionate increase has been along higher lines. The enrollment of public high schools during the last fifteen years has so far outstripped the enrollment in previous years as to make an illustrative chart almost impossible. The attendance upon State universities from 1880 to 1895 increased over three hundred per cent. The gain in equipment, expenditure, and educational force has been largely commensurate with this marvelous development of popular interest.

The limits of this article will not permit extended statistics; but a few illustrations of the growth of interest in secondary and higher education, and of the generosity of public and private purse, may not be out of place. The eloquent figures in the tables on the opposite page are taken from a large mass of information very kindly furnished to the writer during the last three months.

The action and reaction of the high

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schools upon the universities and of the universities upon the high schools have been very marked. Nothing so quickens in teacher and pupil, and through these within the general public, a proper appreciation of the form and scope and power of true education, nothing so kindles the aspirations of the community, as a constantly recognized contact with and participation in a properly constituted State system which insists quietly but constantly on high standards of excellence in its teaching force and in all its work. The effect of relationship runs through the entire system from top to bottom. There is constant incentive in every grade with every pupil and with every teacher, when the organization is complete and the relations of each grade and each teacher to the organization are clearly recognized. Take away this incentive, make the district school an end to itself, with no definite outlook beyond, make the high school the same, even make the university the same; and there come at once sluggishness and barren pride and very unproductive individualism. The growth of the high school has been quite as remarkable as that of the universities.

The tendency in the West is unquestionably towards public education. Yet the gifts of private individuals for such institutions as the Rose Polytechnic, at Terre Haute; DePauw University, at Greencastle (Indiana); the superb Lewis Institute (Chicago), and the new Bradley Institute (Peoria); and the con-

HIGHER EDUCATION

Institution.	Total Income.		Value of Educational Plant.		Students.		Instructors.	
	1880.	1897.	1880.	1897.	1880.	1897.	1880.	1897.
Armour Institute (Chicago)	.....	$100,000	.....	$1,500,000	....	1,148	..	60
California State University	$99,000	380,000	.....	2,113,546	268	1,500	35	100
Chicago University	.....	500,000	.....	8,000,000	....	2,132	..	180
Illinois State University	100,000	399,429	$600,000	1,338,512	400	1,075	40	87
Indiana State University	30,000	120,000	100,000	350,000	189	941	14	60
Indiana State Tech. (Purdue)	26,225	142,116	300,000	625,000	233	664	12	64
Iowa State University	52,510	148,376	208,000	625,000	557	1,334	42	102
Leland Stanford (California)	.....	180,000	.....	1,250,000	....	1,091	..	84
Michigan State University	296,000	422,000	812,000	1,875,000	1,427	2,975	51	121
Nebraska State University	25,000	189,000	305,000	1,000,000	348	1,653	13	104
Northwestern Univ. (Evanston, Ill.)	47,000	237,300	1,236,000	4,724,000	658	2,600	46	281
Oberlin (Ohio)	23,364	80,842	250,000	600,000	949	1,283	33	79
Ohio State University	46,636	200,000	500,000	2,445,000	217	1,019	22	78
Ohio Wesleyan (Delaware)	30,805	95,000	227,000	552,000	611	1,404	23	98
Wisconsin State	79,582	410,706	589,000	1,500,000	436	1,650	42	118

Armour Institute is but four years old, and hence has as yet no "past." The figures for California are for the academic departments only, and do not include the professional schools. Chicago University is another of the "new" institutions already old in resources and good in works. The statements for Illinois do not include the Schools of Medicine and of Pharmacy, which are located in Chicago. The number of instructors in the Michigan State University does not include a great number of assistants in laboratories and elsewhere, who give more or less instruction. In 1880 the Conservatory of Music at Oberlin was not in charge of the Trustees of the College.

The expression "educational plant" will be understood to mean buildings, equipment, and grounds used strictly for educational purposes, and does not include productive endowment.

SECONDARY EDUCATION

City.	Total Expenses.		Value of Educational Plant.		Pupils.		Instructors.	
	1880.	1897.	1880.	1897.	1880.	1897.	1880.	1897.
Chicago	$20,000	$453,331	$140,000	$1,132,965	1,460	8,838	12	276
Cleveland	30,571	105,880	132,467	387,122	1,045	3,037	..	...
Denver	5,040	41,500	20,000	1,000,000	137	1,120	5	45
Grand Rapids (Mich.)	11,220	40,497	85,000	157,000	331	1,191	..	...
Indianapolis	18,000	50,000	100,000	500,000	400	1,713	13	53
Kansas City	6,757	66,350	23,500	220,000	278	2,098	7	51
Minneapolis	16,412	121,000	87,000	400,000	407	2,369	9	104
Peoria (Ill.)	5,500	31,827	24,000	125,000	168	646	..	...
St. Louis	39,620	107,174	76,469	403,346	943	1,958	30	70
San Francisco	100,000	200,000	200,000	500,000	1,232	1,960	31	75
Topeka (Kan.)	2,000	14,000	7,000	100,000	70	537	2	15

It should be noted that the figures for Chicago include the English High School and the Manual Training School—each of high grade. The expense quoted for Cleveland is for instruction only. About half the value of plant in Denver is in the beautiful square upon which the High School stands. The figures for Indianapolis include the Industrial Training Schools—of high grade. The amounts for 1897 in St. Louis include the work, etc., of the Normal School, which is now in the same building with the High School, and under the same general management.

In these statements, as in those for Higher Education, the earlier amounts are sometimes estimates; but they have been carefully prepared for this article by gentlemen in official position in the institutions named.

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stant loyalty of the various denominations to their several colleges—aside from the instances mentioned in the tables here given—all testify to the deep and abiding confidence of good men and women in the regenerating power of higher culture and sound training. So, too, it is noteworthy that even in the West, where the spirit of materialism is supposed to be peculiarly rampant, the humanities are holding their own with technical or more "practical" work. The courses in the latter are more and more recognizing the desirability and necessity of a broad and sound foundation upon which to build, and are so shaping both matter and method that that which formerly was thought to bring nothing but technical skill is now resulting in some of the best-trained minds in the young life of the country.

All this advance is having its effect upon the lower schools. There has been great change in the material conditions under which elementary education is carried forward, in equipment, and in methods. In nearly every Western State there is a definite effort to secure better and more efficient organization of the entire educational force of the State; to enforce some system in the grading of lower schools; to secure some uniformity (not identity) in text-books and courses; to increase the preparation of the teacher; to add to the effectiveness of superintendence. The number of teachers' organizations is constantly increasing, and membership and better work keep pace with this. All through the West there is constant discussion of educational themes, and with more and more breadth and intelligence. There is no section of the Union in which there is more intellectual activity in these directions, and the end is not yet.

The people of the West are evidently determined that education shall be of the people, and by the people, and for the people. They do not believe that the public school is yet quite good enough for any, but as far as it goes they are determined to make it good enough for all. They propose to make all history and rich experience of the past a common heritage, as far as education can accomplish this. They desire to lift every child of the State out of the mire of ignorance and put his feet on the broad and sure highway of intelligence. They will furnish opportunity and incentive, and, having done this, they place the responsibility for results elsewhere than upon themselves. They are determined that education shall be a power to unite the people rather than to divide them. They desire that all may find possible that large and intelligent service of their fellow-men which alone makes life worth the living—which alone is life.

Correspondence

The Civil Service

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the issue of The Outlook for November 26, in an editorial reference to the expected Executive order exempting certain positions and classes of positions from the operation of the civil service rules, the following appears:

> We speak of this as an apprehension, but not because we are devoted to the Civil Service Law in its present form, or regard it as embodying the best possible ideal for securing the best possible men in the public service. We do not wonder that heads of departments are sometimes out of patience with a system which hampers them in the selection of their subordinates, and which implies a deep distrust of their purpose to secure the best men for the work to be done.

I fear that, unwittingly, you have given a false impression as to the nature of the Civil Service Law. It is granted that the existing system may measure more or less short of the ideal. The most that is claimed for it is that it is immeasurably superior to the system it replaced; that it has increased the efficiency of every branch to which it has been faithfully applied; and that it has saved many millions of dollars to the public treasury. It can hardly be said, however, in the sense you have in mind, that it "hampers" appointing officers, or that it implies any unusual or unwarranted "distrust of their purpose to secure the best men for the work to be done." Undoubtedly it is an interference with the free selection of subordinates for political purposes; but that, I take it, is not what you mean. When the purpose is to select for fitness only, the rules *aid* the officer; they never hamper him.

The candidates eligible for appointment are, in the first place, those whose particular

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qualifications for the position to be filled have been tested in a practical and strict examination. The officer is not restricted to a choice of one of these, but is permitted to select from among the three who are graded highest. The person selected serves for a probationary term of six months before the appointment is made absolute, and if he possesses any quality affecting his fitness, not disclosed in the examination, it is apt to appear during this actual service. Even after appointment the employee may be dismissed practically in the discretion of the superior, the only limitation being that the reasons for the dismissal shall not be political, and that they must be filed in writing and an opportunity afforded for a personal explanation. Is it to be conceived that such a plan will have in it any embarrassment to the officer whose sole desire is to secure and retain the services of the best fitted?

The suggestion that the competitive system contains in it the implication of distrust is hardly reasonable, either. A general law affecting every officer alike, from the highest to the lowest, in the service of the Government, cannot be said to imply distrust of the individual. It is to be borne in mind, also, that one object sought is to give to every citizen an equal opportunity to enter the public service on his merits—a thing that the competitive plan, only, permits.

It is generally understood that under the so-called "spoils system," existing prior to the passage of the Civil Service Law, public officers were frequently disposed, and often compelled, to make appointments for reasons other than those having to do with the fitness of the candidate or the needs of the service. The same difficulty existed elsewhere, and the United States merely followed the lead of other civilized governments in passing restrictive laws designed to end these practices and to establish an orderly in place of a disorderly plan. It is hardly more reasonable to say that the motives of particular officers or classes of officers are suspected than it would be to hold that our election laws impugn the honesty of individual voters, or that there is an insult of some sort involved in asking a public functionary to take an oath of office.

I appreciate that the attitude of The Outlook is favorable to the civil service reform, and that you have been opposed to any recession from the advanced ground that reform has taken. The details in immediate question are, however, of considerable relative importance, and if space may be given to these reflections I shall be much indebted.

GEORGE MCANENY.

National Civil Service Reform League,
New York City.

An Important Work

To the Editors of The Outlook:

After much money and toil spent on wrong lines, we have at last learned that no race whatever is exempt from the conditions of human nature in general. All success in race education has this fact for its foundation. In taking away the independence of the Indian and giving him dole, we did the thing as truly fatal to him as it would have been to the Anglo-Saxon. That the Indian has "kicked" at his treatment only proves in him an affinity to us founded in human nature. The remedy that we have largely acted upon—taking away the dole—is, if done alone, only greater injustice. We took land; in restoration we must give the freedom of the country, with citizenship. We took independence; we must give back the opportunity for self-support. We have come to see that we shall never get rid of the Indian until we are just to him. There is only one way to get him off our hands—to get him upon his own feet.

To do this so far as it is able, and to stimulate others also to the work, is the endeavor of the Indian Industries League. Its specific objects are, "to open individual opportunities of work to individual Indians," and "to build up self-supporting industries in Indian communities."

It now desires to put up, on land adjoining their reservation, a building for the Navajo women living on the San Juan River, and under the charge of Mrs. Mary L. Eldridge, field matron and also missionary. In such building Mrs. Eldridge could employ them in weaving the Navajo rugs. But especially would she teach these women, for whom nothing has yet been done, how to use the knitting-machine, the simple hand-loom, the sewing-machine. Such work would enable them to use the wool of their sheep more profitably than at present. It would also train them in regularity of occupation, and, perhaps best of all, into the perception that they can do something which has not yet been done among them—a stepping out into new possibilities; and, as in the old proverb, it is the first step that costs. It is proposed to begin this work upon a small scale and

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in the very simplest way, and progress only as fast as success will warrant. The money needed for this one-room building is two hundred and fifty dollars, exclusive of furnishing. A part has been given to the League; the remainder is earnestly desired, so that the building may be begun at once, when the work will cost less than in the spring.

The very beautiful lace made by the Indian women, under the tuition of Miss Sybil Carter, is well known. This lace is of a quality acceptable to ladies who appreciate the best. The work, if encouraged, will become an industry supporting many of these women, to whom the little money which they can earn is the bridge from discouragement and despair to hopeful living and perceptibly better homes. "What is there to do out here in the woods?" cried one of them. And Miss Carter's lace-work answered her. Miss Carter has applied to the League for aid in carrying on her work.

To meet these and other calls, the Indian Industries League asks for contributions of money, and for an accession of members, not only for greater financial strength, but also for greater influence. The fee for membership is only one dollar a year. The Secretary will gladly answer questions in regard to the League and its management. Contributions and membership fees may be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. James C. Fisk, 32 Quincy Street, Cambridge, Mass., or to the Secretary,

FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.

700 Commonwealth Ave., Newton Centre, Mass.

Agricultural Co-operation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am again indebted to The Outlook for generous words of appreciation, and for help in bringing to the notice of the public a subject which I hope it will consider of great importance. I want to increase my obligation to you by asking you to give me an opportunity of correcting the impression of the reviewer of "Industrial Copartnership" that my chapters with regard to agricultural co-operation are written at "second hand." In the preparation of these chapters I made long journeys in England, Ireland, and Scotland, went into the fields, walked through the piggeries, the greenhouses, and the creameries, had personal interviews with bailiffs and managers, besides attending meetings of the co-operative farmers. I think this can fairly be described as investigation at first hand. I can see that a reviewer could easily have been led to suppose otherwise from the copious use I make of documentary corroboration, but it seemed to me better to do this than to give details of my personal movements from place to place.

I am firm in my belief that agricultural co-operation is the most important of the new developments of the movement in England. It was for that reason—because it is both the newest and most important—that I gave it the first place. The fact that it is not in the hands of the belated agricultural laborers themselves may be regrettable, but is, after all, only a repetition of the evolution of commercial and productive co-operation itself. The co-operative stores were started by workingmen, as these farms are now being started by co-operative storekeepers. Agricultural co-operation is now in the stage in which distributive co-operation was in its early days, the phase of more failures than successes, and the phase in which it still needs the help of leaders; but the plant has, I believe, unmistakably got root, and is going to be a very large and fruitful tree. In default of initiative on the part of agricultural laborers, co-operative farms are being organized by the class who have co-operative initiative and experience, and I think it a most happy fact that this is so. It is along these lines of least resistance that agriculture can most easily and quickly be lifted out of its present primitive condition industrially, and brought to its place in the list of the highly organized industries of the world. And as agriculture is the most important of all industries, this seemed to me the weightiest thing I saw in Great Britain.

H. D. LLOYD.

Mexi-Americans

To the Editors of The Outlook:

While public opinion is formulating the future of the Philippines it may be well to study an object-lesson in race-absorption presented in the Territory of New Mexico.

Before the recent election the daily papers of Albuquerque displayed the party tickets for Bernalillo County, the list of Republican candidates containing fourteen names of Spanish derivation to seven of English, and the Democratic list thirteen Spanish to eight English; the proportion of leaders thus indicated being in about the same ratio as the original speech of the voters. Among the candidates there are many names strange to one who does not speak Spanish, from

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that of Pedro Perea, for delegate to Congress, to Jesus Arnijo y Jaramillo, for school superintendent.

The people of Spanish names and speech resent the name Mexican, generally applied to them, and the politicians, therefore, call them natives; which is fair enough, for their ancestry dates in the Territory for three centuries. Think of New Englanders or Pennsylvanians whose American lineage dates much later being called Englishmen! If it is true, as claimed, that these natives are of two-thirds Aztec ancestry, they may well be considered as native Americans. "A legend of the Aztecs relates that during their wanderings their god of war declared that they should no longer bear the name Aztec, but should take instead that of Mexi."

For over fifty years—since the acquisition of the Territory—these so-called Mexicans have been citizens of the United States. They proved their loyalty in the Civil War by active support of the Government; and now they divide on political issues, understandingly, like other citizens. The general wish of the people of the Territory is for Statehood, and no concern is shown because of the large preponderance of the native vote.

The fact is that these native people present the political paradox so strikingly stated by James Bryce, that safety is to be found in dependence upon the ultimate judgment of the humbler portion of humanity in deciding general questions of government. In comparison with the men from the "States" they are humble in appearance and conduct, and impatience is shown by employers at their slowness of thought and action. At the same time it is recorded that "the New Mexicans of Spanish descent are among the most honest-dealing people of the world." This one virtue alone is an offset to many shortcomings.

That greatest of all absorbing agencies, the free district school, has been established within a decade, and favorable testimony is given as to the brightness of the young Mexi-American children. May we not expect that this institution will bring the needed awakening here as it has elsewhere?

One lesson which the recent history of New Mexico should teach Americans is that if they agree to the annexation of countries inhabited by people of other tongues, they should give up the unreasoning and unjust race prejudice to which they have yielded so readily heretofore, and, by doing so, save much time and trouble in the task they have undertaken. Even though we have helped to give people the right to life and liberty, we should not quarrel with or despise them because they do not pursue happiness as energetically as we do, or exactly by our methods. If prejudice is cast aside and note made of the good things said by others of our new or prospective citizens, we will find an unexpected aggregate of the well-meaning qualities which, under favorable political conditions, make for peace and prosperity.

H. G.

Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Kindly give your judgment on the Greek of the following New Testament text. 1. Could not Matthew xxviii., 1, be translated as follows: "At the end of the sabbaths, as it began to dawn toward the first of the sabbaths, came Mary," etc., meaning at the end of the old Jewish series and the beginning of the new Christian series? The above is certainly the literal. 2. Do not Luke xxiv., 1, and John xx., 1, 19, sustain this view? and Mark xvi., 2, 9, except inasmuch as it uses singular instead of plural? 3. Is it not noteworthy that the New Testament writers always call Resurrection Day Sabbath except in Revelation i., 10? Is not this sufficient Biblical ground for calling Sunday Sabbath? And does it not leave Sabbatarians without Biblical grounds for calling Saturday Sabbath? 4. In James ii., 10, should not "*law*" be supplied, if any word is needed, instead of the italicized word "*point*"? 5. Is the name Saturday in any sense a corruption or derivation of σάββατον, as is stated in the Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia? 6. In Matthew xxviii., 1, the plural τῶν σαββάτων might be regarded a Hebraism if Matthew alone used it, but Luke and John were not so much given to Hebraisms. It is a difficult task to substitute "week" for "Sabbath," with one or two exceptions in the Bible, until it refers to the Resurrection Day, and then week is regularly substituted. Why is this? These questions are suggested in Chapter VII. of Dr. M. C. Briggs's book "The Sabbath: What? Why? How?"

R. P. S.

1 and 2. In Matthew xii., 1 and 2, the plural form, used in xxviii., 1, is seen to be equivalent to the singular. It is inconceivable that Matthew, which is pre-eminently the Jewish Christian Gospel, could have written with the meaning you suggest. 3. According to the other Gospels, the resurrection took

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place "when the Sabbath was past," "on the first day of the week." We find no warrant for your s atement. 4. No; according to the grammars, such a word as "part" is to be supplied in such an ellipsis. 5. No; Saturday means "Saturn's day." It is the German name for the day, *Samstag*, which the authority you refer to regards as connected with σάββατον. 6. We cannot agree with you. There is good authority for translating Matthew xxviii., 1, "At the end of the week, as it began to dawn to the first of the week."

1. Kindly give a short list of books (if possible with names of publishers and prices) treating on Life after Death. 2. Is there any generally accepted interpretation for 1 Peter iii., 19, which says that Christ "preached to the spirits in prison"? What is your opinion of the text? 3. In Mark xi., 24, "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them." (R. V.) Is this promise literally true? That is, will the prayer of faith avail in changing the will of God in granting to us *all* our desires? 4. What is a good book on the Philosophy of Prayer?

T. W. P.

1. "Salvator Mundi" and "Beyond the Shadow" (T. Whittaker, New York, about $1.25 each); Petavel's "Problem of Immortality" (Woodman, Boston, 75 cents). 2. This is still in controversy. To us the obvious meaning is that Christ proclaimed his Gospel to sinners in durance in the world of departed spirits. 3. We understand it as literally true *from Jesus's point of view.* He contemplated prayer for definite objects, not as offered for any merely personal ends, but with a dominating reference to the advancement of the kingdom of God. Prayer for things personal to us must, therefore, if it comes within the range of his promise, seek its object as auxiliary to the main interests of the kingdom. "All things whatsoever" are certainly not promised to all sorts of prayer, but only to prayer in the spirit of Christ, and only in subordination to the interests uppermost in the spirit of Christ. In the answer this subordination will, of course, be maintained, as in the prayer. But we are not to think of prayer as "changing the will of God," or trying to get him to do our will; it is rather an endeavor to link our will to his will, that his will may be done, and it is not done any further than as men co-operating with him do it. 4. There is no quite satisfactory book on this subject. The best things on it were said long ago by Dr. F. H. Hedge, in his "Reason in Religion" (American Unitarian Association, Boston, about $1.50). See also a paper in the "Forum," May, 1897, "Fallacies Concerning Prayer."

1. I am interested in the newer interpretation of the Atonement put forward by the modern school of thinkers, but do not see how this is made to agree with certain passages in the Scripture which directly suggest that Christ died to satisfy divine justice. How is 1 John iv., 10, for instance, explained? 2. Is there any one book in which I can find the various scenes in Old Testament and subsequent religious history described as revivals of religion, with an explanation of their causes and effects? I refer to such scenes as Joshua at Ebal and Gerizim. 3. Can you tell me where the paper called "The Kingdom" is published, and what is its nature? 4. Do you know of any work or works that will give me the trend of modern theological thought, not only the tendencies of the denominations individually, but the general trend of thought among the Christian Churches as a whole? Among the denominations, I should especially like to inform myself concerning the present position and tendencies of the Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Protestant Episcopal.

C. B. W.

1. The "propitiation" here referred to must be understood as the satisfaction of conscience as God's representative within us. For a full treatment of such passages see "The Divine Satisfaction" (Whittaker, New York, 40 cents). 2. We cannot think of any exactly of this sort. A more profitable sort of book is Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile" (Putnams, New York, about $1.25). 3. At Minneapolis; devoted to Social Christianity. 4. We published an article on this subject, "Progressive Orthodoxy," September 27, 1897. "The New Puritanism" (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York) deals with the forward movement in theology, without describing the extent to which it is effective in the several denominations.

1. Is there a magazine that gives a résumé of theological thought and current literature on theological subjects, in Great Britain? If so, where can it be obtained? 2. Please name the two ablest theological quarterlies or magazines published in England, and where to be obtained.

H. D. B.

1. No, at least not except in an occasional article. 2. The "Church Quarterly Review" (£1 yearly), representing the Anglican Church; "The Expositor" (12 shillings yearly), representing the other Churches. We believe that the former can be supplied by James Pott & Co., and the latter by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Please inform me where can the quotation, "Captive of my bow and spear," be found?

T. W. B.

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For the Little People

Dreamland

By Anne Hempstead Branch

"I wish I could go to the wonderful land
Where the dream-folk travel," said he.
"I would sail in a boat till it grated the sand
That reaches down to the sea.
And the dear dream-people would laugh and sing,
And give me my choice of everything,
And maybe sometime they would make me king—
Oh, mother, how nice it would be!
But I'd always come back, dear mother-my-own,
If I knew the way," said he.

"And if I came back all glitter and gold
From the wonderland over the sea,
Do you think you would know me, so gallant and bold,
For your own little lad?" said he.
"If I came like a Prince, for a great surprise,
Would you guess it was I, in such strange disguise?
But I'd climb in your lap and I'd kiss your eyes
Until you began to see!
Do you think you would know me, O mother-my-own,
For your own little lad?" said he.

"The Original Brownies"

By J. A. Cruzan

Had the children known that Hawaii was the original home of the Brownies, they would all, without doubt, have favored annexation. But the Brownies the children of America know so well are very different from the Hawaiian pygmies. This, perhaps, is owing to these queer little people having become such great travelers under the lead of Mr. Palmer Cox.

These original Brownies were called Menehune, from their father, Menehune, who was the son of Nuu, the Hawaiian Noah. They were all hard-working little fellows; there was not a dude, nor a policeman, nor a Chinaman among them. They are thought by some to have been the original inhabitants of these islands, who were compelled to give way to the larger, stronger men of the present Hawaiian race. These little people took refuge in the mountains, where they live in the dense tropic forests.

While many persons can hear them passing and the hum of their voices, these Hawaiian Brownies are invisible to every one except their own descendants, of whom there are, or were, a few among the present race of Hawaiians. Like Mr. Cox's Brownies, whatever work they do must be finished in one night. Their motto is, "*He ho hookahi, a ao ua pau.*" (In one night and by dawn it is finished.)

Here are a few Brownie stories:[1]

PI'S WATERCOURSE AND FISH-POND

Pi, an ordinary Hawaiian, wanted an irrigating ditch from the Waimea River to his *kuliana* (farm) near Kikialoa, Kauai. Having marked the place for the dam and the route of the ditch, Pi went into the mountains and ordered the Menehune to do the work. The obedient Brownies in one night gathered and cut the stones. Then, on the night Pi had ordered the building to be done, he went to the spot where the dam was to be built, and waited. In the dead of night he heard the noise and hum of voices, and legions of Menehune came, one following the other, each bearing a stone; every stone fitted exactly in its place; the river was dammed; the stone *auwai* (watercourse) was laid to Pi's *kuliana* long before the break of day. Pi served the hard-working little fellows a generous feast, and at dawn the Menehune returned to the mountains very well satisfied.

Many Hawaiians think this story must be true, for the stone watercourse at Kikiaola still exists.

Pi, the lazy fellow, had succeeded so well with his *auwai* that he thought he might get a fish-pond in the same way. But, like many other men, he was too grasping. He ordered the Menehune to build the pond, on a certain night, at a certain place. They obeyed, and again came along lines of Brownies, each bearing a stone. But Pi had marked out such an enormous pond that, though the work was begun before midnight, and though

[1] For the facts in these stories I am indebted to an interesting article printed in "Thrum's Annual," written by Mr. Nakuina, a native Hawaiian.

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the Brownies worked as never Brownies did before or since, when the cocks began to crow the walls of the pond were not finished. The Menehune, dripping with perspiration, fled back to the mountains.

The fish-pond has remained unfinished to this day, which served Pi right.

LAKA'S CANOE

On the island of Maui lived a chief, who had an only son called Laka-a-Wahieloa. We will call him Laka, "for short." He was greatly loved by his parents, and was under the special care of his grandmother. His father went to Hawaii to get a new toy for his son, and was killed and his body hidden in a cave. When Laka was grown, he resolved to search for his father. His grandmother told him: "Go to the mountains and look for a tree with leaves shaped like the moon; such is the tree for a canoe." Laka found the tree with the moon-shaped leaves, and, beginning early in the morning, worked so hard that by sunset he had cut it down. Returning next morning, he could not find his fallen tree, and so he cut down another, but with the same result. Several times Laka was thus tricked, but, acting on the advice of his grandmother, before cutting another tree he dug a deep ditch, and cut the tree so that it would fall into it. When the tree was in the ditch Laka hid beside it and waited. About midnight there was a humming noise, and soon the place was filled with Brownies, who laid hold of the tree and tried to lift it out of the ditch. Laka caught two of the little fellows who were directing the work, but all the others ran away. Laka threatened to kill his prisoners for the trouble they had caused him. They were greatly alarmed, and promised him, if he would release them and go to his home and build a shed by the seashore, they would make the canoe for him and put it in the shed. Laka built the shed, and, going to the mountains, he found a very large and beautiful canoe. He returned home and prepared a feast for the Brownies, which he spread in one end of the shed. That night there was the hum of voices, and the great canoe was carried (not dragged) down the mountain and put in the shed. The Menehune had a good time at Laka's feast and then returned to the mountains.

The hole dug by Laka, into which the tree fell, is said to still exist, and the foundation of the great shed remained for many years, but now it is plowed up. Whether Laka ever found his father or not, the story does not say.

THE BROWNIES AS TEMPLE-BUILDERS

Unlike Mr. Cox's Brownies, the Menehune were quite religious. They are said to have built several temples.

The Hawaiian *heiau* (temple) was a large stone pen. The walls were from ten to fifteen feet high, and about fifteen feet thick at the base and eight feet thick at the top.

A temple was to be built in Kohala. The stone had to be brought from a valley twelve miles distant. The legend says that the Menehune formed a line from the valley to the site of the temple, and, like an old-fashioned fire-brigade, passed the stones from hand to hand to the builders. Thus in one night the great *heiau* was built.

The people of Pepeekeo, Hilo, had worked for weeks to gather the stone to build a *heiau*, and were to begin the building the next day. That night the Menehune built it.

On Molokai the leper settlement is on a tongue of land thrust into the sea. Where it joins the mainland there is a great mountain wall with a sheer precipice nearly two thousand feet high. On the face of the precipice there is an inaccessible ledge of rock, with the great cliff above and below it. On this ledge is a *heiau*, said to be built of stone from the seashore. No one has ever been able to reach it, from above or below. The story is that the Menehune built it for their own use.

Hilo, Hawaii.

About Fathers

When fathers jump up and they holler,
"Here, Jim! you rascal, you scamp!"
And hustle you round by the collar,
And waggle their canes and stamp,

You can laugh right out at the riot—
They like to be sassed and dared;
But when they say, "James," real quiet—
Oo—oo—that's the time to be scared!

—*St. Nicholas.*

Winter Jewels

A million little diamonds
Twinkled in the trees,
And all the little children said,
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

—*From Songs and Games for Little Ones.*

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Books and Authors

Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis"[1]

Writers on Rome might be divided into two general classes: those enamored of her beautiful ghosts; and those who sit in judgment upon her ruins—the archæological coroners of a dead yet immortal city.

Mr. Marion Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis" is the book of a lover of Rome. However great his knowledge of her antiquities—and with these he has had an intimate acquaintance since childhood—his story of her ageless romance is the fruit of fascination. "But she is a well-loved woman, whose dear face is drawn upon a man's heart, by the sharp memory of a cruel parting, line for line, shadow for shadow, look for look, as she was when he saw her last." This sensitive affection for the many-souled city transforms her ruined records into a living drama. Mr. Crawford has been able to do what would be well-nigh impossible for the archæologist to do in the same compass—to cover the ground of Roman history from Romulus to Leo XIII. "Unless one have half a lifetime to spend in patient study and deep research," he writes, "it is better, if one come to Rome, to feel much than to try and know a little; for in much feeling there is more human truth than in that dangerous little knowledge which dulls the heart and hampers the clear instincts of natural thought."

The first four chapters of the book are devoted to the Making of the City, the Empire, the City of Augustus, and the Middle Age. Fourteen chapters following describe the fourteen Regions of Mediæval Rome, corresponding somewhat to modern wards. The chapters on the Regions are followed by three on Pope Leo XIII., the Vatican, and St. Peter's, and so the series is complete.

The satisfactory character of the entire work is due to the author's treatment of his subject. The whole of Rome can be mirrored only in the heart. Mr. Crawford's narrative is dramatic and human, as befits the world's love-story. He writes, not of the stones of Rome, but of the men who made her eternal: the Cæsar who created the imperial ideal; the Pope who took Cæsar's place; the stern fathers who made the Empire possible; the nobles whose gorgeous sins painted Rome with the iridescence of decay; the nameless innocents who were laid asleep in her subterranean passages to await the revelation of a fairer city. She is to him what Mona Lisa was to Pater, an embodiment "of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions." Her romance begins with the lives of a few wanderers from the Alban Mountains, "rough, rugged, young with the terrible youth of those days, and wise only with the wisdom of nature." When they reach seven low hills by a turbid river, "they encamp and they dig a trench and build huts. Pales, protectress of flocks, gives her name to the Palatine Hill. Rumon, the flowing river, names the village Rome, and Rome names the leader Romulus, the Man of the River, the Man of the Village by the River." Even in these dim scenes there is always one man who emerges from the throng and is remembered. Mr. Crawford throws the high light upon the actor rather than upon his background. Now it is Horatius, now Lucretia, now Virginius and his daughter in the Forum.

"Alexander left chaos behind him; Cæsar left Europe." Mr. Crawford writes of Julius Cæsar with an enthusiasm and a freshness of treatment that re-create the subject. In the chapter on the City of Augustus he interprets the Augustan age, or a prominent phase of it, through the elegant and self-conscious Horace. He relates the story of Horace and the Bore with much dramatic humor. "Any one may see just how it happened, and many know exactly how Horace felt from the moment when the Bore buttonholed him, at the corner of the Julian Basilica, till his final deliverance, near the corner of the Triumphal Road, which is now the Via di San Gregorio."

The fourteen chapters on the Regions are a rich condensation of the life of mediæval and Renaissance Rome. "Every stone has tasted blood, every house has had its tragedy, every shrub and tree and blade of grass and wild flower has sucked life from death and blossoms on a grave." The very stones of the streets had indeed been "molten lava," the hot passions of two thousand years making at last only a chill pavement for the feet

[1] *Ave Roma Immortalis: Studies from the Chronicles of Rome.* By Francis Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company, New York. Two Volumes. $6.

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of strangers. On the site of the Forum the citizens from the politically opposed Regions of Monti and Trastevere fought bloody battles with stones on appointed feast-days. The Region of Trevi is eloquent of the fierce deeds of the Colonna family, always at war with the Orsini. Their warriors are now forgotten, but the gentle memory of their kinswoman Vittoria remains, linked forever with that of Michelangelo. Mr. Crawford writes justly of their grave friendship, exonerating them from the commonplaceness of passion. With dramatic picturesqueness he tells the story of another and far different woman—Vittoria Accoramboni—the beautiful, baleful White Devil of Italy, whose life is the subject of the sinister play by Webster. Her name is associated with the Region of Ponte. In that same Region another golden-haired woman, but of white memory, met her death—Beatrice, daughter of Francesco Cenci. The palace of their family still stands in the Region of Regola, "a gloomy place, . . . one might guess that a dead man's curse hangs over it, without knowing how Francesco died." Near it is the little church of Sant' Angelo in Pescheria, where Rienzi held his Vigil of the Holy Ghost. Mr. Crawford portrays his character, and gives a short, vivid outline of his life, that would well bear amplifying in a novel. Throughout these chapters on the Regions are rich scenes which seem like a page from fiction. The style of the book is warm and brilliant, sometimes producing a glow of color, as in the description of the fatal supper in the garden of the Villa Negroni, where the beautiful Vanozza sat with her two sons, Gandia and Cæsare Borgia. The picture is full of heat and light and perfume and evil mystery.

But there are other memories than those of crime in the haunted streets and in the sweet, ancient gardens. In the Region of Trastevere stands the Monastery of Sant' Onofrio, where weary Tasso came to end his strange, unhappy life. "It was far from the streets and thoroughfares in olden times, and the quiet sadness of its garden called up the infinite melancholy of the poor poet, who drew his last breath of the fresh open air under the old tree at the corner, and saw Rome the last time as he turned and walked painfully back to the little room where he was to die." In the same Region Raphael passed from the Vatican to the house of the Fornarina, by the gate of the Holy Spirit—from a heavenly art to an over-bright earthly love. The peace of art brooded always in the churches of Rome, even while her streets were hot with blood. In writing of the artists whose names are forever associated with Trastevere, Mr. Crawford is led to contrast the age that produced them with the present century, finding that modern education which tends to crush individuality, favors the growth of science alone, and science is made to serve the financial spirit. "In old times, when a discovery was made, men asked, 'What does it mean? To what will it lead?' Now the first question is, 'What will it be worth?' This does not detract from science, but it shows the general tendency of men's thoughts, and it explains why there are no artists like Michelangelo, nor literary men like Shakespeare, in our times."

Mr. Crawford's opinions on this and other subjects, though given with a certain nonchalance, add to the interest of his Rome to those who know him only as a novelist. He defends the Jesuits in a strong paragraph, though he cites a humorous legend to show in what discredit they are held in Rome.

In the chapter on Leo XIII. Mr. Crawford draws a well-balanced picture of the Pope and his surroundings. The chapter on St. Peter's closes the book. From the dome of the greatest church in Christendom "you look down on what ruled half the world by force for ages, and on what rules the other half to-day by faith. . . . A thousand volumes have been written about it by a thousand wise men. A word will tell what it has been—the heart of the world."

Poets and Theology[1]

"The Great Poets and Their Theology," by Augustus Hopkins Strong, President of the Rochester Theological Seminary, which we very briefly referred to when it appeared, deserves special commendation for its merits as a popular introduction to the study of the greatest poets, ancient and modern. Acting, consciously or not, on the classic Roman rule that a dinner-party should not consist of fewer than the Graces or more than the Muses, Dr. Strong has bidden nine to his board—Homer, Virgil, Dante; Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe; Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson. His aim is simply to introduce to them the stranger who desires to profit by

[1] *The Great Poets and Their Theology.* By A. H. Strong. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. $2,50.

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the acquaintance. One, therefore, does not look to him for the subtleties of criticism, but simply for the outlines of good information. This is what the reader will find—a book of first lessons in this department of literature. As such, it is so well conceived and executed that many who already know something of the subjects will find it instructive to them. Devotees of Browning will be edified by Dr. Strong's account of his conversion to their faith. We commend particularly the chapter on Dante, too long depreciated among Protestants, because misunderstood. We think Dr. Strong has used the wrong word in saying that the work of Homer has "possibly" been added to; undoubtedly it has been. The only other word of criticism that we care to set down is that the great poets are not permitted to testify of their theology without rather more of rebuttal from the modern orthodox side than seems to be called for in a work of this kind. This, however, though less to our liking, will doubtless be to many an additional recommendation.

University Problems [1]

Under this title President Gilman has included a half-score of addresses, given for the most part at university seats during the past twenty-five years. Some of these are largely historical, and deal with problems solved or in a fair way to be, as his inaugurals before the University of California in 1872 and before the Johns Hopkins University in 1876, his semi-centennial address before the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale in 1897, and his paper on "Modern Progress in Medicine," given at Hartford in 1898. Others treat such fundamental themes as "The Utility of Universities," "The Characteristics of a University," and "Higher Education in the United States." All are characterized by the broad and clear vision, the grasp of principles and attention to details, the perspicacity, vigor, and sound sense which Dr. Gilman so amply exhibits in his high office.

In our country there are universities and universities, some in reality and some in name, differing as much as a captain in the regular army and a captain of the militia. It is the problems of the genuine university with which Dr. Gilman is concerned. One of these is sectarianism. In foresight of the projects now taking form at Washington in this direction, he said at Harvard in 1886, "It would be a misfortune and an injury, as I believe, to the religious progress of the country if each of the denominations into which the evangelical world is divided were to aim at the maintenance of a university under its own sectarian name." Related to this, and also to other interests, is the problem of endowments. Few rather than many universities is our need, says Dr. Gilman, "but we need them strong." Local or individual ambitions, as well as sectarian rivalry, tend to scattering and weakness, while a wise enlargement of existing foundations will do more good than thrice the expenditure upon new ones.

Shall we favor the establishment of a National University at Washington? Dr. Gilman evidently does not, but proposes an alternative plan—simply to enlarge the operations of the Smithsonian Institution so as to include certain specific courses of instruction and research, open to all persons giving proof of fitness to pursue them. Thus a learned society exactly answering to the classical idea of a university may be developed around the nucleus now existing "with less friction, less expense, less peril, and with the prospect of more permanent and widespread advantages to the country than by a dozen denominational seminaries, or one colossal University of the United States." Eminently wise as is this expert advice, we fear it is wasted on those who are hankering for something big, and for the distinction gained by pushing it.

On the problem of the higher education of women Dr. Gilman reserves his judgment, while stating the different views with the intimation that the last word has not yet been said, and that the development, around some existing college for women, of a woman's university is "not impossible nor undesirable." As regards the problem of residence, he is not satisfied either with the dormitories or the lack of them, and looks forward to the evolution of student homes "with many of those charms which made conventual and subsequently collegiate life attractive."

While Dr. Gilman repeatedly declares that the ancient definition, *Societas magistrorum et discipulorum* (a union of masters and pupils), is all that is essential to the idea of a university, he insists on the distinctive features by which such a union bespeaks fidelity to its ideal, such as zeal for the advancement of learning and for the discovery and encour-

[1] *University Problems in the United States* By Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., President of the Johns Hopkins University. (The Century Company, New York.)

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agement of unusual talent, devotion to literature, the defense of ideality, a high standard of professional learning, and the cultivation of a spirit of repose. In his address at the inauguration of President Wilson, at Washington and Lee University, he names as the four university watchwords, "Letters, Science, Christianity, Politics." The university "looks forward to the simplification of religious faith, and the supremacy of those Christian doctrines which transcend denominations and sects." It is also "bound to study the functions of the State and the conditions of public prosperity, and to bring the experience and wisdom of the world to bear upon the political and social problems which occasion solicitude to every patriot."

One of the not least important university problems in America is one which Dr. Gilman does not explicitly name (though it is involved in his looking forward to a time when the voice of the universities shall direct the whole course of public education from the primary school upward). The reforms in the grammar-school curriculum which have been introduced in New England through the influence of the associated colleges plainly indicate that it is only by associated action that the universities can make their influence similarly effective upon the schools of the Nation. For this purpose, and others which readily suggest themselves as requiring an educated public opinion for the condition of National welfare, the foremost problem seems to be in the expansion of the original university idea of a "society of teachers and pupils" into a "concert of powers," whose voices, now scattered, shall speak as one.

We have been particularly impressed with a passage in President Gilman's inaugural before the University of California in 1872, in which he prophetically contemplates that transfer of the world's interest from the Mediterranean to the Pacific which furnished the theme of a widely read commencement address in 1898. We have only to add that it is greatly to be wished that this volume could be got into the hands of many ambitious or benevolent persons, whose idea of a university needs transformation into a high ideal.

Sir Walter Besant is accompanying Sir Charles Warren on an expedition to the Holy Land, in which he has always been interested. In 1868, indeed, Sir Walter was acting as Secretary to the Palestine Exploration Fund, and most of the editing of the reports of Sir Charles Warren, published under the title of "Survey of Western Palestine," was done by him. A concise summary of the work of this survey was published by Sir Walter Besant in 1886, under the title "Twenty-one Years' Work in the Holy Land."

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending December 23. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

The Student's Life of Jesus, by Professor G. H. Gilbert, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, stands apart in a class by itself from the lives of Christ commonly read. It is a compact and predominantly critical presentation of historical facts in clear distinction from devotional lessons or theological discussions. As such, it is specially adapted to the needs of students, as its title implies, and is a valuable addition to their existing apparatus for Biblical study. While conservative in its conclusions upon mooted points, it is conspicuously free from theological bias. It does not hesitate to admit that the Gospel records are not in every part of equal historic value, or that there have been "unconscious or even designed alterations" of the primitive oral tradition, or that the Virgin Birth (the historicity of which is maintained) is in no necessary connection with the divinity of Christ. Professor Gilbert takes account of all critical objections, and strongly maintains the historical trustworthiness of the four evangelists. But he reminds us that the Christ is infinitely greater than the written Gospel. "The power of Christianity is His spiritual presence, and not the inspiration or the infallibility of the story of His earthly life." (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Mr. Frank H. Sprague has written a little book entitled *Spiritual Consciousness*, as "the outcome of an independent search for the spiritual viewpoint." It is doubtless true, as he insists, that a normal human life is conditioned on a spiritual view of life. But we strongly object to the author's unethical notion of the spiritual. Genuine spiritual experiences are not realized except by the will to do so; that is, the spiritual is the ethical product of ethical choice. So the Beatitudes exhibit it, and Mr. Sprague is

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fond of appealing to Jesus as our leader in the ways of the Spirit. Yet he tells us that "genuine spiritual experiences are born in a realm above the personal, and come spontaneously to those alone who have ceased striving after results of their own individual choosing." As to this, see John vii., 17. For the development of spiritual consciousness Jesus habitually communed with God as a Being other than himself. Of this there is no intimation by Mr. Sprague, who indeed speaks of God as Spirit, but apparently regards "the Divine" as an impersonal soul of all things. The theory of mental healing which he connects with these conceptions of the spiritual and the Divine transcends the space here a ailable for criticism. In part it is doubtless correct; in part it is equally open to doubt with his statement that "the early Christians enjoyed practical immunity from disease, for the disciples then possessed the gift of healing." For the contrary see I Corinthians xi., 30. (Published by Frank H. Sprague, Wollaston, Mass.)

The Christ: A Poetical Study of His Life from Advent to Ascension, by O. C. Auringer and J. Oliver Smith, is of unequal merit in its various parts. There are some very good lyrical pieces, as "Bethany" and "Gethsemane." The first stanza of "The Manger" is good poetry; the last is rhymed prose. It is inexcusable to employ "wisting" as equivalent to "knowing," and a rhymer is hard put to it who has to make "'cept" do duty for "except." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Christ Question Settled; or, Jesus, Man, Medium, Martyr: A Symposium, etc., and What the Spirits Say About It, by J. M. Peebles, M.D. The main purpose of the author, a leader among Spiritualists, seems to be to put down the "unscholarly chatter" of a few Spiritualists who regard Jesus as a mythical, not a historical, person. His own view is that Jesus was "not an intellectually brilliant character, but an ethical religionist who kept the Jewish law," and that the true founder of Christianity, as it now exists, was Paul. (Banner of Light Publishing Company, Boston.)

Seekers After God, by William Preston Johnston, is a book of sonnets, mostly upon individual characters. Generally correct in poetic form, little more can be said of it than that it appropriately characterizes those whom it commemorates. (John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.)

Things of Northfield, and Other Things that Should Be in Every Church, by Dr. David Gregg, of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, is a collection of five discourses which he preached to his congregation after a visit to Mr. Moody's annual Bible Conference. They are the sermons of one who has come down from the mount, and wishes things on the plain of common life to be conformed to the pattern shown upon the mount. (E. B. Treat & Co., New York.)

The New Testament Emphasized: Based upon a Study of the Original Greek Text, by the Rev. Horace E. Morrow. The author aims to indicate by varieties of type the emphasis as it exists in the Greek original, modified by the requirements of correct elocutionary reading. His work comes to us with high commendations both from ministers and elocutionists, and evinces in no small degree a careful study of the subject. Nevertheless it requires considerable improvement in order to attain desirable conformity with its ideal. We take for illustration the passage at which we chanced to open the book, beginning at Luke xxiv., 29, and italicize the words printed in full-faced type as specially emphatic:

29. "The day is *far* spent." "Far spent" is the translation of a single word, κέκλικεν, and therefore "spent" is as emphatic as far.

34. "The Lord is risen *indeed*." "Is risen" is the emphatic word here, as indicated by the Greek verb ἠγέρθη heading the clause. "*Risen* is the Lord *indeed*," would exactly represent it. "Indeed" is always emphatic, and hardly requires marking.

36. "As they *thus* spake." The whole clause is emphatic, not "thus" separately.

44. "Written . . . in the *psalms* concerning me." The emphasis here belongs not to "psalms" but to "me," as is shown by the Greek emphatic form ἐμοῦ.

46. "To rise . . . the *third* day." "Third" is no more emphatic in the original than "day."

47. "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached *in his name* among *all* nations." The Greek verb κηρυχθῆναι, heading the clause, indicates that the emphasis begins on "preached;" "all" is not emphatic by itself apart from "nations."

Imperfectly as the author's design is realized, we still regard his work as likely to help a very large class of persons, both in the pulpits and in the pews, to read much more

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intelligently than they at present do, especially if they give heed to the sensible directions of the Preface. The author properly warns all who use his book that its markings are intended as a guide only, and not to be used mechanically, but with all the natural play of the voice in subordination to the intellect and the feelings. (Charles Reynolds, Middletown, Conn.)

Five sermons preached by Dr. W. R. Huntington, of this city, at Wednesday noon services during Lent, and related to each other both in theme and treatment, have been published by Thomas Whittaker (New York) under the title *Psyche: A Study of the Soul.* Dr. Huntington touches no subject upon which he does not throw the light of his singularly lucid and luminous thought.

The Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, minister of All Souls' (Unitarian) Church in New York, has published by request a series of discourses given last winter upon *The Great Affirmations of Religion.* The sub-title describes it as "An Introduction to Real Religion, Not for Beginners, but for Beginners Again"—that is, for thoughtful minds in an eclipse of faith. It is a book to be commended to such as are "crying for the light" amid intellectual clouds created by the conflicting currents of science and the creeds. It is thoroughly constructive, with few traces of a controversial element, mainly in satirical allusions. We shall not score Mr. Slicer for his inability to see anything but unreason in Trinitarianism, which he chooses, unreasonably as we think, to regard as standing or falling with the so-called Athanasian Creed. He goes far to make amends for it in saying, as his fellow-Unitarian, Dr. Hedge, said long ago, that "Athanasius was right when . . . he declared that Jesus was 'very God out of very God.'" This, of course, is said from the point of view which regards ethical nature, whether human or divine, as the same nature in man and God, differing only as finite and infinite. But Mr. Slicer will have none of the phrase "mere man," because there is no such thing; the substance, or underlying ground, the animating principle of all existence, is divine. Mr. Slicer's philosophy is monistic: "all dualism is the failure of philosophic courage." He boldly declares that "the Universe is a conscious mind"—pantheistic, some object, yet in line with the saying of Principal Fairbairn, certainly no pantheist, "Nature is spirit." "The sum of being, whose name is God," says Mr. Slicer, in line with Professor Royce, also not a pantheist, saying, "The 'City of God' is God, while its citizens are free and finite individuals." The fundamental principle maintained by Mr. Slicer, as the common ground both of science and religion, is that "there is but one energy, and all forces are modes of its manifestation." We are not human yet, as Mr. Slicer repeatedly affirms. The use of religion is to humanize us, helping to

> Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.

In this "regeneration from below upward" Jesus leads, and forms the type of what a human soul may attain to "in moral coalescence with the divine." He is the way, the truth, and the life. "He has passed from being an imperial fact to being an imperative ideal." In reading the two discourses on "The Affirmation concerning Jesus" one cannot avoid noticing that Mr. Slicer finds vital truth in many a New Testament saying for which a class of Unitarians have no use. With less fervor than Stopford Brooke, and more humor than James Martineau, we class him spiritually and intellectually with them. The aim of these discourses expresses itself in a sentence of a prayer which closes one of them: "Bring near unto us the knowledge of thy Son, and let the Fatherhood of God so move our hearts that we shall abandon ourselves wholly to God in his Christ." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Among the currents of spiritual power generated by the remarkable life of Phillips Brooks, one of much public significance is the William Belden Noble Lectureship in Harvard University. Among the students whom Dr. Brooks powerfully impressed was Noble, of the class of 1885, a man of admirable character, equally fond of athletics and intellectual pursuits. After graduating, he studied for the ministry in the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge until his health failed. Years of rest and travel ended in his death in 1896. His wife, a kindred spirit, sought to continue the mission of her husband by founding this lectureship in his name, "to extend the influence of Jesus as the way, the truth, and the life," for "the perfection of the spiritual man and the consecration by the spirit of Jesus of every department of human thought and activity." The first course of lectures upon this foundation has just been published, entitled *The Message of Christ to Manhood.* Seldom, if ever, is a

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more distinguished corps of lecturers brought together than in this volume, in which the Message of Christ to the Individual Man, to Human Society, to the Will, to the Scholar, to the Inner Life, and to the Family, is set forth by Professors A. V. G. Allen and F. G. Peabody, Dr. Munger and President Hyde, Dr. Henry van Dyke and Bishop Potter, successively. And so, through the life of his devoted disciple, perpetual effect in the University has been given to the life of Harvard's greatest preacher for the pointing of successive generations of students to the wellspring of life divine in Jesus. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Suggestions toward an Applied Science of Sociology, by Edward Payson Payson, is more nearly a book on metaphysics than upon social science. The author attempts to construct a theory of man's relation to the universe which is neither distinctly materialistic nor distinctly spiritual. His general view, however, is that the physical side of man's activities is the one to which society can most helpfully address itself, and he consistently urges a comprehensive scheme of public philanthropy by which all the submerged and hampered children shall be provided with sufficient food, clothing, and lodging, and subjected in every way to such an environment as shall develop their powers. The book is more in line with German than American radicalism, as American radicalism stops short with public provision for the higher life of man, and—in the West especially—reduces to a minimum public provision for material wants. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York)

POEMS

Mrs. Trask's poem *Under King Constantine* has passed into a fifth edition; and in this latest form is a welcome addition to the holiday books, although it comes at the very end of the procession. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Dr. W. R. Huntington's slender volume of verse, *A Sonnet and a Dream*, may occasion some surprise in the minds of those who know him only as the eminently successful head of a great city parish, as an organizer of unusual force, and as the most influential debater in the Episcopal Church. Dr. Huntington is all these things and much more. Behind his statesmanlike breadth of view and his lucidity of mind there is a genuine poetic quality—a fervor of spirit which at times flashes through his discussions and illuminates his work. In this tiny volume there are many evidences of the fervor of his nature, of his poetic feeling, and of certain sacred experiences in his own life which find no expression in words, but which contribute to the depth and richness of his thought. Dr. Huntington is especially happy in his use of the sonnet form; and there is a tonic quality in these brief, condensed, and clear-cut verses. They are notable for definiteness, clearness, and sanity; and they have all the more of comfort and light in them because they have their roots in dark experiences. Dr. Huntington does not solve the problem of life easily, nor does he write about it fluently. Its tragedy is open before him; the object of its grief he has felt himself. He writes, therefore, soberly and with a touch of pathos, and yet always with a resolute and contagious faith. (The Marion Press, Jamaica, N. Y.)

NOVELS AND TALES

The latest volume in the biographical edition of Thackeray's works contains *The Christmas Books*, and very appropriately makes its appearance on the edge of the holidays. The introduction, which covers the period from 1847 to 1855, is delightful for its illustrations, which are full of the Thackeray quality, and also for the information which it throws upon the occasions and circumstances which suggested the writing of the different stories. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

M. Rostand's huge success with the play "Cyrano de Bergerac" has naturally attracted other writers to the subject. The novel by Louis Gallet called *Captain Satan; or, The Adventures of Cyrano de Bergerac*, has the merit of not imitating the play at all closely, while it differs from the actual history of the real Cyrano also quite as much if not more than does the play. It is a lively tale something after the Dumas type, and may be read with pleasure, although it has no approach to greatness in any way. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)

SCIENCE

Professor William H. Chandler, of Lehigh University, has edited a three-volume work of reference, an epitome of universal knowledge, called *Chandler's Encyclopædia*. Many eminent scientists and writers have contributed and assisted. We believe that editor and

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publishers are right in holding that there is a place for a moderate-sized, moderate-priced encyclopædia, which shall have a wide range in subject and shall aim at comprehensiveness rather in the number of subjects treated than in the length of the articles. If we were to criticise a work which has, on the whole, been done excellently, it would be to the effect that the editor has sometimes carried this idea to an extreme; it would be possible to eliminate some scores of unimportant titles and use the space gained to advantage in lengthening other articles. In the direction of science it is particularly full and satisfactory. We have tested the book to some extent in the field of American biography and have not found it lacking. There are many good maps and hundreds of illustrations —the latter unequal in quality. (Peter F. Collier, New York.)

The American Woods, by Romeyn B. Hough, is more than a text-book; it is, one may almost say, a portable cabinet as well. With the explanatory and descriptive matter are sent out neatly prepared cards containing each three thinly cut specimen sections of the actual wood, cut transversely, radially, or tangentially. These specimens are beautiful to the eye in themselves, and teach the essential facts about the wood-fiber better than could any amount of printed text. The volume, apart from the specimens, is compact with all possible scientific and industrial information about the twenty-six varieties of American woods considered in this, which is Part I. of a work the completion of which will, we hope, not lack support. (R. B. Hough, Lowville, N. Y.)

TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION

The first authentic information about the diminutive races of Central Africa came, we believe, from the Emin Relief Expedition, although the existence of such tribes had been noted and rumored by previous explorers. Captain Guy Burrows, while in the service of the Congo Free State, was called by his duties to the great territory through which the so-called pigmies are scattered, interspersed curiously among tribes of ordinary natives. His book, *The Land of the Pigmies*, is by no means confined to the little people, but contains a readable account of extended exploration and a still more readable study of African manners, customs, and superstitions. Mr. Henry M. Stanley furnishes an introduction which throws much needed light on the recent history and prospects of the Congo State. Mr. Stanley repudiates with some indignation the lately advanced idea that the Congo Free State is among the "dying nations," and advances many facts which go far to show that its future is bright. Captain Burrows's book is written in a manly and simple way. It is fully illustrated from photographs. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

In the volume called *First Steps in the History of Our Country* the authors, Dr. W. A. Mowry and Mr. A. M. Mowry, have followed the original idea of telling the country's story in thirty-seven biographical narratives. Beginning with Columbus and ending with Clara Barton and Thomas Edison, these simply told stories are decidedly of a character to interest the young scholar. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.)

The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell, by B. Barry O'Brien, is a capital piece of work. The narrative is aglow with the author's enthusiasm both for the leader and the cause, but the warmth of this devotion does not at the critical point turn a wholesome biography into an unwholesome eulogy. It is a satisfactory biography of a remarkable man, and presents in vivid outline one of the most important chapters in modern English history. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Books Received

For the week ending December 30

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Keller, I. Second Year in German. $1.20.
Willoughby, Westel Woodbury. Rights and Duties of American Citizenship. $1.
Forman, S. E. First Lessons in Civics. 60 cts.
Eutropius. Edited by J. C. Hazzard. 75 cts.
Rogers, L. C. French Sight Reading. 40 cts.

BROTHERS OF THE BOOK, GOUVERNEUR, N. Y.

Bragdon, Claude Fayette. The Golden Person in the Heart.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Hall, Newman. An Autobiography. $3.

DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE CO., NEW YORK

Smith, George Adam. The Life of Henry Drummond. $3.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Stickney, J. H., and Ralph Hoffmann. Bird World. 70 cts.
Deutsche Gedichte. Selected and arranged by Hermann Mueller.
Davis, William Morris, and William Henry Snyder. Physical Geography. $1.40.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Rogers, Arthur. Men and Movements in the English Church. $1.50.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Carus, Paul. Godward.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS (AMERICAN BRANCH), NEW YORK

The More Excellent Way. Compiled by the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton Gell.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT OF THE NEFF COLLEGE OF ORATORY, PHILADELPHIA

Neff, Silas S. Talks on Education and Oratory.

R. H. RUSSELL, NEW YORK

Tennyson, Alfred. Idylls of the King.

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The Religious World

Dr. Harper on Theological Seminaries

No man in the country is better fitted to speak on Theological Seminaries than President Harper, of Chicago University. He speaks as one who has been a seminary professor, who all his life has been a specialist in Biblical study, and who also is in close touch with the larger world of a great university. Whether right or wrong, President Harper expresses a conviction which is felt by many people, and which seems to be gaining ground. We have no sympathy with mere destructive criticism, but Dr. Harper is not destructive. His words are so important that we give them large space and advise a careful reading. They are quoted from the Chicago "Standard:"

There is still another readjustment needed; and now I appreciate the fact that I am treading upon dangerous ground. I refer to the work of the theological faculty. In what I say, however, I have nothing in mind which is peculiar to the work of our own divinity school. The organization of instruction in the theological schools of all Christian denominations is practically of one type. The variations are very slight. This type is that which has come from the New England theological seminary. There is not time this evening to enter upon a specific criticism of this type of organization and arrangement of work. It is sufficient to say that the environment in which it had its origin has utterly changed, while the thing itself stands almost unchanged in a hundred years. There is great unrest in the minds, not only of practical men, but as well of those who view the matter from the point of view of scholarship, with respect to the present character of the theological seminaries of this country. There is just ground for the complaint, which is now becoming general, that the whole question of theological instruction, its tendencies and its methods, deserves a full and complete investigation.

The theological seminaries are not in touch with the times. They do not meet the demands of the times. They are not preparing men for the ministry who are able to grapple with the situation in which the Christian Church to-day finds itself. These men are prepared, perhaps, to solve the problem of rural parishes, but they are for the most part unfitted to deal with the urban problems. The old and artificial distinction between Old Testament exegesis and New Testament exegesis, ecclesiastical history and dogmatics, is one which cannot be maintained. The Old Testament student takes up no problem that does not require of him the use of the New Testament, and the New Testament student cannot deal intelligently with a single subject who has not considered that subject in all its details from the Old Testament point of view. The introduction of Biblical theology as distinguished from dogmatic theology has produced confusion in the organization. One-third to one-half of the time of the theological student is wasted in this vain effort to accommodate himself to the requirements of the so-called departments, involving artificial distinctions which exhaust his patience and his time.

A new order of things is demanded, and the indications seem to point to the introduction of this new order of things in the opening years of the coming century; but meanwhile we are drifting, and precious time is being lost. I raise the question whether our divinity school may not be one of the pioneers in readjusting the work of training men for the ministry to the new conditions which exist to-day. To do this will require courage and great skill. I do not have in mind the question of creed or doctrine. My thought relates exclusively to the form and method of work, the external situation which has developed, and the eradication of what seems to me to be the artificial method now employed in most of our divinity schools and the substitution of a true university method.

A Church School

The Church of the Holy Communion in New York has long since established its right to be considered one of the pioneer churches in philanthropic work. It also may claim to be one of the first churches to apply the best scientific knowledge to its work; to place all its teaching on the pedagogical foundation; to grade its work wherever teaching is done, whether intellectual or manual; and perhaps to this application of the best principles to church work may be traced its great success in all its secular work. Its sewing-school is now in its fourth year. The sessions of the school are held on Saturday morning, and the teaching done covers the whole subject of sewing from the first stitches to the cutting and making of dresses. The school has also made a connection that enables it to carry on its work in connection with the near-by working-girls' club under teachers from the Teachers' College. In connection with this special department of sewing music has a prominent place. In the primary and intermediate departments of the sewing-school kindergarten songs are taught, and in the advanced department at each session the pupils are given the opportunity to hear the best music rendered by the best piano performers that can be secured. In the lower grades of the sewing-school each child contributes the sum of one, two, three, or four cents, according to the grade in which she

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is placed. In the embroidery course the pupils give their services as teachers in the other courses. In this way each is made to feel that she is paying at least in part for what she receives. The school is in session at the Parish House, 49 West Twentieth Street, from ten to twelve. Visitors are cordially received.

A Church for Deaf-Mutes

There is no more beautiful Christian work than that among the deaf-mutes. In this line of service the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., is beyond doubt the foremost individual in this country. On Monday, December 27, Bishop Potter conducted the consecration ceremonies of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, in One Hundred and Forty-eighth Street, near Amsterdam Avenue. Of this church Dr. Gallaudet is the rector. In the audience there were about two hundred deaf-mutes, and all that was said was translated into their language for them. There was no singing, and the church has no place either for choir or organ. This new church has been erected with the proceeds of St. Ann's old church in Eighteenth Street. It is a beautiful building, with a seating capacity of about three hundred. Under the auditorium is a large room intended for social work. Other men in New York have wider fame and others are in receipt of larger salaries, but it is doubtful if any minister in any denomination has ever been permitted to do a more Christlike work than the venerable rector of St. Ann's, who has so long and so devotedly served those who are so largely secluded from communication with the outside world.

Death of the Founder of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting

For many years, we believe since the remarkable revival of 1858, the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting has been one of the institutions of New York. In its way it has exerted an influence for good which can hardly be estimated. It was started by Mr. Jeremiah C. Lamphier, who died of old age on Monday, December 26. Mr. Lamphier has been a very interesting figure in the religious life of New York. At one time he was a tailor, but that was in the days when the retail business of the city was in the region of Maiden Lane. His religious life began in the Broadway Tabernacle while the Rev. E. W. Andrews, D.D., was pastor. Mr. Lamphier was a member of the choir in that church, and later of the choir of Dr. Cuyler's church, then located in Market Street. In 1857 he gave up his business and began to devote himself entirely to missionary work in New York, under the direction of the Consistory of the North Dutch Church. After that time he gave himself entirely to city mission work until old age compelled him to retire from active service. In the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting he was a familiar figure, and in its success was always deeply interested. He was a good example of what earnestness and devotion to a single object may do in the way of promoting the religious life of a great city.

Missionaries and Christian Unity

The missionaries of the Christian Church are not only the pioneers of Christian work on the frontier of civilization, but many of them are among the best scholars and the ablest leaders in all those great movements which have to do with the kingdom of God throughout the world. In many ways these facts have been proven. Missionaries, as a rule, are not narrow men. Contact with un-Christian nations seems to enlarge their horizons and give them a truer perspective concerning their own religion. The missionaries in China have just issued a notable declaration concerning Christian unity. The signers represent almost every Protestant denomination and nearly every Christian nation. The inception of the declaration is said to belong to Dr. Griffith John, the great English Congregational missionary, and his name heads the list. The apparent difference in religion due to the diversity of sects is always an obstacle to Christian work, especially in the foreign field. To meet, and, so far as possible, to counteract this influence, this statement is issued. It is signed by ten Congregationalists, six Baptists, eighteen Presbyterians, thirteen Methodists, thirteen Wesleyans, and one Anglican. The declaration is as follows:

We, the undersigned missionaries, desiring to express to the world our heartfelt unity in regard to the essential points of our Christian religion, and longing to fulfill the desire of our blessed Saviour and Master, expressed in His prayer, John xvii., verses 11, 20–23, that His disciples should be one as He and the Father are one, hereby declare that in our united services, as well as in our daily intercourse with each other, we realize ourselves *to be one* in the Father and in the Saviour. Christianity is not so much a system of doctrines as it is a *new life*, born of the

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Spirit of God, a life of *vital union with God through the Saviour*. All those who, by the grace of God, have received this new life are living *members of Christ's body*, and are therefore *one*. CHRIST HIMSELF IS THE CENTER OF OUR UNION. We may still have different views and opinions on several minor questions of our religion, and may follow different *methods* of Church policy and Christian work, as each one's *conscience* directs him, but yet we feel WE ARE ONE by the Blood of Jesus, our only Saviour and Mediator, and by His Spirit, who moves our hearts. We are like different battalions of *one* great army, fighting under *one* great Captain (*i.e.*, our common Saviour and Master) for *one* great end—the proclamation and establishment of Christ's kingdom throughout the world. IN CHRIST WE ARE ONE.

An Opportunity to Help Atlanta

Atlanta University is one of the most useful institutions in all the South. It has a noble history, and its President and professors are working for humanity through it, in a way which must command the admiration of all who love their country and their fellow-men. We quote from a circular-letter recently sent out by the Executive Committee. In giving publicity to the details of this appeal we are making an exception which an intimate knowledge of the circumstances seems to us to justify:

At the recent public meeting in the Brick Church in New York, in the interest of Atlanta University, a gentleman was present who happened to be stopping in the city over Sunday and had seen the announcement of the meeting in the paper. So interested was he in the exercises of the evening that, a few days later, he not only sent his check for $1,000, but offered in addition to become one of ten persons to give $1,000 a year for two years. His desire was that the Trustees should plan to find contributors among those who, like himself, had not previously manifested any special interest in the work of the University, so that the help thus secured might be in addition to the regular income annually received. It was to relieve this strain and bridge over a short period in which some more permanent endowment might develop, that he made this generous offer and gift. The plan is both desirable and practicable. It ought to be realized.

The names of the Executive Committee issuing this appeal are: President Horace Bumstead; George G. Bradford, of Boston; Atwood Collins, of Hartford, Conn.; Daniel Merriman, D.D., of Worcester, Mass.; the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford; Arthur C. Walworth, of Boston, and Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, all of whom would be glad to receive communications on the subject. Surely there ought to be nine other men or women in the United States able and willing to help this noble institution to the extent of one thousand dollars each for two years.

Evangelization in France

The current number of the "Huguenot Quarterly," published in the interests of the evangelization of France, shows more work done than is generally known. Through the Christian Endeavor Societies, the Young Men's Christian Associations, the various mission chapels and Reformed Churches, a goodly scattering of the seed is being made, and the prospect is brignt. The present political crises have brought the Protestants into grave peril, for the priests and Ultramontane party have been trying to stir up the politicians and the people against them. "This year President Faure traveled through the west of France. In each place the representative of the Reformed Church, being presented to him, seized the opportunity to protest against the accusations brought forth by the Church in the press, in lectures, and in pamphlets. The protests received the approval of the President, who promised that his government would enforce religious freedom." That such protests were deemed necessary shows the bitterness of the feeling, and indicates that a crisis may be nearer than we think. To offset it, however, is the report from La Rochelle, the old Huguenot stronghold that was besieged and destroyed by Richelieu. There the Catholic Bishop himself, in addressing the President, advocated tolerance, and predicted that it would be the law of the twentieth century. Whether a demonstration is made against Protestants in the near future or not depends on which one of these parties in the Church gets the immediate control. Last year the Woman's Huguenot Auxiliary of New York contributed over $2,500 to the work in France.

The "British Weekly"

The two great religious weeklies of Great Britain which represent Nonconformists are the "Christian World" and the "British Weekly." The former has the larger circulation, and is much older. It is invaluable as a religious newspaper. No event of importance in the ecclesiastical world often escapes its search. The "British Weekly" is more literary, and makes a feature of its editorials and occasional contributions. The Christmas number is used by the editor as an occasion for a partial review of what the paper has tried to do and what it has suc-

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ceeded in doing. Any paper was sure to succeed whose editor had the co-operation of such men as Henry Drummond, Marcus Dods, Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, Professor Elmslie, and others of equal ability. It has long been the pride of the editor that the columns of his paper have first given fame to many who have since been favorites of the reading public. Among those may be mentioned S. R. Crockett and John Watson. Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, the editor, is to be congratulated on his success. His gratification is justified.

The "Missionary Herald"

One of the very best missionary magazines is the "Missionary Herald," published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It is admirably edited, and is not a mere collection of letters of more or less value, as is so often the case with similar publications. An effort is now being made to improve the magazine in many ways and thus to bring it to the attention of a still larger constituency. It will aim to be a forum for the discussion of all subjects pertaining to Foreign Missions, in a large, intelligent, and catholic spirit. The "Missionary Herald," as a rule, is worth reading from cover to cover. It will be still more valuable in the future.

Principal Fairbairn in India

Principal Fairbairn has reached Bombay and begun his lectures there. He received a hearty welcome both from natives and from foreigners. Large audiences listened to the lectures which were delivered in the Hall of Wilson College. At a reception which was given him, in reply to an address of welcome by a distinguished native, Dr. Fairbairn used language which is worthy of a wide reading. He said:

Never will you understand the English people if you see them simply in the aspect of authority; you will get to know them only when you see them in the attitude of service; and it is in this attitude that the people of the West are worthiest to be known by the people of the East. We are striving to serve each other in a variety of ways. We give our sons to you, and you give yours to us to educate and form. Customs ought not to alienate. You should never allow small sectional differences to divide. Color is nothing. You would not have us as you are, we would not have you as we are, but we would both like each other to be the best that is possible in the sight of man and the best that is possible for the ultimate good of humanity. Let us become more men, less English; more universal, less sectional; more like a great collective race acting in common brotherhood.

According to a beautiful Indian custom, on one day Dr. and Mrs. Fairbairn and Miss Fairbairn were garlanded with flowers. An address was also presented to them by a school of the Church Missionary Society. The Indian papers speak in high terms of the anticipation which preceded Dr. Fairbairn's arrival and of the impression which has already been made.

A Veteran Gone

The Rev. Edward S. Strong, D.D., who recently died in Pittsfield, was a man who, a few years ago, occupied a prominent position in religious circles. He was a classmate of the late Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle. He was the valedictorian of his class in Yale, and Dr. Thompson the salutatorian. His pastorates were in New Haven, Pittsfield, and West Roxbury. He was a brother of the late Justice Strong, of the United States Supreme Court. He died at the age of eighty-five, and until the last was interested in the great themes of theological speculation. He resembled the theologians of an earlier time in New England, a type of men which has very largely passed away.

The Death of Mr. McBurney

The New York Young Men's Christian Association and those of the whole world have suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Robert R. McBurney. For many years he had been engaged in the affairs of the Association, and for a long time had been its most conspicuous leader in New York City. No man was more familiar with the needs of young men, and few had done more to create better conditions in the metropolis. It may almost be said that the Association in New York will be his enduring monument.

Notes

Formal approval has been given to the call to the Rev. D. S. Mackay, D.D., of Newark, to succeed the Rev. E. B. Coe, D.D., in the Collegiate Reformed Church in New York, and it is announced that he will probably begin his ministry on Sunday, January 22.

The Rev. Stanley White, of Orange, N. J., has been called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church at Englewood, N. J., in succession to the Rev. James Eells, who about a year ago became a Unitarian. This is the church which the Rev. Henry M. Booth, D.D., left to become President of Auburn Theological Seminary.

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The Home Club

The Balance of Happiness

Is it not true that to-day much of the beauty of living is sacrificed to the doing of things that have no permanent value and the getting of things that have compelled sacrifices out of all proportion to their value?

Everybody will admit the tremendous growth in this country of the arts, especially of the art of decoration. Many phases have been passed through that were not beautiful, and these phases are found, like retreating waves, in imitations at the different social strata. While this is true, is it not true that in the art of living we have gained? Are the homes of the land nearer perfection than they were in preceding generations? With all that science and invention have done to lighten the labors of the housekeeper, has the result given her greater leisure in which to enrich her own mind, be more companionable with her children, more the intimate friend of her husband? Most women admit that the leisure that should be theirs does not exist for them; that the repose of spirit that depends on freedom from anxiety is unknown to them. And they as readily admit the cause: demand out of all proportion to strength and equipment.

The very increase in knowledge and taste has imposed burdens on the heads of families that often deprive them of peace. For there is apt to be a conflict of opinion between a good business man and the wife and mother who finds it impossible to meet the demands of her family—the needs, she would put it—with the sum put at her disposal; and frequently the judgment of the business man yields to the pressure of affection.

A capitalist, in conversation a few months ago, made the startling statement that four hundred out of five hundred men in this country were living up to the extreme limit of their income, and that at least five hundred men out of a thousand were in debt *because* of the *expenses of their families*.

It is a marvel that there is as much happiness as exists under this pressure. The pity of it, that life should lose so much and gain—gain? There is no gain.

A woman not long ago said, in a shop, while passing a counter on which was a display of neckwear, "There is one thing I have given up, and that is, playing tag with neckfixings." Her companion looked at her. "Yes, that is just what I mean. I'm going to wear collars and ties out of fashion. You'll see that once a month I shall be up to date. I cannot keep up the struggle."

It is just that—a struggle. It is now a question, not of buying clothes that are becoming to us, but becoming to the place and the thing to which they will be worn, and the particular object of going. The result is a ceaseless struggle that leaves exhaustion only to the penniless woman who lives in the spirit of her age.

Our homes, most of them, represent the same ceaseless struggle. House-furnishings change in coloring, in effects, almost as rapidly as bonnets. A house is hardly in order before it is old-fashioned. Table-furnishings are a burden. The first lunches of a season are almost dreaded by simple souls, lest they display evidences of ignorance in the use of things familiar to the waitress. When set, the table does not suggest a feast of reason and a flow of soul, but a repository for the display of the host's belongings.

Could there be a more severe criticism of a home than to question how it is possible to maintain it at that standard? or of the dress of a family than how they are able to buy the things they wear?

If they are the result of sacrificing the finer things of life, if the essentials are surrendered—books, travel, art, music, peace of mind, future independence—how petty, yes, how criminal! What can be the result on the characters of children who live in an atmosphere of pretense and uncertainty?

Beauty is an essential to happiness often, but it does not minister to this office if secured at the price of honesty; and honesty does not depend on merely meeting one's bills, but on securing that which ministers to the higher things—love, peace, rest, contentment.

Masculine and Feminine Talkers

There appeared in a recent number of the "Century" an article on "Club Women," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe. This writer is not only always clever but always good-natured. Her comments on that always interesting class must command attention. The article opens with the experience of a woman who is struck with the difference between what

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might be called the masculine and the feminine method in conversation—the masculine remarkable for its silences, the feminine for the absence of silence. In commenting on this, the writer of "Club Women" questions whether the habit of repose in social intercourse marks the intercourse of men rather than that of women, and then contrasts the attitude of the members of men's clubs toward one another and of the members of women's clubs toward one another. The men's club represents freedom for silence, the women's club fear lest any one should be silent. There is a great point of truth in this, if it is ever fair to parallel men's and women's clubs. The man's club is what we might call a stop-house. It is the place a man goes to secure freedom from responsibility. It is open all the time, and he can in it enjoy any mood that possesses him. Women's clubs exist for one day in the week, the social center for the members. There are very few club-houses for women in this country, and a visit to these shows that their prime use is social; the members go there to meet one another for the purpose of conversation, for committee business, to interest one or more members in a pet scheme, or for educational purposes. Yet it is doubtless true that almost every day, if not every day, it is possible to receive instruction in something from a paid teacher in some woman's club-house in the country. Woman will never rest in bonnet and gloves; she will hold her silences, so to speak, in her own home. Women's clubs exist for the purpose of conversation with groups of other women impossible to meet elsewhere for lack of time, and often of place.

That woman lacks the gift of conversation in the sense of weaving a fabric of thought is perhaps true of most women. They are prone to express every passing thought, without giving time to the mind to make that thought the fruit of energy stored long enough in the mind to gather shape and flavor that warrant offering it to others.

Repose for women will never be found in club life, for, as it is lived to-day, except in the few instances, it represents less than one-fourteenth of the week, and often the only social opportunity of the members.

That the public discussions are not representative of the mental ability of the members is often true. If women have not learned to think when conversing with one or two, they have not yet learned to think on their feet. That will come later, when it is learned that, whether to the one or the many, it is best to have something to say before speaking. The writer in the "Century" says in closing:

Pleasant and profitable as clubs for women often are, they cannot be said to be clubs proper if precedent is to continue to demand of the members speech with or without thought, at the same time forbidding that privilege dear to the heart of the club-man—sitting in silence if he will, or "flocking alone in a corner." When the time comes that many women of choice flock reposefully in corners, or sit silent at will, then it will follow that the one or two flocking alone by untoward accident will feel no discomfort, but by force of example learn how to look contented though their position be to them distinctly distasteful. In that day, those who wish to be silent will be silent; those who form into groups will be grouped, not from fear of standing apart, but because they wish to be together. In that millennium we may look to find clubs for women, clubs proper, and not, as now too often, the drawing-rooms of uneasy stockholders.

Public-School Graduates

The public schools in cities all over the country are the objects of special attention of fathers and mothers. In Boston there is an effort to have the graduates of the public schools represented on the Board of Education. The effort is to secure intelligent men and women who know the schools and school methods from experience; it is natural to suppose that men and women who have been graduated from the public schools will have a special interest and special loyalty to them. There is also a further reason for the representation of public-school graduates on the Board. There are several associations of graduates of different public schools, and these, it is believed, should be brought into closer affiliation in order to secure a centralized interest to protect the schools from the evils of politics.

The Opportunities of Language

At a recent dinner given by Manx men and the descendants of Manx men in London, one of the speakers said that the Manx language was the best language in the world for "courting," for you could say "my dear" in ninety-seven different ways. The possibilities for happiness must be increased just that much on the Isle of Man, if the people realize their opportunities. What the rest of the world must do is to learn to express "my dear" in ninety-seven different tones, and then we shall reach the greatest possibilities of this island people, who are blessed with a language that multiplies the terms of love and endearment.

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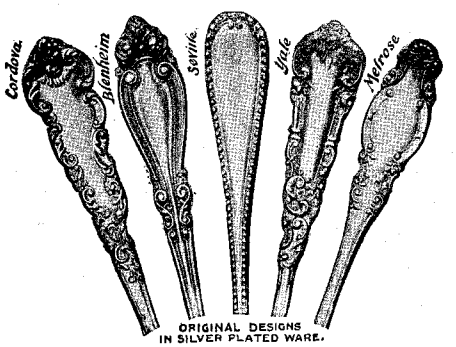

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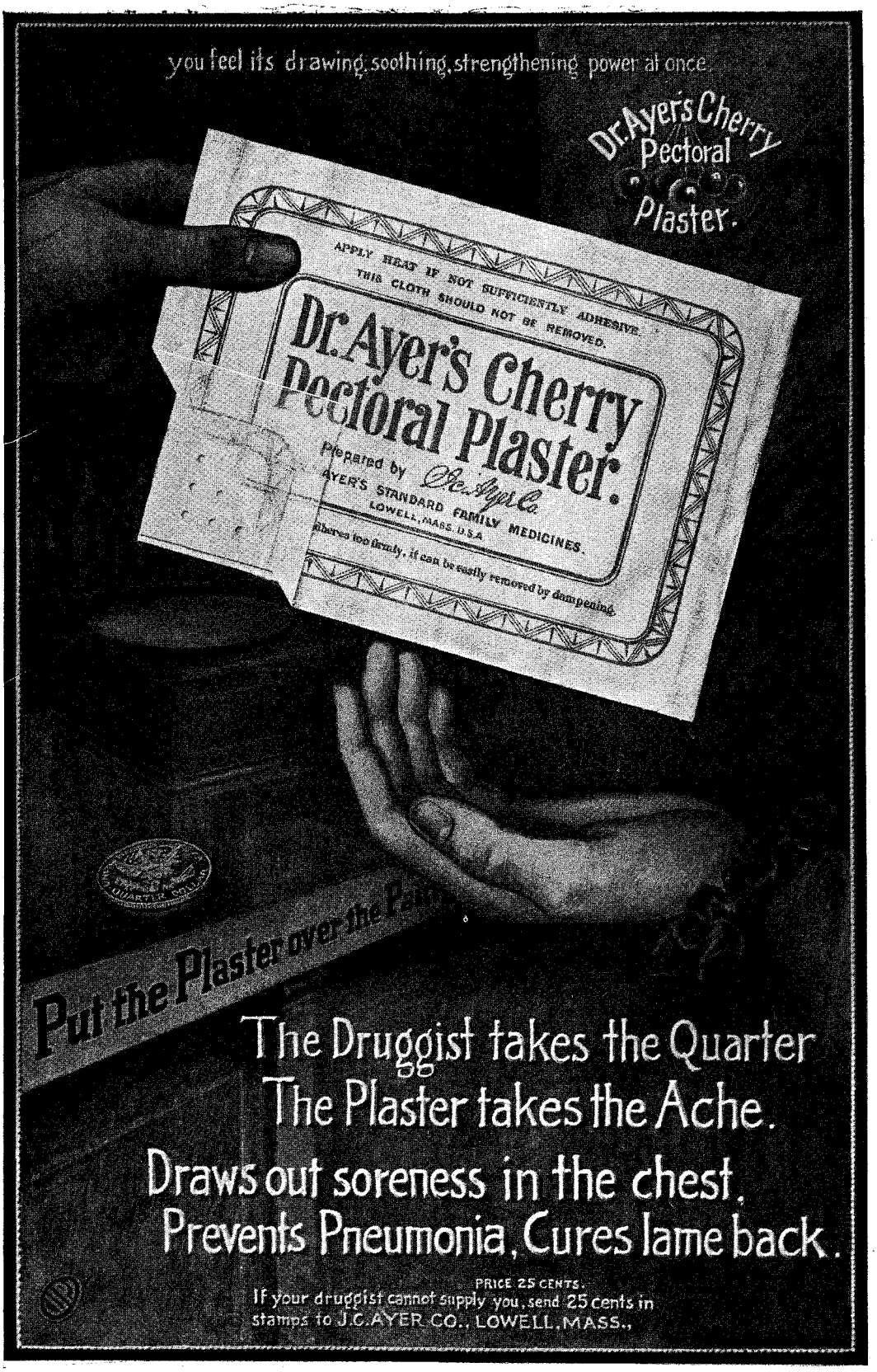
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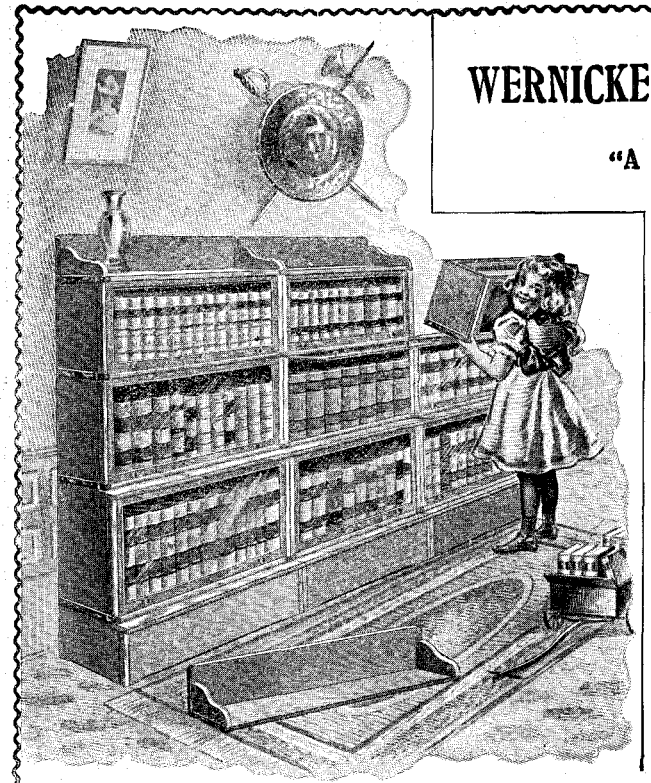

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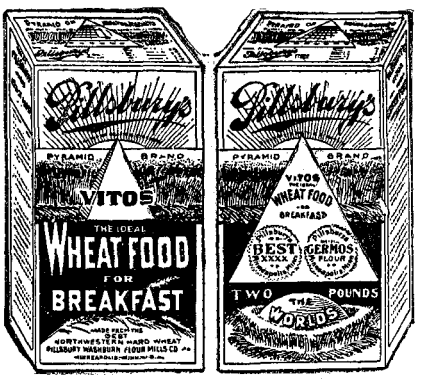

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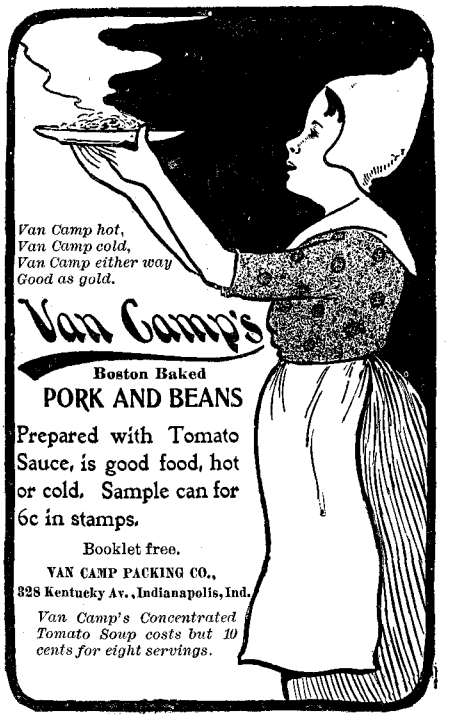
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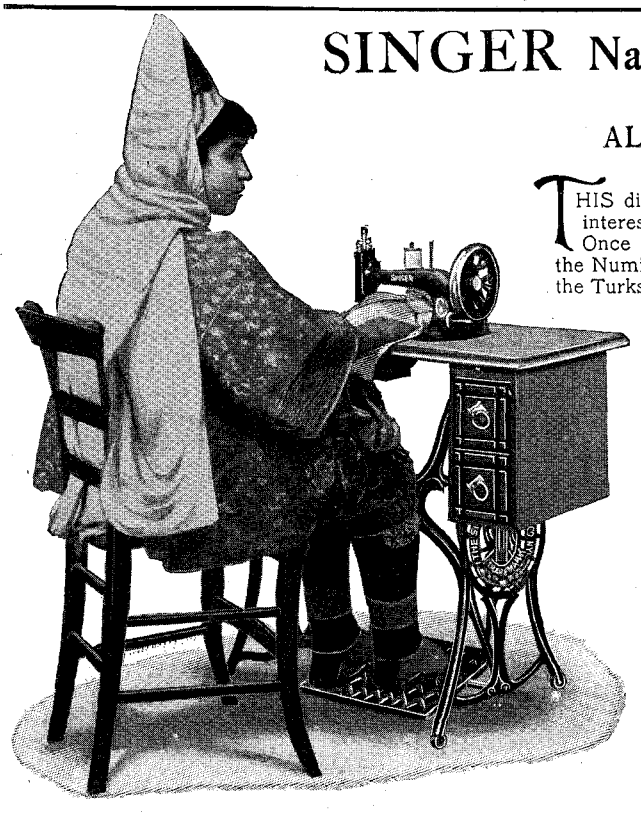

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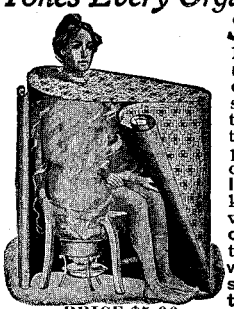

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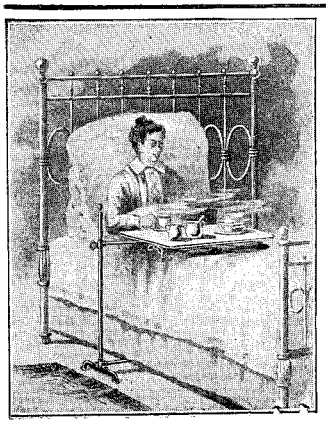

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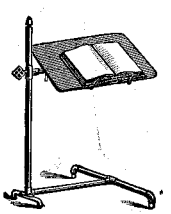

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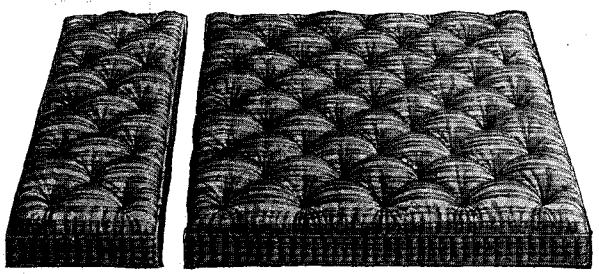

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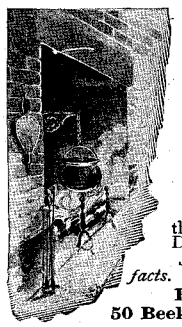

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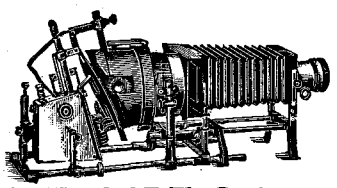

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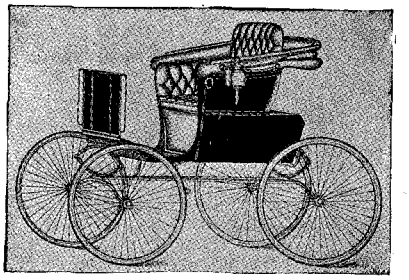

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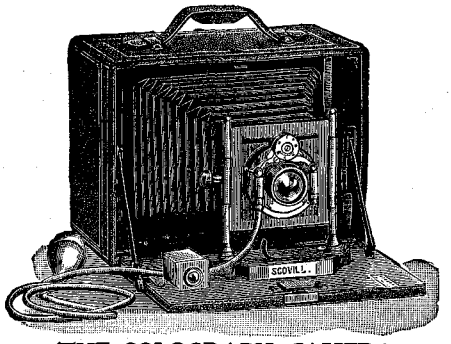

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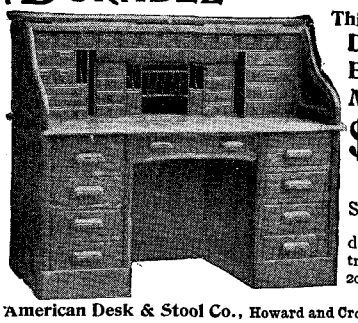

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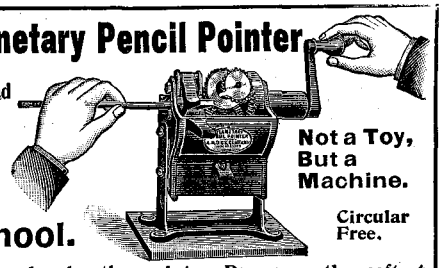

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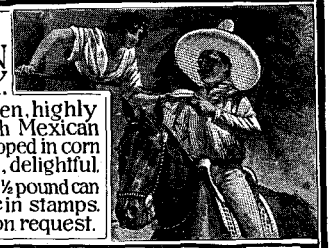

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